JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 47

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Written by
John Wagner
Al Ewing
Pat Mills
Gordon Rennie
Ian Edginton

Art by
Simon Fraser
Henry Flint
Ben Oliver
Cliff Robinson
Paul Marshall
PJ Holden
Vince Locke

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JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JOHN WAGNER ★ AL EWING ★ PAT MILLS
GORDON RENNIE ★ IAN EDGINTON
Writers

SIMON FRASER ★ VINCE LOCKE ★ HENRY FLINT
PAUL MARSHALL ★ BEN OLIVER ★ CARL CRITCHLOW
NICK DYER ★ PJ HOLDEN ★ DAVE TAYLOR
COLIN WILSON ★ MIKE COLLINS ★ CLIFF ROBINSON
Artists

GARY CALDWELL ★ CHRIS BLYTHE ★ EVA DE LA CRUZ
LEN O'GRADY
Colours

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
Letters

PJ HOLDEN
Cover Artist

REBELLION®

Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley
Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley
Head of Publishing: Ben Smith
Publishing Director: Beth Lewis
2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith
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Graphic Novels Editor: Jonathan Stevenson
Junior Graphic Novels Editor: Chiara Mestieri
Graphic Design: Gemma Sheldrake & Sam Gretton
Reprographics: Joseph Morgan, Richard Tustian & Scarlett Willow
Archivist: Charlene Taylor
Original Commissioning Editor: Matt Smith

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Colours: Gary Caldwell **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
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Script: Ian Edginton **Artist:** Dave Taylor
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
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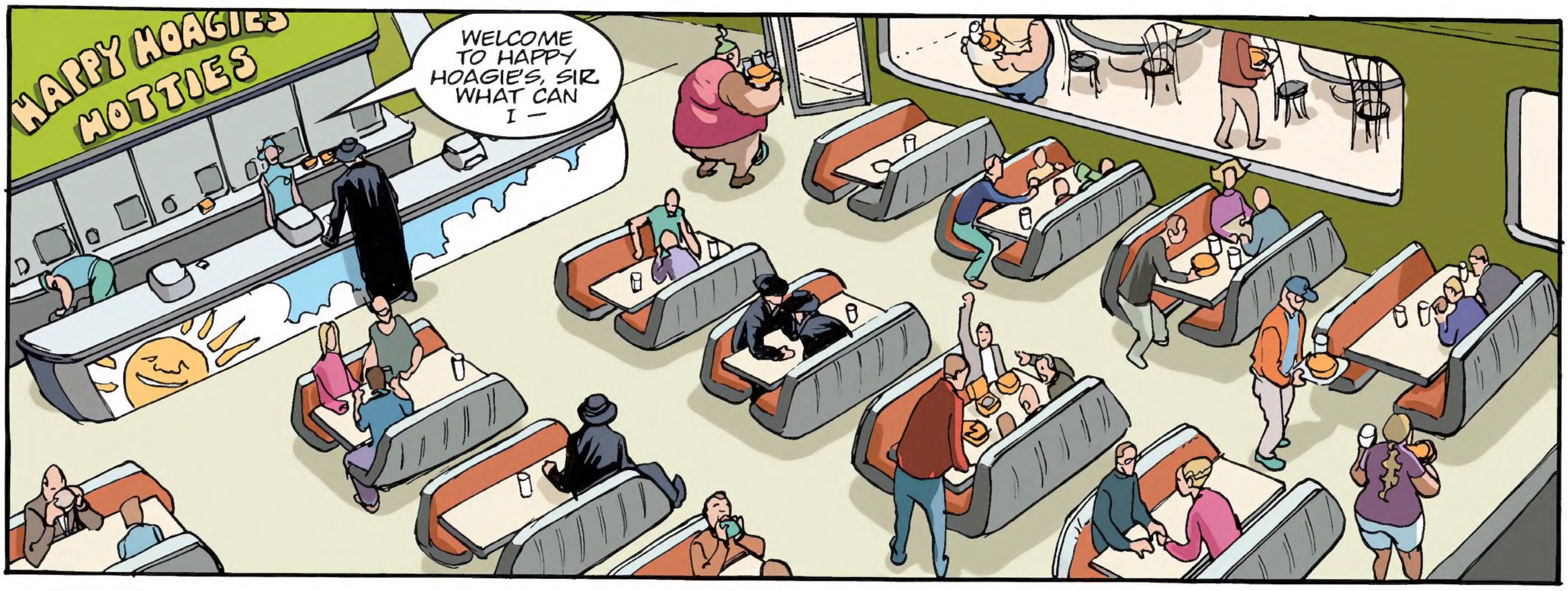


JUDGE DREDD

MUTOPIA

SCRIPT
AL EWING
ART
SIMON FRASER
COLOURS
GARY CALDWELL
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

WITHIN MINUTES —

HOT TI- HACIENDA

HOAG

YOU KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO? STORM THE PLACE. SHOW THESE CLOWNS THEY CAN'T MESS WITH THE DEPARTMENT. BRING IN SOME MANTAS AND —

— GET THREE DOZEN CITIZENS KILLED. TRY AGAIN.

YOU'RE GETTING SOFT, DREDD. SHOULDA FIGURED YOU'D BE SYMPATHETIC TO **MUTANTS** —

OLDHAM.

REALLY.

I WOULDN'T.

HE'S A **LOUDMOUTH**, BUT HE'S GOT THE GHOST OF A **POINT**. A WELL-PLACED SHOW OF FORCE COULD END THIS, SEND A MESSAGE —

NOT THIS TIME.

SEE THE WAY THEY'VE GOT **HUMAN SHIELDS** IN THE WINDOWS? THEY'VE GOT TOTAL COVERAGE — WE CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT.

LOOK AT THE **ARMAMENT** — HIGH-IMPACT ZIPGUNS, CITIZEN-ISSUE WIDOWMAKERS. **MILITARY** HARDWARE. AND THEY MOVE LIKE THEY'VE BEEN DRILLED FOR WEEKS.

THESE MAY BE NO-ACCOUNT PUNKS, BUT THEY'RE **WELL-TRAINED** NO-ACCOUNT PUNKS. GOING IN SHOOTING WILL ONLY GET CITIZENS KILLED.

WELL, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SPEED THINGS UP A LITTLE...

CONTROL, WE NEED **LOW-FREQUENCY ULTRASONICS** ON THE PERIMETER — MAXIMUM DISCOMFORT.

GOOD THINKING. AND TAP INTO THE **CENTRAL HEATING** — BUILD THE TEMPERATURE. MAKE 'EM SWEAT.

GOT ONGOING **SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE** FOR YOU, DREDD.

OK, LET'S SEE WHAT THESE CREEPS WANT...

I - HAVE - A DREAM!

THE DREAM OF A **NEW MUTANT SOCIETY** — A NEW LAND OF **FREEDOM** WHERE MUTANTS WILL **NO LONGER** BE PERSECUTED AND DESPISED!

WHERE **MUTANT JUDGES** POLICE **MUTANT CITIZENS!** WHERE LYNCH MOBS NO LONGER **STALK THE STREETS** TO **PREY** ON THOSE WHO WERE TRAGICALLY BORN **DIFFERENT!**

WHY — TH-THAT SOUNDS **WONDERFUL!**

NOBODY LIKES A **BROWN-NOSER**, NORMO!

AAHH!

BDAM!

IN THE NEW SOCIETY, WE **MUTANTS** WILL DO THE PERSECUTING — AND THE **DESPISING!** BECAUSE IT'S **RIGHT** TO DESPISE ALL THOSE WHO ARE BORING... ORDINARY ...**NORMAL!**

WE'LL BE FORMING THE LYNCH MOBS FROM NOW ON — AND THERE'LL BE **LYNCHINGS A-PLENTY**, BELIEVE ME!

CLEAR OUT THE NORMALS! LET THEM ROT IN THE CURSED EARTH AS WE ROTTED FOR SO LONG! TURN THE CITY OVER TO **HOMO SUPERIOR!**

LET US FULFILL MY **DREAM** — OUR **NEW SOCIETY** —

— OUR **MUTOPIA!**

10:570:019

REC

DON'T TRY TRICK US! **MY MUTANT BRAIN WILL DETECT TREACHERY!**

IF THE NORMS DON'T **LEAVE** THIS CITY **IMMEDIATELY** — THEN **EVERY HOUR** A HOSTAGE WILL **DIE.**

NOW WE KNOW WHO'S **BEHIND** THIS.

WE DO?

THE WORDS AND PHRASING — '**MUTOPIA**' IN PARTICULAR. HE'S PARROTING A CREEP I RAN INTO ONCE...

CONTROL — PUT OUT AN A.P.B. ON ONE **XERXES CLAVIER.**

WHO?

XERXES CLAVIER HAD BEEN ONE OF MEGA-U'S MOST **CONTROVERSIAL** LECTURERS —

I SAY UNTO YOU, CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE — LETTING MUTANTS INTO OUR CITY IS **NOT ENOUGH!**

MEGA CITY U

WE MUST LET THEM TAKE **POSSESSION** OF OUR CITY! WE MUST **VACATE MEGA-CITY ONE** — LEAVING BEHIND A PERFECT **MUTOPIA!**

MARK MY WORDS! EITHER WE GIVE UP THE CITY **TODAY** — OR THE **MUTANTS**, THOSE EVOLVED SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY, WILL **INVADE** — AND **DESTROY US ALL!**

STICK IT IN YER EAR, BALDY!

MUTIE-LOVIN' CREEPO!

THEY WILL **STORM THE STREETS — EXECUTING** NORMALS LIKE **CATTLE!** AND — OW! — AND THEY WILL HAVE A **MORAL RIGHT** TO DO SO!

LOUSY FINK!

IT'S A GOOD THING **YOU** WERE HERE TO DEAL WITH THESE **INTELLECTUAL COWARDS**, DREDD...

LET'S GET ONE THING **STRAIGHT**, PROFESSOR — I DON'T LIKE **YOU**, I DON'T LIKE YOUR **LECTURES**, AND I **DEFINITELY** DON'T LIKE **INCITEMENT TO RIOT.**

YOU'RE A DANGER TO **YOURSELF** AND THE **GENERAL PUBLIC.** ONE MORE STEP OUT OF LINE AND YOU **WILL** GO TO THE CUBES — DO I MAKE MYSELF **CLEAR?**

DO IT, DREDDY! GIVE HIM TEN YEARS!

SHUT IT, MEATBALL!

YOU MAY MOCK MY **DREAM**, DREDD — **BUT THE DREAM WILL NEVER DIE!** THE MUTANTS WILL **TAKE** THIS CITY AND **CAST OUT** THE DISEASE OF **NORMALCY!**

MUTOPIA SHALL PREVAIL — AND HOMO INFERIOR WILL DROWN IN BLOOD!

IS THAT SO?

WE SPENT A FEW HOURS INTERROGATING HIM. HE WAS NO REVOLUTIONARY — JUST A BITTER CRANK WITH A POWER FANTASY.

I GAVE HIM TWO YEARS FOR THREATENING A JUDGE AND LET IT GO AT THAT. MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE TOO **LENIENT...**

SO A **COLLEGE LECTURER** TRAINED THESE MUTIES AS A **CRACK FIGHTING UNIT?**

FORTY-FIVE PER CENT OF MEGA-CITIZENS COULD SCORE A PASSING GRADE IN MILITARY TACTICS, OLDHAM. THAT FIGURE **RISES** EVERY TIME WE HAVE A MAJOR CRISIS.

CLAVIER HAD A **TACTICAL COMMAND** POSITION DURING THE APOCALYPSE WAR — HE'S MORE THAN CAPABLE.

JUST GOT WORD FROM **PSU** — NONE OF THE TERRORISTS HAVE BEEN SEEN BEFORE TODAY.

NO **IMMIGRATION DOCUMENTS**, NO SIGN OF THEM ON ANY **SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE** — I'M TALKING **CITYWIDE.**

LOOKS LIKE THIS GROUP CAME IN OUT OF THE **CURSED EARTH** —

NOT NOW, OLDHAM.

THESE GUYS HAVE GOT SOME PRETTY DISTINCTIVE FEATURES, DREDD. IF THEY'D SHOWN THEIR FACES BEFORE, WE'D KNOW ABOUT IT.

SHOWN THEIR **FACES**...

THE PERPS ALL HAVE SEVERE **FACIAL DEFORMATION** — BUT NO MUTATION BELOW THE **NECK**. I WONDER...

CONTROL — ANY SIGN OF **CLAVIER**?

NEGATIVE, DREDD. HE'S VANISHED INTO **THIN AIR**. WE'RE TRYING TO PUT TOGETHER HIS RECENT **MOVEMENTS** —

— LAST WE KNOW, HE MANAGED TO LUCK INTO A JOB AT A HIGH-CLASS **BLOCK COLLEGE**, DOING SEMINARS ON '**GENETIC PREJUDICE AND REVOLUTIONARY IDEALOGY**'.

WEIRD THNG — HIS NEWEST **SEMINAR GROUP** SEEM TO BE OFF THE RADAR AS WELL. ALL DISAPPEARED WITHOUT TRACE IN THE LAST WEEK.

YOU DON'T SAY.

SEND CLAVIER'S **VOICEPRINT** TO MY BIKE COMPUTER — LINE IT UP WITH THE VOICE MAKING THE DEMANDS.

THEY'RE IDENTICAL...

LIKE I FIGURED. THE TERRORIST LEADER WASN'T **TRAINED** BY PROFESSOR CLAVIER —

— HE **IS** PROFESSOR CLAVIER!

A MUTANT **TERRORIST GROUP** HAS HIJACKED A HOTTIE BAR, DEMANDING THAT MEGA-CITY ONE IS IMMEDIATELY CLEANSED OF NORMS AND TRANSFORMED INTO A '**MUTOPIA**'.

IN LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES, THE NEXT HOSTAGE WILL **DIE**...

DREDD HAS SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE TERRORISTS' MUTANT CREDENTIALS —

PROFESSOR CLAVIER!

WHAT...?

I KNOW IT'S **YOU**, PROFESSOR.

FACE CHANGE, WAS IT? YOU AND SOME BORED RICH JUVES DECIDED TO **MUTILATE YOURSELVES** TO SLUM IT WITH THE **NEW UNDERCLASS**?

I-IT AIN'T **LIKE** THAT —

YOU RECKON THE MUTANTS OF THIS CITY ARE GONNA **SLAP YOU ON THE BACK** FOR KILLING IN THEIR NAME FOR **KICKS**, PUNK?

OR WILL THEY JUST CALL YOU A **TOURIST**?

THAT SLIMY SON OF A —

SCOTT — **NO**! REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING!

DON'T GO NEAR THE WINDOW!

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

I AM **SO** A MUTANT! DEEP DOWN INSIDE, WE'RE **ALL** MUTATED — **DEFORMED!** CHILDREN OF THE ATOM IN A **WORLD** THAT **HATES AND FEARS US!**

YOU'LL **NEVER** UNDERSTAND OUR **PAIN!** OH GRUD, I CAN'T AIM MY **GUN** FOR THE **TEARS** —

BDAM!

HMPH.

TOUCHED A NERVE.

AAAKKKK!

SHCOTT!

JOVUS, THEY'LL KILL THE HOSTAGES FOR SURE!

RELAX, OLDHAM. I'M GOING TO **NEGOTIATE.**

IN POSITION, GIANT?

FIRE EXIT

AT THE REAR NOW.

STAY PUT. YOU'LL KNOW WHEN.

HE WASH SHO **SHTRONG**, SHO **SHTOIC**, SHO **SHOMBRE** AND **SHENSHIBLE**...

UH, JEAN, YOU'RE DROOLING IN HIS SUCKING CHEST WOUND —

DREDD!

I **WARNED** YOU! THIS IS ON **YOUR HEAD!**

I WON'T GIVE UP MY DREAM!

CAREFUL, CREEP. YOU'RE IN DEEP ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS.

HOW DO YOU THINK WE KNEW YOUR **NAME?** HOW'D WE KNOW ABOUT YOUR **FACE CHANGES?**

WE'VE HAD A MAN INSIDE YOUR GROUP FROM THE **START**, PROFESSOR. WE KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT MOVES YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE.

THIS IS YOUR **LAST CHANCE** TO **SURRENDER PEACEFULLY.**

THERE'S A RAT IN THE HOUSE?

HEY, DON'T LOOK AT **ME**, BUDDY! MAYBE **YOU'RE** THE RAT —

HE'S LYING! TRYING TO SOW DISSENT!

IT WON'T WORK, DREDD! I **KNOW** MY STUDENTS! I TRAINED THEM **MYSELF!** I TAUGHT THEM MY **DREAM!**

THERE'S **NOTHING** YOU CAN SAY THAT CAN TURN THEM AGAINST EACH OTHER!

NOTHING!

PROFESSOR CLAVIER — OUR MAN ON THE INSIDE IS A **MUTANT.**

...WHAT?

A **REAL** MUTANT, I MEAN — LOW-LEVEL **GENETIC ABNORMALITY**, MISSED AT THE BIRTH SCREENNGS. HUNDREDS OF SO-CALLED 'NORMS' HAVE ONE.

A... A **REAL MUTANT...?**

IT'S **ME!** I'VE **ALWAYS** FELT DIFFERENT AND SPECIAL! IT **HAS** TO BE ME!

I'M THE TRUE MUTANT!

FIRE EXIT

SO YOU **ADMIT** YER A TRAITOR, HUH?

EAT **BULLET**, FINK!

BDAM!

THAT'S OUR CUE.

ANYWAYS, IF THERE'S A MUTANT HERE, IT'S **ME!**

YOU ROTTEN LIAR! WHEN DID **YOU** EVER FEEL THE TRAGIC INNER TORMENT OF HOMO SUPERIOR?

HE'S LYING TO YOU! NOBODY HERE'S A MUTANT, YOU **FOOLS!**

NOBODY'SH A MUTANT—?

YOU SAID WE WERE **ALL** MUTANTS! YOU SAID WE WERE **SPECIAL**!

Y-YOU **ARE**! WE **ALL** ARE! JUST NOT... **SPECIAL** SPECIAL...

I THINK **YOU'RE** THE TRAITOR HERE, PROF.

A TRAITOR TO THE **DREAM**...

FREEZE!

WHUH—?

BDAM!

DROP IT, CLAVIER!

NO —

DON'T TAKE AWAY MY **DREAM** —

BDAM BDAM BDAM

I SAID **FREEZE**, WOLFMAN!

REQUEST DENIED!

YOU'RE THE **SHYCOPHANTIC SHERVANT** OF A **SHICK** AND **DESHEASHED SHOSHIETY!**

SOILING A JUDGE'S UNIFORM — **EIGHTEEN MONTHS.** THE **ARMED INSURRECTION** AND **MURDER** GETS YOU **THIRTY YEARS.**

YOU REALISE WHAT **ELSE** YOU DID TONIGHT, PUNKS?

UM... STRUCK A BLOW FOR THE CAUSE OF —

GUESS **AGAIN,** MEATBALL. YOUR LITTLE STUNT MADE THE **EVENING NEWS.**

WE'VE GOT FACE-CHANGE PARLOURS **CRAMMED** WITH CITS ASKING TO BE '**MUTANTISED**' — AND THAT'S NOT THE **HALF** OF IT.

THE **ANTI-MUTANT** MORONS ARE FLOODING THE STREETS WITH ANYTHING THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON, LOOKING TO STOP THE '**INFECTION**' SPREADING —

— NOT TO MENTION THE MUTANT **CITIZENS** WHO DON'T SEE IMITATION AS **FLATTERY.** A BUNCH OF THEM JUST SET A CITY BLOCK ON **FIRE** IN SECTOR 109.

SINCE THAT'S ALL **YOUR FAULT,** I'M CHARGING YOU WITH INCITING **EVERY** CRIME COMMITTED THAT CAN BE DIRECTLY ATTRIBUTED TO YOUR ACTIONS.

SIX MONTHS EACH COUNT. AT A ROUGH ESTIMATE, THAT'S OVER **NINE HUNDRED YEARS — SO FAR.**

WELCOME TO **CUBETOPIA,** CREEPS.

MOVE!

THE END

1980:

PAUL **KLESA**, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND **GUILTY** OF THE MURDER OF THREE YOUNG WOMEN IN TIMES SQUARE.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE STATE OF NEW YORK HAS NO DEATH PENALTY...

...SO I THEREFORE SENTENCE YOU TO **ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS** IN **PRISON.**

YOU WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE BEHIND BARS, CAGED LIKE THE **ANIMAL** YOU TRULY ARE.

YOU WILL **DIE** IN PRISON.

TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD KLESA SHOWED LITTLE EMOTION AS HE WAS SENTENCED.

KNOWN AS **'THE TIMES SQUARE KILLER'**, KLESA PLANTED TWENTY-FIVE LIT CANDLES ON EACH OF HIS VICTIMS.

HE TOLD LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS HE WAS 'CELEBRATING HIS BIRTHDAY'...

COUNTY COURT HOUSE

JUDGE DREDD

BIRTHDAY BOY

SCRIPT
PAT MILLS
ART
VINCE LOCKE
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

2000:

DAILY NEWS
GEORGE W. BUSH IS PRESIDO

2028:

DAILY NEWS
GURNEY RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT

2051:

DAILY NEWS
PIERCE WINS WHITEHOUS

2060:

DAILY NEWS
HARVISSON AND BOOTH HAV LANDSLIDE VICTORY

HOW DOES HE DO IT?

NO ONE KNOWS. HE'S BEEN EXAMINED BY TOP SCIENTISTS AND DOCTORS.

THEY CAN FIND NO EVIDENCE OF A '**METHUSELAH**' ANTI-AGING GENE.

DAILY NEWS

2070:

A MAYFLY...

DA PRESI BOOTH ARRESTED! THE JUDGES TAKE POWER!

DID YOU KNOW THEIR ADULT LIFE IS ONLY A **FEW HOURS**...?

IMAGINE LIVING YOUR LIFE IN JUST ONE AFTERNOON...

2108:

I GOT THAT PIRATE VID-SLUG YOU WANTED, PAUL.

THE ONE WHERE STAN LEE BEATS UP DREDD? GOOD MAN.!

I'VE BEEN **SO** LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS.!

YES.! GO ON, STAN.! MAKE DREDD BEG FOR MERCY.!

YOU REALLY **HATE** THE JUDGES, DON'T YOU?

OH YES. AND DREDD MOST OF ALL.

BUT I DON'T GET IT... **WHY?** THE JUDGES CAME TO POWER **AFTER** YOUR TIME.

TIME AFTER TIME...

2130:

LOOK AT THE FOLDS IN HIS CLOTHES. HE'S BEEN IN THE CUBES A **LONG** TIME.

YOU WANT TO DO HIM, MINTY? OR SHALL I?

NO... I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS ONE, SHANDA... SOMETHING ABOUT HIM...

HI. I'M SHANDA. YOU MUST BE PRETTY HUNGRY?

YES. IT'S BEEN A WHILE.

COME TO THIS ADDRESS TONIGHT. BRING TWO FRIENDS.

WOW, YOU **ARE** HUNGRY!

HEY! T-THIS IS IN THE UNDERCITY! NO WAY!

HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED. HIRE A MINDER.

YOU'LL GET ANOTHER **TEN THOUSAND** IF YOU TURN UP.

DREDD...

IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, JUDGE!

IT'S SO DIFFERENT TO NEW YORK IN THE NINETEEN SEVENTIES!

I KNOW I DESERVED TO BE PUNISHED FOR WHAT I DID, BUT THE ISO-CUBES HAVE TAUGHT ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS.

I'VE DONE THE CRIME AND SERVED MY TIME. I'M A **REFORMED CHARACTER.**

I CAME BY TO GIVE YOU SOME FREE ADVICE, KLESA.

THE JUDGES ARE THE **LAW** HERE NOW. DON'T FORGET THAT.

AS AN EX-CON, YOU CAN COLLECT YOUR WELFARE PACK FROM THE NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE. HOSTEL VOUCHERS, MEAL TICKETS, AND A DISCOUNT FOR YOUR LOCAL EUTHANASIUM.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD PICK UP A COPY? YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER YOURSELF.

JUST REMEMBER WHAT I SAID, KLESA.

THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU, DREDD. BUT SALES OF MY BOOK '***HOW TO REMAIN FOREVER YOUNG***' HAVE MADE ME A RICH MAN.

ANYTHING?

I'VE GONE THROUGH N.Y.P.D. RECORDS FROM THE 1970S. THEY'VE NOTHING ELSE ON HIM.

JUST THE MURDERS OF THOSE THREE STREETWALKERS...

WHAT DO THE RECORDS SAY ABOUT THE CRIME SCENE... **TIMES SQUARE**.

IT USED TO BE A CENTRE OF VICE KNOWN AS 'THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND' BEFORE IT WAS CLEANED UP IN THE 1990S.

GO BACK FURTHER.

WELL, I... HUH.

WHADDYA KNOW?

IN 1830, THREE YOUNG WOMEN — **LETITIA WILDE**, **DOLLY HICKEY** AND **SAVANNAH HOTSON** — WERE FOUND **MURDERED** THERE.

A TOTAL OF **SEVENTY-FOUR CANDLES** WERE PLANTED ON THEIR BODIES...

ANY **PREVIOUS** KILLINGS IN TIMES SQUARE?

SEVENTY-THREE CANDLES WERE PLACED ON THEM.

THE MURDERER WAS NEVER CAUGHT.

IN 1680, THREE 'BAWDS' — **CHERUBIN DIBALL, LOVEWELL NEWHAM** AND **CHASTISEMENT BROWN** — WERE MURDERED IN LONGACRE SQUARE, ITS ORIGINAL NAME.

THAT'S AS FAR BACK AS THE RECORDS GO.

SO THE MURDERS TAKE PLACE EVERY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS...

...WHICH SUGGESTS KLESA HAS AN **EXTENDED LIFESPAN** WHEREBY **ONE** OF HIS YEARS IS THE EQUIVALENT TO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF OURS.

AND IT'S HIS **BIRTHDAY** TOMORROW.

WHAT ABOUT **PRE-COLONIAL** TIMES?

WELL, THERE'RE ONLY INDIAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF NEW YORK.

I CAN LOOK AT THEM IF YOU WANT, BUT —

GO AHEAD.

IT SAYS HERE **BROADWAY** IS AN OLD INDIAN PATH: THE **WICKQUASGECK TRAIL.**

THE PLACE WHERE IT CROSSED ANOTHER TRAIL TO FORM **TIMES SQUARE** WAS REGARDED AS A 'PLACE OF EVIL'.

WHY?

THE INDIANS BELIEVE A **CROSSROADS** IS A STILL-POINT IN THE FABRIC OF TIME, WHERE 'IMMORTALS' CAN ENTER OUR WORLD.

'THERE'S A STORY OF HOW THREE YOUNG SQUAWS WERE TAKEN THERE AND **SACRIFICED** BY AN "IMMORTAL".'

I'M GOING DOWN INTO OLD NEW YORK. TELL ME MORE ABOUT THESE 'IMMORTALS' ON THE WAY.

DEBORRA, KRITON — DREDD. MEET ME IN THE BIKE POOL.

ACCORDING TO THE INDIANS, MANHATTAN ISLAND WAS ONCE KNOWN AS '**MAN-A-HAT-TA**': 'THE GARDEN OF HEAVEN', INHABITED BY A RACE OF IMMORTALS.

RUN THAT PAST ME AGAIN.

MEGA-CITY ONE STANDS ON THE **GARDEN OF HEAVEN?**

I'VE HEARD IT CALLED MANY NAMES, BUT NEVER **THAT** BEFORE.

IT WAS A **LONG** TIME AGO, DREDD.

AND THEIR EVIL WAYS ANGERED THE **STAR LORDS**, WHO CREATED THEM...

'THE ANGER OF THE LORDS WAS HOT AGAINST THEM BUT THE IMMORTALS DID NOT HEARKEN TO THEIR WARNINGS.'

SO WHAT DID THE LORDS DO?

THEY SENT IN THE **JUDGES.**

THEIR LEADER, **JUDGE ZALA**, WAS RENOWNED FOR HIS SEVERITY.

HE ORDERED THE IMMORTALS TO HAVE THEIR LIFESPAN **REDUCED** TO ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

THOSE WHO REFUSED, 'HE DELIVERED UNTO THEM THE WRATH OF THE LORDS'.

DURING THE **GREAT TRIBULATION**, 'MANY WERE **DELIVERED** AND THERE WAS MUCH LAMENTING'.

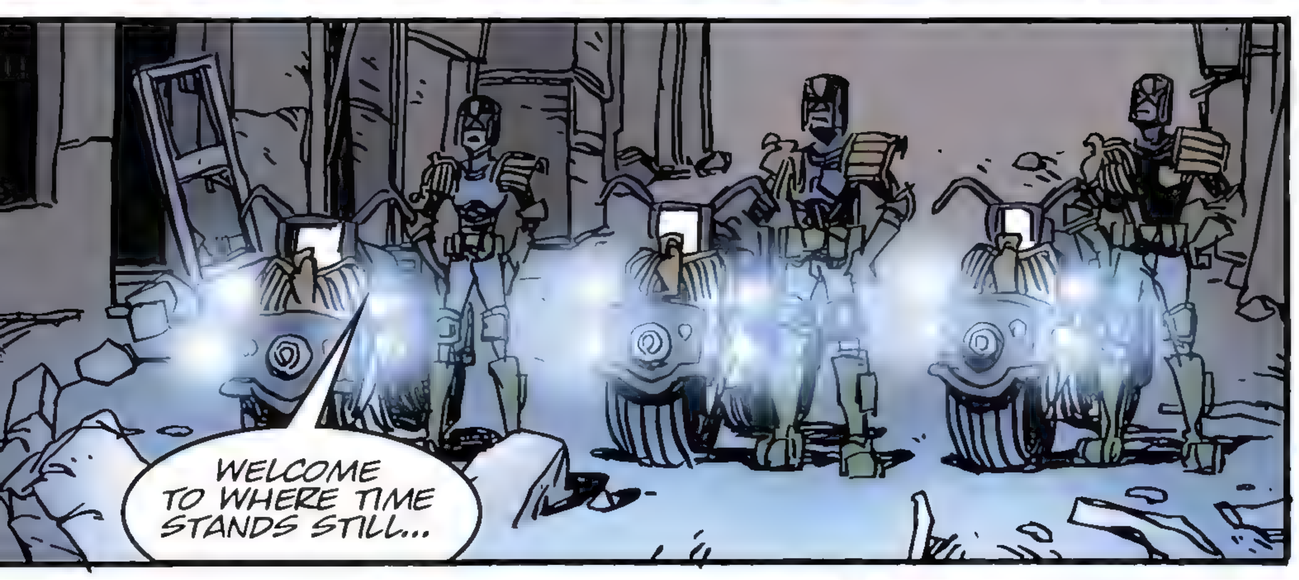
AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY

TIMES SQUARE IS DIRECTLY BELOW US, DREDD.

SO KLESA ESCAPED, HUH?

RECKON HE'S OVERDUE FOR **DELIVERANCE**.

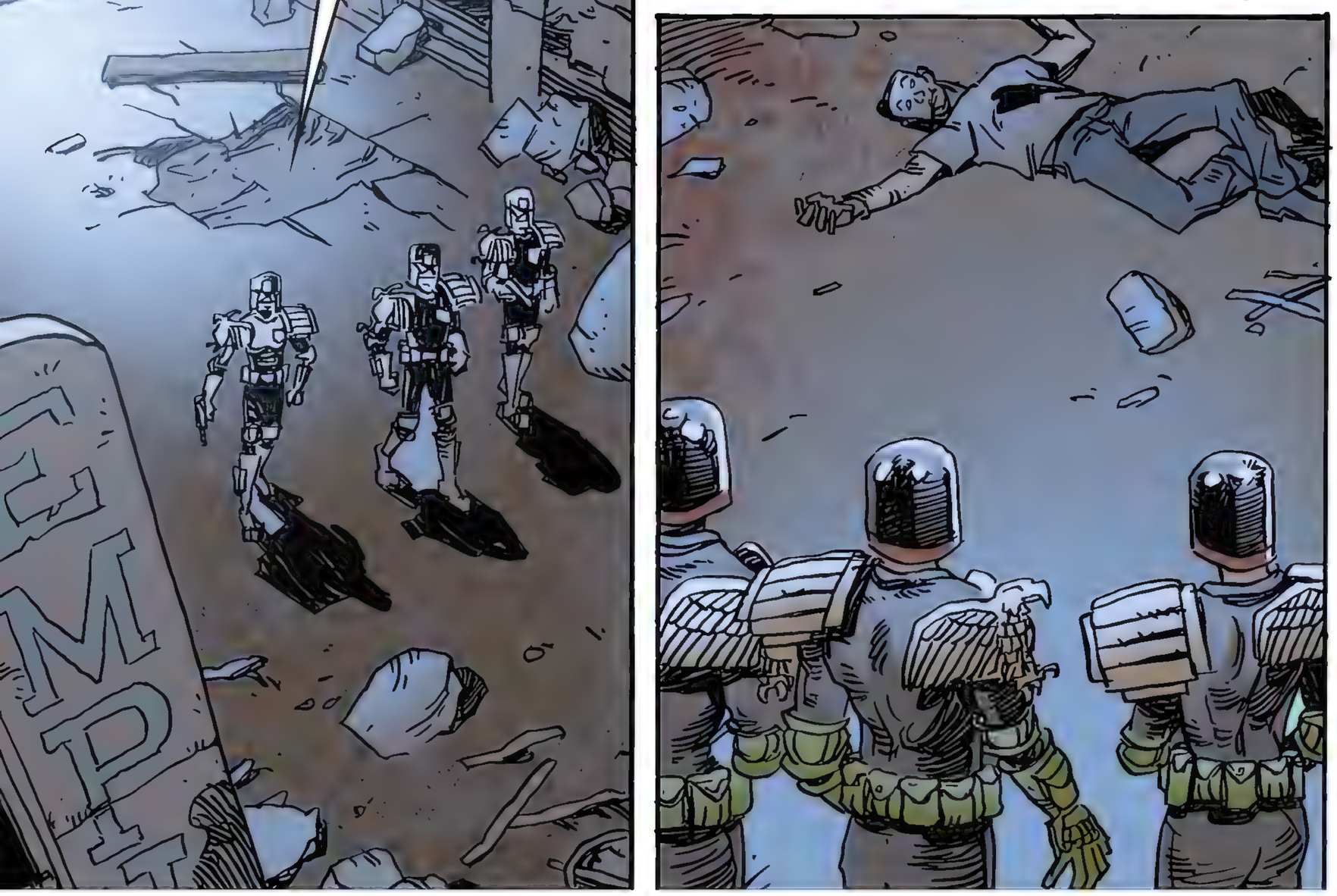
NO MUTES


WELCOME TO WHERE TIME STANDS STILL...

NEVER MIND. OLD TWENTIETH-CENTURY SONG.

BUT WHY COMMIT MURDER ON HIS BIRTHDAY?

IF TIMES SQUARE IS A MEETING OF ALL TIMES...
...MAYBE HIS VICTIMS' **BIO-ENERGY** ENABLES HIM TO MAKE CONTACT WITH ANCIENT AMERICA.



BOOF BONGER
PIMP FOR SLABWALKERS WHO WAIT OUTSIDE THE CUBES LOOKING FOR BUSINESS.

SHANDA LEER.

SHE MUST HAVE BROUGHT BONGER WITH THEM FOR PROTECTION...

SHE HAD NO IDEA WHO SHE WAS DEALING WITH.

DID YOU BLOW OUT THE CANDLES, DREDD?

AND DID YOU MAKE A WISH?

MANY UNHAPPY RETURNS, KLESA.!

TAKE HIM.!

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

PIT!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, DREDD! I CAN **REGENERATE!**

THAT'S WHAT **ZALA** COULDN'T STAND. WE IMMORTALS HAD SO MUCH **FREEDOM.** SO MUCH **POWER.**

HE WANTED OBEDIENT SLAVES AFRAID OF DEATH...

...LIKE YOU WANT THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE TO BE!

ROXY

JUDGE MATHEW ZALA... HE WAS A **CONTROL FREAK** — JUST LIKE YOU, DREDD!

WHEN WE REFUSED TO GIVE UP THE OLD WAYS, HE THREW DOWN OUR ALTARS AND 'DELIVERED' US WITH HIS **TRIBULATOR**'...

...INCLUDING MY **FAMILY**!

FOR JUST ONE DAY, MY **BIRTHDAY**, I CAN SEE THEM: **MEROZ**... **EGLON**... AND **ZEEB**.

BUT ONLY **HERE**, AT THE **CROSSROADS OF TIME**...

...AN HOUR BEFORE ZALA **EXECUTED** THEM.

HI-EX?

NOT ON KLESA. CAN'T RISK BITS OF HIM REGENERATING.

USE THEM TO BRING A BUILDING DOWN ON HIM... AND **BURY** HIM.

MEANWHILE, I'LL KEEP HIM TALKING.

IT WAS ALL A LONG TIME AGO, KLESA. WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH US **NOW**?

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO...

...YESTERDAY.

YOUR KIND LIVE SUCH BRIEF LIVES. YOU'RE LIKE **MAYFLIES.**

YOUR LIFESPAN IS THE EQUIVALENT OF **TWO HOURS** OF MINE.

FOR ME, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS IN PRISON WAS **NOTHING.**

IT WAS AN AFTERNOON.

HELL

FIRE!

KADOOM!

AAAHHH!

RUUMMMBBLE

WE'LL SEAL OFF TIMES SQUARE, MAKE SURE HE NEVER GETS OUT OF THERE.

THIS TIME HIS IMPRISONMENT WILL BE A LITTLE LONGER THAN AN 'AFTERNOON'...

AND WE'D BETTER KEEP THIS **QUIET.** DON'T WANT ANY RELIGIOUS NUTS TURNING TIMES SQUARE INTO A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE.

BIG APPLE

BEAST

CINNABON

BENEATH THE REMAINS... CITIES IN RUINS...

NEVER MIND.

THAT TICKLED!

MY TURN.

UGGNN!

THE SACRIFICE OF A JUDGE WILL RELEASE A MASSIVE BURST OF **BIO-ENERGY**...

...OPENING THE PORTAL TO ANCIENT AMERICA!

KRAK!

BACK TO THE TIME WHEN THIS CITY WAS THE **GARDEN OF HEAVEN**!

SO MY FAMILY CAN ESCAPE ZALA AND **CROSS TIME** TO JOIN ME!

WITH OUR COMBINED POWERS, WE SHALL BE INVINCIBLE!

THE CITIZENS WILL BOW DOWN AND PRAY TO ME, AND RIGHTLY SO...

AFTER ALL...

...IT IS MY BIRTHDAY!

RUBY'S

TIMES SQ

INFORMATION

THIS IS MY RITUAL LOOK... TO **CELEBRATE** MY TOLERANCE TO PAIN...

HOW ABOUT **YOU**, DREDD? HOW'S **YOUR** TOLERANCE TO PAIN?

STOMM - !

NOT SO GOOD, HUH?

TIME TO CUT THE CAKE...

...AND OPEN MY **'PRESENT'**!

DREDD

ORKDELI

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME!

MEROZ! EGLON! ZEEB!

IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, FATHER.

TELL US WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING BEFORE THE FORNICATING JUDGES GET HERE, SIRE.

I HAVE GOOD NEWS! THIS TIME... **THIS** TIME I CAN SAVE YOU!

SNAKE'S FRUIT! HOW?

THERE IS A JUDGE HERE, WHOSE **PRANA** IS SIMILAR TO ZALA'S!

HIS DEATH WILL OPEN THE PORTAL AND YOU CAN ESCAPE!

OH, PAWL, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

WHO **IS** THIS JUDGE, FATHER?

'HOLY JOE' HERE.

NEW

YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A **GHOST**, KLESA!

YOUR WIFE IS **DEAD**!

YOUR KIDS ARE **DEAD**!

GET OVER IT!

NO! THEY'RE STILL ALIVE IN THEIR OWN TIME!

YOUR **INTERFERENCE** WITH TIME HAS DRIVEN YOU INSANE!

IT WAS ALL A SICK DREAM, PAID FOR WITH INNOCENT CITIZENS' LIVES!

BUT **YOU'RE** GOING TO MAKE IT A **REALITY**, DREDD!

PAWL! THE JUDGES ARE ALMOST AT THE **CROSSROADS**!

OPEN THE PORTAL!

KILL THE JUDGE!

KILL THE JUDGE! KILL THE JUDGE! KILL THE JUDGE!

YOU HEAR THAT, DREDD? I'M A **FAMILY MAN**! GOT TO DO WHAT THE WIFE AND KIDS SAY!

THE OFFSPRING OF IMMORTALS, KLESA'S KIDS PROBABLY REMAINED CHILDREN FOR **CENTURIES**...

THREE HUNDRED YEAR OLD JUVES — IT DIDN'T BEAR THINKING ABOUT.

HE COULDN'T LET **THEM** LOOSE IN THE CITY.

YOU HATH CONTINUED WITH THY SINS, WHICH HATH GREATLY ANGERED THE STAR LORDS.

PAWL! **JUDGE ZALA** IS HERE!

BECAUSE WE WON'T AGREE TO A THOUSAND-YEAR LIFESPAN?

A THOUSAND YEARS IS **NOTHING**!

THE HELL WITH YOU, ZALA!

YOU THINK WE'RE SCARED OF DEATH? BRING IT FORTH!

SO MOTE IT BE. I SENTENCE THEE, MEROZ KLESA, AND THE FRUITS OF THY WOMB TO...

...***DELIVERANCE!***

AAAAAAAAHH!

NO!

YOU BASTARD, DREDD!

YOU'VE RUINED MY BIRTHDAY!

THE PORTAL WAS OPENING... JUST ENOUGH TO...

YOUR JUDGES ARE THE **LAW**, KLESA. YOU SHOULD HAVE OBEYED THEM.

SHUT UP. IMMORTALS DON'T TAKE ADVICE FROM MAYFLIES.

HUH...?

A **TRIBULATOR**. HOW - ?

TIME TO SNUFF YOU OUT.

ZALA'S TRIBULATOR WOULD BE USEFUL IF THEY GOT ANY MORE VISITORS FROM ANCIENT AMERICA...

HE GUESSED JUDGES JUST HAD TO STICK TOGETHER.

THE END

THE CHIEF JUDGE TODAY ANNOUNCED A CHRISTMAS AMNESTY.

UNDER THE DECREE MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND PRISONERS WILL BE GRANTED EARLY RELEASE, INCLUDING CELEBRITY FELONS CHAZ 'MUZAKMAN' SINGLETON, SERVING THREE YEARS FOR HIS SONG 'JUDGES GOTTA DIE THE SCUM' —

— AND BEEFCAKE ACTOR BRYCE BRYLL, SERVING FIVE FOR ASSOCIATION WITH A KNOWN TERRORIST.

WHETHER THIS MOVE IS MOTIVATED MORE BY SEVERE ISO-BLOCK OVERCROWDING THAN BY CHRISTMAS SPIRIT WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE.

CHRISTMAS... A TIME FOR GENEROSITY, FOR GOODWILL TO ALL.

Merry Christmas

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
HENRY FLINT
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

JUDGE DREDD

ONE FOR THE BOYS

A TIME TO LAUGH, TO RELAX, TO CAST OFF THE CARES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

MOST OF ALL, **CHRISTMAS** IS A TIME FOR BEING WITH **FRIENDS** AND ***LOVED ONES...***

HO HO HO!

...FOR BASKING ONCE MORE IN THE **WARMTH** OF YOUR OWN **FAMILY.**

IT'S ***SLY!***

SLY, YOU OLD DOG!

SON. I TOLD THEM. I TOLD THEM YOU'D SHOW UP!

THE JUDGES **KNOW** THIS, AND THEY'RE **WATCHING.**

WHAT THE HELL -?

BDAM

BDAM

MEAT WAGON ON ITS WAY. AND A LITTLE LESS **MESS** NEXT TIME, HUH?

SUBJECT APPROACHING THE CLUB. ALL UNITS STAND BY.

THIS COULD BE YOUR MAN, BROPHY. DETAIN AND VERIFY.

MOVE IN. NOW NOW NOW.

SUBJECT IN A DARK BLUE LANSEER **SLABSTER** NOW LEAVING BLOCK ON THE LEVEL FOUR RAMP, DREDD.

YOU GOT HIM ON AERIAL?

THAT'S A ROJ.

HEADING SOUTH WEST INTO SECTOR 55 ON THE PIKE.

RAMPING OFF ON 9. TURNING INTO **WEEDLER** NITE-MALL. HE'S PARKING.

THERE'S A JUDGE POST IN THAT MALL. WARN THEM OFF! I DON'T WANT HIM SPOOKED!

SOME LAST-MINUTE SHOPPING. LINGERIE. WHO COULD THAT BE FOR?

MAN LIKE BRYCE BRYLL KNOWS A LOT OF WOMEN. DON'T SEND THE CATCH WAGON JUST YET.

ON LEVEL 2. HE'S GOING INTO — NO, WAIT! HE'S USING THE **MAINTENANCE** ACCESS! HE MUST HAVE THE **CODE**! WE'VE GOT NO SURVEILLANCE IN THERE!

KEEP A WATCH ON ALL EXITS!

GET IN. HURRY IT UP.

WHY? WH-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

JUST DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD, DINGDONG.

1 HOUR DELIVERY

SO YOU'RE THE BEAUTIFUL BRYCE BRYLL. GOTTA ADMIT, I SEE WHAT SHE SEES IN YOU — AND MEN AIN'T MY THING.

I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF ANYTHING IL-ILLEGAL.

YOU'RE ALREADY ILLEGAL, PRETTY BOY. LIE DOWN AND SHUT UP.

STAFF EXIT 10

1 HOUR DELIVERY

HE'D SET THE OPERATION UP MONTHS BEFORE —

ACTOR **BRYCE BRYLL**, STAR OF THE AWARD-WINNING '**MUSCLE CLUB**', WAS TODAY SENTENCED TO **FIVE YEARS ENCUBEMENT** FOR **ASSOCIATING** WITH A KNOWN **TERRORIST.**

BRYLL WAS FOUND IN THE APARTMENT BOLTHOLE OF **EVITA BIRKIN**, AN EXPERT **BOMB-MAKER** WANTED FOR **OUTRAGES** BY THE TERRORIST ORGANISATION **TOTAL WAR.**

BRYCE BRYLL FELL UNDER THE **SPELL** OF A **POWERFUL, DOMINATING** AND **CHARISMATIC WOMAN.** HE WAS IN **THRALL** TO HER TO THE POINT WHERE HE CEASED TO HAVE ANY **WILL** OF HIS **OWN.** IF THAT IS A **CRIME** — AND IT IS **NOT** — THEN HE PLEADS **GUILTY.**

IF MERELY **ASSOCIATING** WITH SUCH A WOMAN IS A **CRIME** — AND WE KNOW THAT IT **IS** — THEN MR BRYLL MUST PAY THE PRICE. BUT **BRYCE BRYLL** WISHES TO MAKE IT **ABSOLUTELY CLEAR** THAT HE HAD **NO KNOWLEDGE OF**, NOR DID HE **PARTICIPATE IN**, ANY **TERRORIST ACTS.**

BIRKIN, KNOWN AS '**THE CHEMIST**', HAS SINCE BEEN A PRIME MOVER IN THE BREAKAWAY GROUP **GENDER WAR**, WHO CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR LAST MONTH'S **INCENDIARY** ATTACK ON **SOUTH SECTORS JUVES' ACADEMY**, WHERE **THIRTY-ONE BOYS** WERE **INCINERATED.**

BIRKIN HAD VACATED THE APARTMENT ONLY **TWENTY MINUTES** BEFORE DREDD'S TEAM CLOSED IN, ABANDONING HER LOVER TO HIS FATE. THE WOMAN SEEMED TO HAVE A SIXTH SENSE FOR DANGER.

HER ESCAPE HAD CHAFED EVER SINCE.

SO WHEN THE **CHRISTMAS STING** WAS PROPOSED, DREDD HAD BRYCE BRYLL IMMEDIATELY PREPARED. WHATEVER ATTRACTION HE HELD FOR BIRKIN, THERE WAS A CHANCE THE FLAME STILL BURNED.

LOOKS LIKE APPENDICITIS.

IT WAS NO MORE DIFFICULT TO IMPLANT A **TRACER** THAN IT HAD BEEN TO **INDUCE** THE INFLAMMATION OF THE APPENDIX.

I HAVE HIM ON TRACER. HE'S MOBILE, HEADING NORTH ON TOVEY SKED.

THAT'S A LIGHT BLUE PORTER VAN, MARKED **ONE HOUR DELIVERY.**

PLATE'S **FALSE.** MATCHES WITH **PED SCOOTER** REGISTERED TO **MORTON FINZI**, 98, COLE PORTER ELD SHELTS.

INFORM ALL UNITS, MAKE SURE NO ONE TRIES TO PICK THEM UP.

PORTER VAN PULLING UP. LOOKS LIKE DESTINATION.

RUBY'S MUSCLE CLUB IN 45 'DUST ZONE. THAT'S A FEMS-ONLY ESTABLISHMENT.

PRESENT FOR YOU.

YOU WEREN'T FOLLOWED?

I'D HAVE SPOTTED ANYTHING.

ALL RIGHT. LEAVE US.

H-HELLO, BABY.

DON'T BABY ME. GET OUT OF THAT BOX. YOU LOOK STUPID.

GOOD GRIEF! YOU UNDERSTAND **NOTHING**, DO YOU?

SUCH CRASS **MALE STUPIDITY** ONLY **CONFIRMS** ME IN MY BELIEF THAT THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER **WITHOUT** YOU!

YOU'RE SMOKING AGAIN. IT'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU.

A LOT OF THINGS AREN'T GOOD FOR ME. **YOU'RE** NOT GOOD FOR ME. TO MY ETERNAL SHAME, I STILL HAVE THE **APPETITES** OF A WOMAN.

GET YOUR CLOTHES OFF. I WANT YOUR BODY. THEN I MAY HAVE TO KILL YOU.

PLEASE BE NICE TO ME, EVITA. I DID THREE AND A HALF YEARS FOR YOU.

YOU DON'T WANT ME TO BE **NICE** TO YOU, BRYCE. THAT'S YOUR LITTLE PERVERSION. YOU WANT ME TO BE **CRUEL** — TO **HURT** YOU, TO **BEAT** YOU.

WELL, AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T LEAVE ANY MARKS...

WHAT'S **THIS**?

MY APPENDIX. THEY TOOK IT OUT A FEW MONTHS AGO.

YOU **FOOL**! DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU'VE **DONE**?

SWAK!

THAT WAS A BIT **TOO** ROUGH!

SHUT UP!

BDAM BDAM

GIRL POWER

YOU DON'T **LEARN**, DO YOU, CREEP?

WAIT THERE! I'LL BE BACK!

EVEN THEN SHE NEARLY EVADED HIM —

BDAM

HUSCLE CLUB

DON'T EVEN THINK IT.

WE FOUND QUANTITIES OF FORMALDEHYDE, NITROGEN FERTILISER AND BENDRIXILENE IN THE BASEMENT, PLUS ALL THE **APPARATUS** NEEDED TO MANUFACTURE **TUROX**. THAT'S A POWERFUL **NERVE AGENT**, **LETHAL** IN THE MOST **MINUTE DOSES**.

IT'S A SOPHISTICATED PROCESS, BUT **BIRKIN** IS MORE THAN GOOD ENOUGH TO DO IT.

JUSTICE

FIVE PLASTEEN CYLINDERS — JUST A HUNDRED CCs, YOU DON'T NEED MUCH. I ATTACHED **DETONATORS** TO THEM, TIMED TO GO OFF AT **SIX AM CHRISTMAS MORNING**. SOME OF THE **BOYS** ARE GOING TO BE GETTING AN UNEXPECTED PRESENT FROM **GENDER WAR**.

LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS.

YOU'RE BEING SURPRISINGLY **CO-OPERATIVE**, BIRKIN.

YOU'D ONLY **TORTURE** IT OUT OF ME ANYWAY. I WOULDN'T WANT TO GIVE A **MAN** THAT PLEASURE.

IN ANY CASE, IT'S UNIMPORTANT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'RE PLANTED. I GAVE THEM TO **HELGA MYER** — SHE DID HATE MEN SO. I COULD SAFELY LEAVE THE CHOICE OF **TARGETS** TO HER.

HELGA MYER — THE DRIVER.

YES. AND **YOU** KILLED HER.

LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS.

YOU UNDERESTIMATE US, BIRKIN. ONE OF YOUR MANY MISTAKES.

TELL ME, WHEN YOU'VE ELIMINATED ALL THE MALES, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THEN?

PARTHENOGENESIS.

PARTHENOGENESIS.

IT'S ALREADY A FACT. OH, WE MIGHT STILL KEEP A FEW OF YOU AROUND, JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

I THINK YOU'LL FIND SOME OF US AREN'T MUCH FUN AT ALL.

WE'RE WELL AWARE OF THAT.

TAKE OVER HERE.

HELGA MYER HAD BEEN TOO EXPERIENCED AN OPERATOR TO LEAVE ANY DETAILS OF HER TARGETS. BUT THERE WAS A VITAL CLUE IN THE LIGHT BLUE PORTER —

PUBLIC HEALTH HAS GOT RIGHT OF ACCESS TO ANY PREMISES IN THE CITY. THIS WOULD GET HER WHERE SHE NEEDED TO BE WITHOUT QUESTION — EFFECTIVE DISGUISE, TOO.

PUBLIC HEALTH DEPT.

THERE WERE TOO MANY POTENTIAL TARGETS TO EVACUATE THEM ALL. THE SUCCESS OF THE SEARCH WOULD DEPEND ON THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT —

SO WHEN WERE THESE DEVICES PREPARED?

BIRKIN SAYS THEY WERE COMPLETED EARLY ON THE EIGHTEENTH. THAT GAVE MYER SEVEN DAYS.

GOOD. NARROW TIME FRAME. IF YOU'D SAID LAST YEAR, THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PROBLEM.

ROFFMAN

WE HAVE NO SURVEILLANCE ON RUBY'S GYM ITSELF BUT WE CAN COVER ALL ROUTES IN AND OUT. LET'S TAKE IT BACK TO MIDNIGHT ON THE SEVENTEENTH...

THIS IS ASSUMING MYER ALWAYS TOOK THE BLUE PORTER VAN, OF COURSE. SHE MAY HAVE USED OTHER TRANSPORT OR GONE ON FOOT. WE'LL LEAVE THOSE POSSIBILITIES ASIDE FOR THE MOMENT...

I TAKE IT SELECTED TARGETS ARE EITHER ALL-MALE OR HEAVILY MALE BIASED?

GENDER WAR HAS SHOWN WILLING TO ACCEPT SOME FEMALE CASUALTIES AS LONG AS VICTIMS ARE PRIMARILY MALE.

EXIT

EXIT

EXIT

WE'RE OFF AND RUNNING. 07.15 ON THE NINETEENTH. BLUE PORTER VAN ON CAM CROSSING VAN NELLE AT BIELBY. WHERE ARE WE GOING, MY LITTLE ONE...?

GOT HER! 07.29, VAN ENTERING SUB-LEVEL POD PARK, CON CLUSKEY. THAT'S A DEDICATED BACHELOR BLOCK — 40,000-PLUS MALE RESIDENTS. MIGHT HAVE GUESSED. TARGETS DON'T COME MUCH JUICIER.

ACCESSING THE BLOCK'S RECORDS —

SHE'S ALL SUITED UP. FAST FORWARD HERE — BLOCK SUPER'S OFFICE — OKAY, SHE'S ENTERING THE UTILITY SUITE.

I'M LOSING HER THERE, BUT YOU GET THE PICTURE. CHECK WITH THE BLOCK SUPER. I THINK WE NAILED NUMBER ONE.

GOOD WORK, ROFFMAN.

CONTROL, I WANT A BIO-SECURITY TEAM AND EVERY HELMET YOU CAN SPARE! PUT OUT AN EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE BLOCK SYSTEM!

I'M EVACUATING CON CLUSKEY!

TEA BAG PALACE
MERRY XMAS
SEE SANTA
SONG AND DANCE NIGHT
PINK CRED
GET HER
Queen's
HAPPY HOUR
THE SNOW'S STOPPED! HOW POSITIVELY DEPRESSING!
HOW LONG ARE THEY GOING TO KEEP US OUT HERE? I'M FREEZING MY CHRISTMAS CRACKERS OFF!
THAT'S THE MIXER TANK. YOU CAN ISOLATE IT FROM THE MAIN FEEDER, ALLOWS US TO PUT ADDITIVES IN THE WATER, LIKE IF YOU JUDGES WANT THE RESIDENTS TRANQUILISED.
AND THE HEALTH INSPECTOR ACCESSED IT?
IT'S THERE!
CONTROL, WE'VE **FOUND** A DEVICE. REQUEST CONFIRMATION BLOCK IS **FULLY EVACUATED**?
THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE.

WHILE THE CITIZENS SLEPT, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER, JUDGES WORKED TIRELESSLY TO PREVENT CATASTROPHE —

BY 05.10 ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, ALL BUT ONE OF THE DEVICES HAD BEEN LOCATED —

MR MICKEY BOOONEY'S BOYS' HOME

6TH STREET STACKERS

MEN ONLY

CHURCH OF GRUD MEN'S SHELTER

WE'RE ALL **CLEAR** HERE AT **CON CLUSKEY**, DREDD. I'M ALLOWING THE RESIDENTS BACK IN.

CHURCH OF GRUD

TIME'S RUNNING OUT, ROFFMAN. STILL ONE TO FIND.

I'VE TRACED EVERY TRIP HELGA MYER MADE, IN THE VAN AND ON FOOT. SHE MUST HAVE HAD ALTERNATIVE TRANSPORT — SOMEONE AT RUBY'S GYM, A CONFEDERATE WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT.

IT'S POSSIBLE. WE DETAINED EVERYONE AT THE GYM FOR QUESTIONING, BUT OUR THIRD WOMAN MAY NOT EVEN BE AMONG THEM.

NO... HOLD ON. MAYBE WE'RE MISSING SOMETHING. YOU SAID IT YOURSELF — THE **BIG ONE** WAS **CON CLUSKEY**!

THE OTHERS — THEY'RE JUST SMALL CHANGE. BUT 40,000-PLUS MEN IN THE BACHELOR BLOCK...

YOU THINK MYER HAD A **BACK-UP**?

I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THE CHANCE THAT SHE **DIDN'T**!

SHOE'S

GYM

NOW HEAR THIS! ALL RESIDENTS WILL EVACUATE THE BLOCK IMMEDIATELY! REPEAT, EVACUATE! THAT IS AN ORDER!

OH, WHAT **NOW**?

THIS IS REALLY INTOLERABLE!

MEN'S ROOMS

TWINKL BELLS

KYLIE BAR

DRAMA DOME

AND DURING HER EXAMINATION SHE WAS NEVER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT?

WELL, IF I'M HONEST — AND I HOPE YOU WON'T BREATHE A WORD OF THIS TO **HOUSING** — I **WAS** CALLED AWAY FOR A SHORT, SHALL WE SAY, COMFORT BREAK?

DREDD, WE'VE GOT IT. IN THE VENTILATION DUCTS. WE'RE REMOVING IT NOW.

YOU'VE GOT TWELVE MINUTES! MAKE IT FAST!

THE **HELL** —

TIMER'S WRONG!

I'M... UNNNHHHHHH!

DROKK! STAND BACK!

WE GOT THE ANTIDOTE INTO HIM IN TIME, DREDD.

WE'LL KEEP THE BLOCK SEALED OFF TILL WE'VE NEUTRALISED ANY REMAINING AGENT.

— UNTIL SUCH TIME THE BLOCK WILL REMAIN OFF LIMITS.

BUT IT'S **CHRISTMAS**.!

AND IT'S DAMN **COLD**!

WHERE ARE **WE** SUPPOSED TO GO?

I'D TRY THE **Y.M.C.A.**

WE MAY NOT BE PERFECT, BIRKIN, BUT EVEN MEN HAVE A RIGHT TO WALK THE STREETS IN PEACE. I'M SENTENCING YOU TO **LIFE ENCUBEMENT.**

AND AN EXTRA **YEAR** FOR THE **TARBABIES.**

TARBABIES

WARNING: SERIOUS RISK OF ENCUBEMENT

AND AS FOR BRYCE BRYLL —

BU-BU-BUT I WAS USEFUL TO YOU —

AND NOW YOUR USEFULNESS IS OVER. YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, BRYLL, YOU DIDN'T LEARN. THIS TIME YOU'RE DOING **TWENTY YEARS**. WE'LL SEE IF THIS LESSON STICKS.

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO WORK ON THE ACTING, CREEP. MY ADVICE, CONCENTRATE ON THE **GRANDAD** ROLES —

— BECAUSE BY THE TIME **YOU** GET OUT, YOU'LL BE NOT SO MUCH **BEEFCAKE** AS **BEEF JERKY**!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE ECSTASY

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
PAUL MARSHALL
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

1 NOVEMBER. THE DAY OF THE DEAD —

Viva los Muertos

SOUTH SECTOR SPANISH ASSOCIATION

MARSHALL.

Día de los Muertos

DREDD

DD PARK

SYSTEMS GO. TRY IT NOW, MAN.

SOMEONE COMIN'! WATCH IT!

Ka-shink

YOU GOT IT?

WE DON'T GIVE NOTHIN' AWAY FOR FREE, MAN. LET'S SEE THE MONEY FIRST.

REAL SUSPICIOUS AREN'T YOU, DIEGO? WE WOULDN'T STIFF YOU.

THAT'S 'COS I NEVER GIVE YOU THE **CHANCE.**

COME ON, LET'S GET THIS DONE.

IS GOOD.

YOU DON'T WANNA OPEN IT.

LIKE I TRUST YOU? YOU THINK I'M CRAZY?

SURE, IT COULD BE THE BIGGEST CON GOING, BUT IT AIN'T. ONE **LOOKS** ENOUGH, MAN.

GOTTA BE DRUGS!

THAT AIN'T DRUGS —

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

I DEDICATE IT TO YOU.

WHO THE HELL — ?

YOU HEAR GUNFIRE?

MORE FIREWORKS.

BETTER CHECK.

DREDD

HE'S GETTING UP!

THEY CUT HIM IN HALF, MAN! HE CAN'T —

MADRE GROD - !

YOU... ARE THE DEVIL....!

IT HAS BEEN SAID.

CONTROL, GUNFIRE ON MCARTHUR POD PARK. INVESTIGATING.

J-JOVIS, HE'S COMING!

WE'RE **DEAD**, MAN!

ONE F-FOR YOU, WISEGUY!

LET'S GO!

TWO CARJACKERS WITNESS A MASSACRE IN A POD PARK —

FLOOR IT, MAN!

DON'T STOP!

FAWAP

MARSHALL.

FTUMPPP

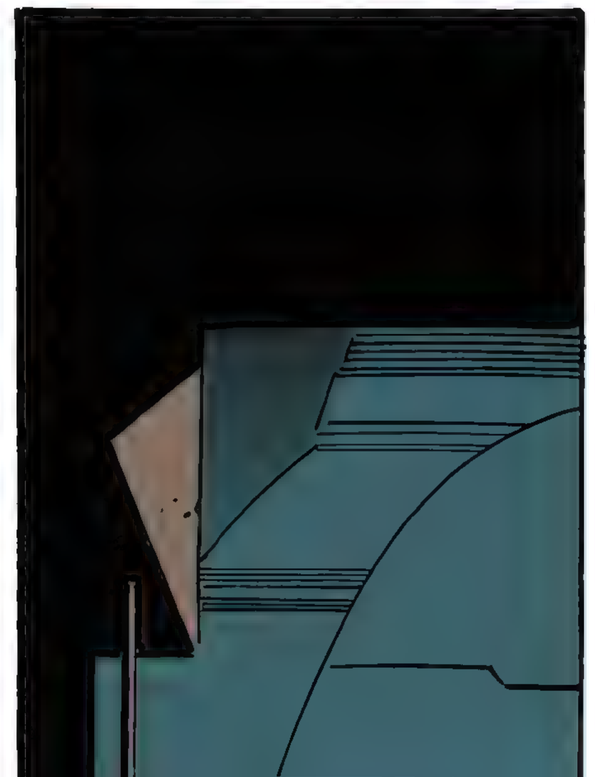
RAN RIGHT OVER HIM, MAN.! EVEN **LAZARUS** AIN'T GETTIN' UP FROM THAT.!

YOU TOOK THE **BOX** - ?

WHY NOT? NONE OF THEM GONNA NEED IT NOW.!

UUUNH...

da-aaaaak!



CONTROL, I CAN CONFIRM THAT GUNFIRE.

ELWOOD P
DOWD

YOU'RE BACK.

WHADDYA BEEN UP TO, FERDY? NO GOOD AS USUAL.! WHAT'S IN THAT BOX?

NOTHIN', MA.

YOU **STOLE** IT, DIN'T YA? I'M GONNA TELL THE JUDGES, SO HELP ME!

I DIDN'T STEAL IT.!

HEY, COOL IT, MRS GREEGO. WE DIDN'T STEAL NOTHIN'. IT'S JUST SOME OLD BOOKS AN' STUFF.

YOUR MA. SHE'S REAL SCARY SOMETIMES.

NOT HALF AS SCARY AS THAT SCARY GEEK. MUSTA **HIT** HIM **FIFTY** TIMES, MAN, AND HE KEPT ON TICKIN'.!

ALL FOR THIS. WHAT DO YOU THINK'S IN IT?

I'M STILL BETTIN' DRUGS.

snik

WHAT IF IT'S BOOBY TRAPPED?

CHANCE WE GOTTA TAKE. GO ON, MAN, OPEN IT.

WHILE STEALING A CAR, **FERD** AND **ROCO** WITNESS A MASSACRE AND COME INTO POSSESSION OF A MYSTERIOUS BOX. NOW, IN THE PRIVACY OF FERD'S ROOM —

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE, FERDY? YOU TWO BETTER NOT BE HAVIN' NO ILLICIT RELATIONS, YA HEAR ME? I AIN'T HAVIN' IT.! YA HEAR ME, FERDY?

OH MAN...

TOO GOOD...

CHAS **IZAAKS**, ENFORCER FOR **MUMPY LAVITER.** THE THREE SUITS BY THE LUXTER ARE LAVITER'S MEN TOO.

LAVITER'S NORMAL BUSINESS IS **ZZIZ** AND **BRAIN CHOWDER.** ANY EVIDENCE DRUGS ARE INVOLVED HERE?

APART FROM TWO TEN-CRED BAGS ON BOBBY CHAN OVER THERE AND THE USUAL ASSORTMENT ON THE BARRIO BOYS, THERE'S NO TRACE SO FAR.

DIEGO AND **ENRICO BARRIO.** THEIR SPECIALITY IS IMPORT.

SO WHY THE MEET UNLESS THEY WERE SELLING?

THAT'S MY THOUGHT.

IN THAT CASE, WHY NO GOODS?

THE ANSWER COULD BE HERE. WE HAVE BLOODY FOOTPRINTS OVER BY THE BARRIER, TYRE MARKS IN BLOOD HERE AND DOWN THE EXIT RAMP. FOOTPRINTS DON'T MATCH ANY OF THE VICTIMS.

SO **SOMEONE** GOT AWAY.

WITH THE DRUGS AND THE MONEY.

WE'RE LOOKING AT A MID-SIZE UTILITY ROADSTER. TYRES ARE EBENEEZER 650S OR VITROL SURE-GRIP 65S. THEY'VE NEAR IDENTICAL PATTERNS.

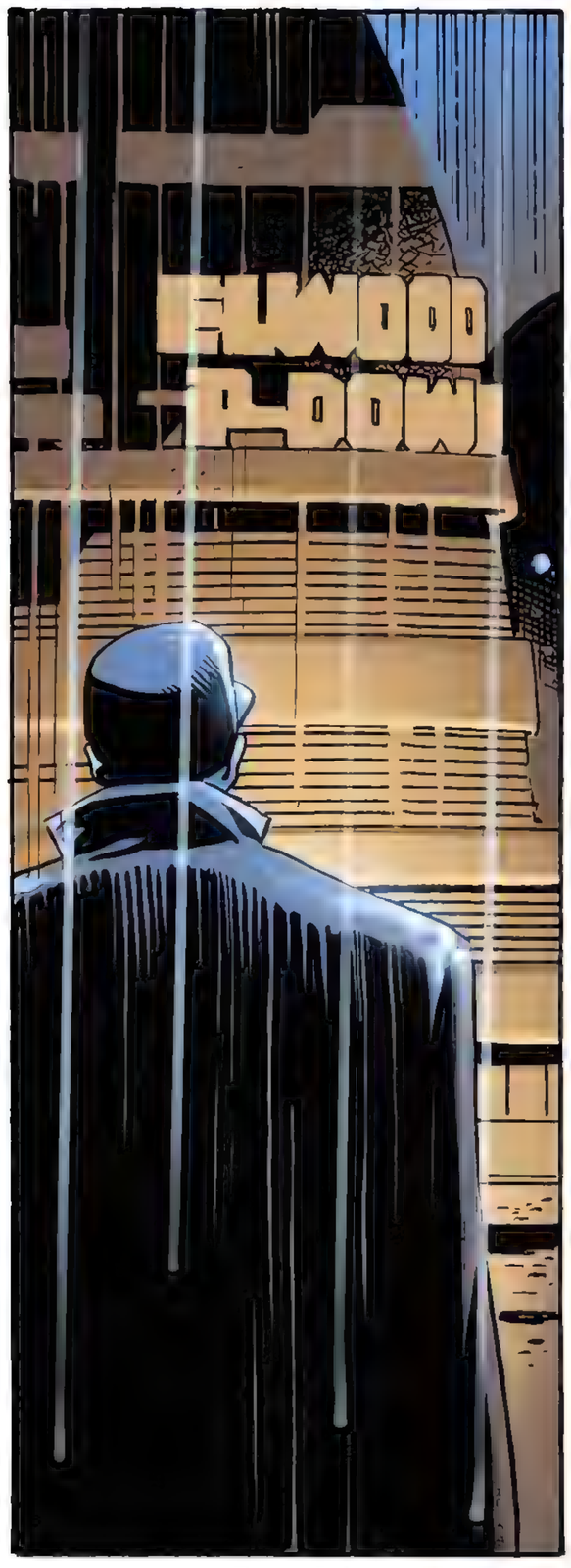
NOTHING ON SURVEILLANCE CAMS?

CUT — ALONG WITH POWER TO THE POD PARK. WE'VE GOT A TIME ON THAT OF 21:01.

DREDD, CITIZEN OUTSIDE CLAIMS HE PARKED HIS U-VIC UP HERE.

I'LL SPEAK TO HIM.

KLEE, YOU TAKE LAVITER MOWER, CHECK OUT THE BARRIO BOYS. KEEP ME INFORMED.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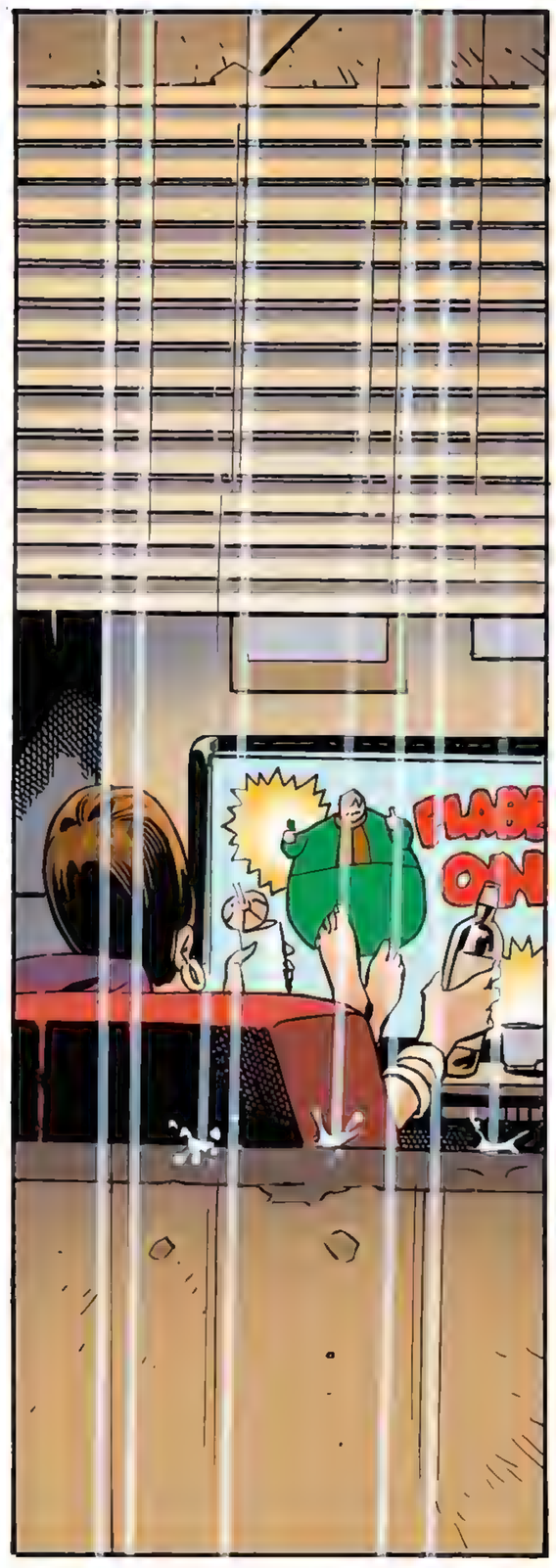
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ON!

YOU TOO CAN PILE ON THE POUNDS WITH TEN-DAY MIRACLE FLABB ON.! INCREASE BODY MASS OR YOUR MONEY BACK.! TAKE WORLD CHAMPION FLAB-STYLER BORIS JAWSON —
OTTO SUMP'S
FLABB ON!
1,100 CREDS TAX
HAW.! YOU TAKE HIM.! BIG TUBBA LARD.!

THIS YOUR VEHICLE?

YES, SIR. THAT'S MINE ALL RIGHT.

TAKE A LOOK INSIDE. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. TELL ME IF YOU SEE ANYTHING THAT SHOULDN'T BE THERE, ANYTHING THAT'S MISSING.

TYRES ARE SURE-GRIP 65s. PLENTY OF BLOOD ON THEM, AT LEAST TWO DIFFERENT BLOOD GROUPS. TRACES INSIDE, MOST WE CAN TIE BACK TO THE REGISTERED OWNER AND FAMILY.

BUT NOT THIS.

HAIR.

WE GOT A MATCH ON THE DNA. SUBJECT'S DONE TWO TERMS INCUBE, FIRST AT TWELVE YEARS OLD. CARJACKING.

ALL SEEMS PRETTY NORMAL. NO DAMAGE, EITHER. LUCKY.

DO YOU KNOW A **FERD GREEGO**? TWENTY-THREE, DARK HAIR, WORKED FOR A WHILE AS A JUICER AT ZORBA'S IN THE RITNER MALL?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO. NO, DEFINITELY NOT. NOT REALLY MY SORT OF CIRCLE. NEVER BEEN TO THE RITNER MALL.

RITNER.

CONTROL, ON MY WAY TO **ELWOOD P. DOWD**, INTERVIEW SUSPECT **FERD GREEGO**.

WHAT'RE THE CHANCES I CAN GET MY VEHICLE BACK TONIGHT?

NONE. BEAT IT. THIS IS A CRIME SCENE.

Me and Ferdy, Junior Surf team '21

CASPAR! CASPAR!

HUHH - ?

SHHH.

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU A VERY SIMPLE QUESTION. ON YOUR ANSWER DEPENDS WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE.

WHERE'S ROCO?

WHILE STEALING A CAR **FERD** AND **ROCO** WITNESS A MASSACRE AND COME INTO POSSESSION OF A MYSTERIOUS BOX. NOW, IN THE PRIVACY OF FERD'S ROOM —

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE, FERDY? YOU TWO BEEN IN THERE FOR HOURS! ARE YOU COMIN' OUT HERE? YOU COME OUT HERE THISH... THISH GRUDDAM MINUTE!

YOU **HEAR** ME, FERDY?

H-HEY, MAN —

HUHH?

IT... IT'S GOING OUT.

IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S... **ALIVE.**

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

I DUNNO, MAN...

BEST FREAKIN' EXPERIENCE I EVER HAD.

WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO WITH IT? WHAT IF THOSE GUNSTERS ARE LOOKIN' FOR IT?

WE'RE COOL, MAN. THEY NEVER SAW US. JUST THAT **SCARY** GEEK AND HE AIN'T GETTIN' UP.

YOU'RE HAVIN' RELATIONS IN THERE! I KNOW IT! I SEEN A DOCUMENTARY!

CAN'T KEEP IT HERE. APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, FREAKIN' PROBY OFFICER STILL COMES ROUND TO SEE I'M KEEPIN' CLEAN.

MY COUSIN LARRY, HE'LL LOOK AFTER IT. YOU STAY HERE, I'LL TAKE IT ROUND TO HIM.

OH NO YOU DON'T! SMART GUY — YOU TAKE IT AWAY AN' I NEVER SEE IT AGAIN, THAT'S THE PLAN, AIN'T IT? YOU WANT IT ALL TO YOURSELF!

YOU GOT ME WRONG, MAN.

HEY, OKAY, LOOK, WE'LL TAKE IT ROUND TOGETHER.

I KNOW WHAT YOU TWO BEEN UP TO.! I GOT A GOOD MIND TA... TA REPORT YA.! WHERE YA GOIN' NOW?

NOWHERES.

SEE YA LATER, MRS GREEGO.

HOLY CREM.!

IT'S HIM!

BU-BUH- BUT IT CAN'T BE -.!

AAAAHHH.!

I GOT IT.! I'LL LOOK AFTER IT.!

YOU BASTARD.! GIVE THAT BACK.!

FERD GREEGO.!

ULP.!

DROKK.!

DREDD

YOU AIN'T RUNNIN' OUT ON ME, BENEDICT.! THAT BOX IS FREAKIN' **MINE.!**

OKAY, OKAY.! I AIN'T ARGUIN' WITH YOU NOW.! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE.!

I DON'T GET IT.! THE GUY AIN'T HUMAN.! HE AIN'T HUMAN.!

BDANG!

CREEP WON'T DROP! GOT TO END THIS —

HI-EX.!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON -?

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUSINESS! GET SOME FOAM ON THAT DOOR!

GREEGO AND THE OTHER ONE — THEY'VE RUN FOR IT!

WHERE ARE WE GOIN'?

I DUNNO! CAN'T RISK LARRY, THEY MIGHT CHECK HIM —

DREDD **SAW** US. HE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE — HE'LL FIND OUT MY NAME TOO. MAYBE... MAYBE WE JUST OUGHTA HAND IT OVER

NO WAY.

NO FREAKIN' WAY!

WE'LL FIND SOMEPLACE. WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, RIGHT, AN' **NOBODY'S** TAKIN' IT OFF US!

COME ON!

ELVERA JAMINE BENEDICT, 45. BLAST ENTERED BENEATH THE CHIN AND EXITED THROUGH THE TOP OF THE SKULL. LIQUIFACTION OF THE EPIDERMIS INDICATES THE BARREL OF THE WEAPON WAS IN NEAR CONTACT WHEN FIRED.

CASPAR BENEDICT WAS KILLED WITH THE SAME WEAPON. SINGLE SHOT, SIDE OF THE HEAD. BOTH TIE IN WITH YOUR PROBABLE **PERP** AND MURDER WEAPON.

THIS CREEP WAS ONE PIECE OF WORK.

THE GOOD NEWS IS, THIS CREEP IS NOW **SEVERAL** PIECES OF WORK.

BLOOD ON HIS SHOES MATCHES SOME FROM THE POD PARK, SO WE CAN BE SURE HE WAS THERE. **DNA** DOESN'T REGISTER ON ANY DATABASE WE HAVE ACCESS TO. **NEGATIVE** ON **PRINTS**, TOO.

THE WEAPON IS A TYPE-7 **MULTI-BLASTER**, PROBABLY OF **OFF-WORLD** MANUFACTURE. A REAL MYSTERY MAN.

WE DID FIND **THIS**, THOUGH.

A **REMOTE**.

WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. FOR A **MOPAD**. WE GOT A SERIAL NUMBER. SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO LOCATE.

LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS YOU DO.

YOUR **SON** AND **ROCO BENEDICT** CAME IN AT 22.00. WHERE HAD THEY BEEN, MRS GREEGO?

I DUNNO. SOME DEEV'S CLUB. HE DON'T DISCUSS IT WITH ME.

THEY WERE CARRYING A METAL BOX. HAD YOU EVER SEEN THIS BOX BEFORE?

NAW. HEY, WANNA DRINK?

JUST ANSWER THE QUESTIONS.

THEY WENT INTO FERD'S ROOM AND WERE THERE FOR APPROXIMATELY THREE HOURS. WHAT WERE THEY DOING THERE, MRS GREEGO?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? LOOK, GIMME A BREAK, I TOLD THE OTHER JUDGE ALL THIS ALREADY.

NOW TELL **ME**.

WE GOT TRACES OF ZZIZ, AMPS, BC — NOTHING YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT. NO INDICATION OF ANY LARGE QUANTITY BEING MOVED.

YOU QUESTION **MUMPY LAVITER**?

OUT OF THE CITY. AS IS **MEIDS**, HIS MONEY MAN. VERY CONVENIENT. EVERYONE ELSE IS ACTING DUMB, I GOT **I.C.** WORKING ON A FEW OF THEM, BUT I DON'T HOLD OUT MUCH HOPE. LAVITER PLAYS THINGS PRETTY CLOSE TO HIS CHEST.

I TALKED TO ORTON BARRIO.

THE OLD MAN'S GENUINELY SHOCKED — PRACTICALLY HIS WHOLE FAMILY WIPED OUT.

CLAIMS HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT ANY DEAL WITH LAVITER. HE'S GOING TO SPEAK TO PEOPLE, GET BACK TO ME.

YOU BELIEVE HIM?

YES. HE WANTS REVENGE, HE KNOWS **WE'RE** HIS BEST SHOT.

OKAY, STAY ON IT.

HERE'S HOW I SEE IT. **GREEGO** AND **BENEDICT** ARE HEISTING A VEHICLE WHEN **LAVITER'S** CREW AND THE **BARRIO BOYS** SHOW UP. THERE'S A **TRANSACTION** — PROBABLY DRUGS. IT GOES WRONG, THERE'S A SHOOT-OUT.

MORE LIKE A **MASSACRE.**

YOU THINK **GREEGO** AND **BENEDICT** HAD A HAND IN IT?

NO. NOT THEIR FORM.

IT'S **HIS** FORM.

IN THE CONFUSION **GREEGO** AND **BENEDICT** GET HOLD OF THIS **BOX** AND LIGHT OUT. OUR **JOHN DOE** TRIES TO STOP THEM — THEY FOUND BLAST HOLES IN THE VEHICLE'S WINDSHIELD.

WHETHER HE WAS WITH EITHER OF THE OTHER PARTIES OR WORKING ON HIS **OWN** WE STILL HAVE TO DETERMINE. IN ANY CASE, HE'S HISTORY NOW.

MEANWHILE, WE KEEP LOOKING FOR **GREEGO** AND **BENEDICT.** WHATEVER THAT BOX CONTAINS THEY CAN'T BE HAPPY ABOUT THE KIND OF **HEAT** IT'S DRAWING. THEY'RE SCARED, LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE...

Floatation Station

LET US IN.!

FERDY? ROCO? WHAT THE HELL? IT'S FOUR A.! WE'RE CLOSED!

WELL UN-FREAKIN' CLOSE.! COME ON, STINKY, DON'T KEEP US STANDIN' HERE.!

FUN FUN

Floatation Station

WE NEED A PLACE TO HANG OUT. WE THOUGHT OF YOUR SPARE ROOM.

WHAT FOR? WHO YOU HIDIN' FROM? I'M JUST THE MANAGER, MAN. I GET ANY TROUBLE HERE I'M MUNCE.

THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO TROUBLE. WHO'S GONNA KNOW? LISTEN, STINKY, JUST LET US HOLE UP FOR A DAY OR TWO AN'... AN' WE'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND CREDS. OKAY?

YEAH, OKAY. THAT SOUNDS FAIR. SO WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

NOTHIN'S IN THE BOX.! YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OFF IT.!

EASY, MAN. IT'S JUST SOME STUFF, NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT.

PUSHING

A THOUSAND CREDS.! YOU OUTA YOUR FREAKIN' MIND, ROCO?

IT GOT US IN HERE, DIDN'T IT? DON'T MEAN WE HAVE TO PAY IT.

DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY HE WAS LOOKIN' AT IT. YOU **SEE** HIM?

TAKE IT EASY. HE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS. HELL, **WE** DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS.

BUT WE KNOW WHAT IT **DOES**, MAN. NOW I KNOW WHAT HEAVEN IS, MAN. PURE **ECSTASY**.

WHAT IF IT'S **DEAD**? WHAT IF YOU ONLY GET **ONE SHOT** OR SOMETHIN'...

WE OUGHTA CHECK.

GO ON, **DO** IT.

OH MAN...

THIS IS DEFINITELY **HIDE** OF SOME KIND. NOT FROM ANY SPECIES I KNOW...

I GOTTA TAKE A BREAK. YOU COMING?

THAT'S ODD.

WHAT'S ODD?

THE TISSUE... IT SHOULD BE NECROTIC. BUT —

LOOK, SEE HOW IT DISCOLOURS. STILL A CERTAIN ELASTICITY THERE TOO...

WEIRD.

TERRY, THE GUY IS DEAD.

I KNOW, BUT...

YOU DO NOT GET MUCH MORE DEAD THAN THAT. HE IS IN SEVERAL **PIECES** DEAD.

COME ON, HE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE. LET'S GRAB A BITE, HUH?

MORT AND SYNTHIA EVANS. LAST SEEN FOUR DAYS AGO BY THE SHOPDROID AT ALPACA STREET DRIVE-IN. BEEN CRUISING SINCE THEN.

NO TELLING WHEN YOUR JOHN DOE GOT ON.

WE KNOW WHERE ONE HALF OF THE TRANSACTION IS.

YOU THINK HE'D HAVE COVERED THEM OR SOMETHING.

WHAT KIND OF MAN WOULD DO THAT — JUST LEAVE THEM THERE.

HE'S IN AND OUT OF HERE, WORKING ROUND THEM. YOU THINK HE'D HAVE MOVED THEM — OR COVERED THEM AT LEAST.

WHAT KIND OF MAN COULD DO THAT?

Floatatio Station

YOU TASTE THAT MUNCEMEAT ROLL? JOVIS, MAN, WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO GET SOME DROIDS THAT CAN COOK?

I'M GOING TO PUT IN A COMPLAINT. NOBODY'LL LISTEN, BUT AT LEAST IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL BETTER.

YOU WERE PRETTY QUIET. SOMETHING UP? DON'T TELL ME AURORA'S LEFT AGAIN.

NO, WE'RE GOOD. MAKES A CHANGE.

IT'S THIS GUY. I JUST DON'T GET IT. HOW CAN DEAD TISSUE STILL SHOW VITAL SIGNS? IT'S LIKE... WELL, LIKE SOMETHING'S STILL ALIVE...

TWO CARJACKERS HAVE COME INTO POSSESSION OF A STRANGE **LIFEFORM** CAPABLE OF PRODUCING SENSATIONS OF INTENSE **ECSTASY.** BUT THEIR ACQUISITION HAS ALSO BROUGHT THEM THE ATTENTIONS OF A MURDEROUS **PURSUER** WHO **REFUSES TO DIE** —

GUKKKK..

ALIVE — ! HE C-CAN'T BE!

HE WAS BLOWN APART! HE —

OH SWEET GRUD!

SHNNK!

I... I WANNA KNOW NONE OF MY PEOPLE GONNA GET HEAT 'COS OF WHAT I'M GONNA TELL YA.

THAT DEPENDS, ORTON. IF ANY **BARRIOS** ARE INVOLVED IN THESE MURDERS I CAN'T TURN A BLIND EYE.

NOTHIN' LIKE THAT. THEY KNEW THINGS, IS ALL... IT WAS **DIEGO**'S SHOW — HIM AN' **HOOLIO**, AN' THEY'RE DEAD. GONE.

KILLED FOR THIS...

YOU EVER HEAR OF AN **ECSTASIAN**?

IT'S SOME KINDA **ALIEN** — PLANT OR ANIMAL, I DUNNO...

DIEGO AN' THE BOYS NEVER HEARDA IT NEITHER, TILL THIS SPACERANGER, NAME OF **ELLIOT GORE**, TELLS HIM HE'S GOT ONE AN' HE'S LOOKIN' FOR TWO HUNDRED GEES FOR IT.

THAT'S WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

A BOX, YEAH, A BOX. LIKE A BIG TIN CAN WIT' HANDLES.

WHO'S **GORE**? WHO DOES HE WORK FOR? WHERE DID HE GET THIS ECSTASIAN?

I DUNNO. I DUNNO NOTHIN' ABOUT HIM. I'M TELLIN' YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

FIND GORE.

CHECK.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE **ECSTASIAN** THAT MAKES IT WORTH TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND?

I'M COMIN' TO THAT. IT GIVES OFF SOME KINDA **RAYS**. MIX SOME **ZZIZ** WIT' SOME **BRAIN CHOWDER** AN' THROW IN A JOLT OF THAT **NIRVANA** STUFF THE JUVIES ARE USIN' AN' THEY DON'T COME **NEAR** — THAT'S WHAT THE SPACERANGER TELLS 'EM.

ONCE YOU'VE HAD IT, YOU CAN'T NEVER GET ENOUGH.

SO DIEGO AN' THE BOYS SETS UP A TEST — TRY IT ON **SPIGGY FERNANDEZ**. KID'S DROOLIN' LIKE A **DEEV**, GOES **BERSERK** WHEN THEY TAKE IT AWAY. THEY STILL GOT HIM IN A LOCKED ROOM, CRYIN' AN' **SCREAMIN'** AN' THREATENING TO **KILL** IF HE DON'T GET IT BACK.

ADDICTIVE AIN'T THE WORD.

SO DIEGO BUYS THIS ECSTSIAN AND ARRANGES TO SELL IT ON TO MUMPY LAVITER. THE PRICE IS **TWO MIL** AND HANDOVER'S IN MCARTHUR POD PARK. BUT THERE'S A **THIRD** PARTY WITH AN INTEREST IN IT. WHO WAS HE, ORTON?

NOBODY KNOWS. NOBODY EVER HEARD OF HIM.

NINE OF THEM IN THAT POD PARK, AN' HE KILLED 'EM ALL. THESE AIN'T JUVES IN DIAPERS. HOW COULD HE DO THAT — ALL OF THEM?

IT WON'T BRING YOUR BOYS BACK, ORTON, BUT I CAN TELL YOU THE MAN WHO KILLED THEM IS DEAD —

DREDD, THEY'RE CALLING FOR YOU DOWN AT THE **MORGUE.**

IT'S SEVEN-FOUR -O!

Station

HEY — WHADDYA LOCKIN' THE DOOR FOR? OPEN UP! I GOT MY SHIRTS IN THERE!

NO POINT ANYWAY, LOCK DON'T WORK. ALL I GOTTA DO IS RATTLE IT A LITTLE —

WHUH - ?

OH MAN...

OH WOW...

LIKE WOW!

LIKE TOTALLY FREAKIN'... TOTALLY FREAKIN'...

MCAN AND ROGERS LEFT THE CANTEEN AT 07.16, THAT'S ABOUT THREE MINUTES AWAY. DON'T HAVE CAMS IN HERE, NEVER BEEN A NEED, BUT THERE IS SURVEILLANCE ON ALL EXITS, OF COURSE.

THE NIGHT DOOR ON SEVENTH. THIS IS TIMED AT 07.23.

MCAN'S STREET CLOTHES ARE MISSING. HE'S ABOUT THE SAME SIZE.

YOU SURE IT'S HIM?

CAM

THERE'S A CLOSE-UP. YOU TELL ME.

GO

I'M SEEING IT. I'M NOT BELIEVING IT. WHAT THE **HELL** ARE WE DEALING WITH?

AN ALL-UNITS IS OUT. JUDGES HAVE ORDERS TO SHOOT ON SIGHT —

OLINS, ON FREEMONT.! I GOT YOUR DEAD MAN WALKING.!

BDAM BDAM

HE'S **DEAD** FOR **SURE** NOW.!

SHLUUK

THEY'LL BE ROUND HERE LIKE WASPS. HE HAS TO GET CLEAR —

TURN ROUND. NORTH CONSTITUTION, HURRY.

QUICKEST WAY'S STRAIGHT ON.

TAKE THE LONG WAY.

YOUR CALL.

OOPS! SOMEONE'S IN A HURRY!

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, BUDDY? MAYBE WE OUGHTA FORGET CONSTITUTION. **HOSPITAL'S** WHERE YOU OUGHTA BE.

NO HOSPITAL CAN HELP ME. ONLY **ONE** THING CAN HELP ME...

HEY — YOU SEEN THEM CRUMBS ROCO AN' FERD ABOUT?

NO, AND YOU'RE THE FIFTH ONE TO ASK.

THE WORD IS ON THE STREET: FIND GREEGO AND BENEDICT —

YOU'RE ROCO'S COUSIN, LARRY — HE'D HAVE TOLD YOU WHERE HE IS, RIGHT?

I-I AIN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN WEEKS —

WAIT A MINUTE! Y-YOU'RE THE GUYS WHO KILLED MY AUNT AND UNCLE!

WHAT AUNT AND UNCLE IS THAT, LARRY?

NOBODY'S SAYING WHAT THEY DID TO ANNOY THE BIG MAN, BUT WORD IS MUMPY LAVITER'S WILLING TO FORK OUT FIFTY BIG ONES FOR AN INTRO —

C'MON! WASSAMADDA WIT' YA? OPEN UP IN THERE!

Floatation Station

MEANWHILE, FERD AND ROCO ARE LAYING LOW...

...OR HIGH, AS IT HAPPENS.

THIS IS KLEE. I FOUND **ELLIOT GORE** CHECKED IN AT THE **SPACEMEN'S MISSION**, SECTOR 9.

HE WON'T BE TELLING US ANYTHING. SOMEONE TIED HIM UP AND **TORTURED** HIM. NASTY. DEAD MAYBE THIRTY-SIX HOURS.

THERE WAS NEARLY TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND IN **CASH** LYING ON THE FLOOR — PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF THE **ECSTASIAN** TO THE **BARRIOS**, NO DOUBT. SO WE CAN TAKE IT THE KILLER WASN'T INTERESTED IN THE MONEY.

GORE ARRIVED IN CITY TWO WEEKS AGO — CREWMAN ON THE **OLYMPIA**, INBOUND FROM THE **NEBULOIDS**. WE HAVE HIM ON **CAM** PASSING THROUGH IMMIGRATION BUT WITH NOTHING THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE THE **ECSTASIAN**.

A SPACEPORT EMPLOYEE COULD HAVE SMUGGLED IT OUT FOR HIM.

THAT WAS MY THOUGHT. NO WITNESSES TO THE KILLING, OF COURSE — BUT THERE WAS A **CALL** LOGGED TO THE ROOM. YOU'LL LIKE THIS.

TIMED AT 20.59 DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

ELLIOT GORE? MY NAME IS ROHMER.

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK.

I DON'T LIKE WISECRACKS, GORE. YOU HAVE AN **ITEM** IN YOUR POSSESSION.

BEFORE YOU DENY IT, UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR TRAIL FROM **NERIS STATION**. I WISH TO **BUY** THE ITEM.

YOU'RE TOO LATE, ROHMER. THE ITEM IS GONE.

YOU'RE LYING!

I SAID IT'S **GONE**, SO JUST FORGET IT, OKAY, BUDDY?

WHERE? **WHO** HAVE YOU **SOLD** IT TO? I **WARN** YOU, GORE, I CAN BE A VERY DANGEROUS MAN TO CROSS.

YOU'RE STARTING TO BORE ME PAL. THIS CONVERSATION IS OVER.

ROHMER.. THAT'S OUR LAZARUS?

POSSIBLE. NERIS STATION — NOTHING OF THAT NAME IN-CITY. PROBABLY OFF PLANET. LOOK INTO IT.

WAIT A MINUTE. SOMETHING COMING THROUGH —

CHECK YOUR BIKE SCREEN.

THE **CALL** WAS MADE FROM A DISPOSABLE, LOCATION JERVAISE AVENUE. I RAN A TRACE ON AVAILABLE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE.

THAT'S HIM.

HE WAITS IN THE SHADOWS, IMPATIENT NOW THE END IS IN SIGHT.

HE CAN FEEL HIS BODY KNITTING ITSELF TOGETHER — SINEW KNOTTING, SHATTERED BONE AND MANGLED TISSUE REFORMING FROM THE GORE. MOCKING HIM.

AND THE PAIN, THE PAIN THAT NEVER CEASES.

DEATH, HE CRAVES DEATH — LIKE A DROWNING MAN CRAVES BREATH. TO IMMERSE HIMSELF IN HER SWEET, DARK EMBRACE...

DEATH, THAT CRUEL TEMPTRESS, WHO HAS TEASED HIM, AND TOYED WITH HIM...

...AND ALWAYS, ALWAYS REMAINED ELUSIVELY BEYOND HIS GRASP.

HOLY - !

KRAAK!

YOU! THE ONE WHO KILL MY BOYS —

BUH-BUT THEY SAY YOU ARE DEAD -!

HE DRAGS ORTON BARRIO UPSTAIRS. HE HAS NOT BEEN IDLE WHILE WAITING FOR THE OLD MAN —

UNDERSTAND, I EXPECT YOUR FULL CO-OPERATION.

ALMA! BENITA!

I HAVE JUST BEGUN TO WORK ON THEM. BELIEVE ME, THERE'S SO MUCH MORE I CAN DO.

YOU — YOU ARE THE DEVIL!

THE ECSTASIAN. WHERE IS IT?

I-I DON' KNOW! IT WAS STOLE!

BUT YOU CAN FIND IT, OLD MAN. PRAY TO YOUR GOD YOU CAN FIND IT.

ECSTASIAN... LET ME SEE...

I DO REMEMBER A REFERENCE TO IT IN BURTON'S **GALACTIC EXTREMES**. OF COURSE, IT'S DIFFICULT SOMETIMES TO TAKE BURTON AS FACT. HE WAS ONE FOR THE TALL TALES...

DEPT OF EXTRA TERRESTRIAL STUDIES

HERE WE ARE. THERE'S AN ILLUSTRATION.

A RARE LIFEFORM ENCOUNTERED ON THE TWIN WORLDS OF **HII** AND **HII 2**. IT EMITS A **PSYCHOACTIVE CHEMICAL** THAT INDUCES SENSATIONS OF **INTENSE ECSTASY**, HENCE ITS NAME.

THIS IS PRIMARILY A **DEFENSIVE** MECHANISM, AS ANY POTENTIAL PREDATOR IS REDUCED TO **INSENSIBILITY** FOR A PERIOD OF SEVERAL HOURS.

'THOUGH THE PROSPECT OF THE **GALAXY'S ULTIMATE HIGH** MAY BE ALLURING', BURTON SAYS, 'THE TRAVELLER SHOULD BE **WARY**, AS EVEN A **SINGLE** EXPOSURE CAN PROVE **FATALLY ADDICTIVE**.'

THAT ACCORDS WITH **ORTON BARRIO'S** ACCOUNT. MIGHT ALSO ACCOUNT FOR WHY THE **SUSPECTS** ARE RELUCTANT TO TURN IT IN.

YOU'VE **FOUND** ONE? THERE'S ONE **HERE**? IF IT **EXISTS** I'D MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH FOR THE CHANCE TO STUDY IT.

WELL SEE.

YOU SAID **FATALLY** ADDICTIVE. DOES THE DRUG OR WHATEVER IT EMITS HAVE **HARMFUL** EFFECTS?

WHAT? UH... NO. IT GOES ON —

'THE **ECSTASIAN** CAN ALSO TURN ITS CHEMICAL DETERRENT INTO A **DEADLY WEAPON**, FOR A WHILE ITS POTENTIAL ATTACKER LIES HELPLESS AND **INSENSIBLE** IT MAY **CREEP** UPON IT AND LITERALLY **SUCK** ITS **LIFE FORCE** FROM IT.

'INDEED, IN ITS STUPIFIED STATE THE VICTIM MAY FIND ITS **OWN DEATH** A HIGHLY **PLEASURABLE** EXPERIENCE.'

YOU SEE, THERE'S WHERE I TAKE ISSUE WITH BURTON. 'SUCKING THE LIFE FORCE' — FANCIFUL NONSENSE.'

MAYBE THEY AIN'T GONNA OPEN?

YOU THINK THEY'D HAVE PUT A NOTICE UP OR SOMETHING!

Floata
Stati

OH MAN, TOO GOOOOOD...

STINKY SUTCLIFF'S THE MANAGER OF THE NO-GRAV DOME — HE DID JUVE TIME WITH FERD GREEGO, THEY WAS PRETTY CLOSE.

I DON'T KNOW. ALL I'M SAYIN' IS IT'S WEIRD THE PLACE AIN'T OPENED. YOU WON'T FORGET THAT REWARD, WILL YA?

Float Stat

YOU WANNA BE THERE, MR BARRIO, YOU BETTER MOVE.

THE FLOTATION STATION, IN THE 'DUST ZONE.

WE WAITIN' FOR BARRIO?

WHAT'S HE GONNA DO WE CAN'T?

KRAAK!

CONTROL TO DREDD. WE HAVE TWO VEHICLES LEAVING LAVITER'S WAREHOUSE, MONDEY STREET, HEADING SOUTH TOWARD THE 'DUST ZONE. COULD BE NOTHING.

OR COULD BE THEY'VE GOT INFORMATION ON **GREEGO** AND **BENEDICT**.! I'M ON IT.! KEEP ME NOTIFIED.!

Station

ROCO... IT'S STOPPED AGAIN.

YEAH...

THAT WAS... TOTALLY SOMETHING...

YEAH...

HEY, LOOK, IT'S OUTA THE BOX. HOW'D IT GET OUTA THE BOX?

IT CAN **MOVE**, MAN.

COME ON, LITTLE FELLA, LET'S PUT YOU BACK. SAFER IN YOUR BOX. AN' WE GOTTA KEEP YOU REAL SAFE.

HEY! IT'S STINKY! WHAT THE HELL'S HE DOING HERE?

HE MUST'VE COME IN WHEN WE WEREN'T LOOKING!

YOU SNEAKING SCUMMER, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING YOUR HANDS ON IT - !

HE DON'T LOOK RIGHT, MAN.

COME ON, YOU!

I THINK HE'S DEAD... WEIRD.

YEAH... THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR MESSING WITH IT.

HAD IT COMIN', MAN. HAD IT COMIN'.

HEY! THERE'S A BIG LINE OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE!

DAMN! STINKY SHOULDA OPENED UP HOURS AGO! WE'RE ATTRACTING TOO MUCH ATTENTION! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

HOLY CREMOLA!

THAT'S MUMPY LAVITER'S GORILLAS!

MOVE OR WE'RE DEAD, MAN.!
SLOW DOWN, MY LEG'S KILLIN' ME - !
FORGET YOUR LEG, IT'S OUR FREAKIN' NECKS.!
BLAM
BLAM
IT'S THEM.!
KDUNGGG

HONGGGGGGGGG

SHFFFFFFFFFFFF

BZANGGG
BZANGGG
BZANGGG

VRMMMMMMM

VRMMMMMMMMMMMM

OH MAN - !

STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

BDAM

YES!

TWO **CARJACKERS** HAVE COME INTO POSSESSION OF A MYSTERIOUS **ALIEN LIFEFORM** CAPABLE OF INDUCING A STATE OF **UNEQUALLED BLISS.** BUT **MUMPY LAVITER'S** MEN ARE HOT ON THEIR HEELS, AND **DREDD** IS HOT ON THEIRS —

I WANT **AERIAL SURVEILLANCE,** CONTROL! SEARCH FOR SUSPECTS **FERD GREEGO** AND **ROCO BENEDICT.** THEY HAVE THE **ECSTASIAN.**

WAIT HERE! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

ARE THEY GONNA PAY FOR THIS! BOY, ARE THEY GONNA PAY FOR THIS!

BZANGGG BZANGGG

KEEP GOING!

YOU WANNA DIE? WE GOTTA **LOSE** 'EM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

MY LEG'S SLOWIN' ME DOWN, MAN! T-THEY'RE GONNA CATCH US FOR SURE!

WHUMP!

OH JOVIS! OH NO! N-NOT HIM!

GET IN THE CAR!

NO WAY! NO FREAKIN' WAY!

GET IN THE CAR!

UNFFFF!

BDAM

AAHH!

GO, MAN!

I CAN'T! IT'S LOCKED!

ULP!

VRMMMMMMMM

ROHMER!

DREDD — MOWER! WE GOT A COMPLAINT FROM A CABBER. PICKED UP A FARE NEAR THE MORGUE, DROPPED HIM IN OBAMA HEIGHTS. FARE MADE OFF WITHOUT PAYING.

WHY ARE YOU BOTHERING ME WITH THIS, MOWER - ?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. FARE ANSWERED THE DESCRIPTION OF **ROHMER**. THE **BARRIO HACIENDA** WAS JUST A FEW STREETS AWAY. I WENT ROUND THERE —

WE GOT **FIVE DEAD** INCLUDING **ORTON BARRIO**, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER. COLD-BLOODED EXECUTIONS. BARRIO'S HOVERJET IS MISSING FROM THE GARAGE.

THAT FITS! CONTROL, WHERE'S THAT AERIAL?

NOW IN POSITION.

BARRIO'S HOVERJET LEAVING THE RECLAM ZONE! ROHMER IS ABOARD! FORCE THEM DOWN!

ROHMER! THAT WAS A WARNING! YOU ARE ORDERED TO LAND YOUR HOVERJET IMMEDIATELY OR YOU WILL BE BROUGHT DOWN!

COME ON, MISTER! YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST THE JAYS!

Y-YOU GOTTA LET US GO, MAN!

YOU ARE SO RIGHT!

AAAAHH!

UHHHHHHH!

LET GO THE BOX! YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHIN', YOU'LL KILL IT, MAN! LET GO!

AAHHHHH!

DUMB SPUG! WHAS HE THINK HE PLAYIN' AT?

AS YOU KNOW, THERE IS ANOTHER HOSTAGE. INTERFERE WITH ME AGAIN AND HE GETS THE SAME TREATMENT. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW ME OR TRACK ME.

WHAT ORDERS, DREDD?

LET THEM GO.

ROHMER, THE **UNDEAD MAN**, HAS ESCAPED WITH CARJACKER FERD GREEGO **HOSTAGE** AND THE **ECSTASIAN**, A MYSTERIOUS **LIFEFORM** CAPABLE OF INDUCING SENSATIONS OF **INTENSE ECSTASY** —

TOSH SUTCLIFF, AKA **STINKY**. MANAGER OF THE NO-GRAV DOME. DID **JUVE TIME** WITH FERD GREEGO. PRETTY OBVIOUS **GREEGO** AND **BENEDICT** HAVE BEEN HOLING UP HERE.

BAD MOVE ON STINKY'S PART.

LOOKS LIKE HE DIED HAPPY. NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. NOTICE THOSE MARKS ON HIS FACE — LOOK LIKE **SUCKER MARKS**.

STORY IS **ECSTASIANS** REDUCE THEIR PREY TO A STATE OF **HELPLESS EUPHORIA** BEFORE **DRAINING** THEIR **LIFEFORCE**.

SOUNDS PRETTY FANTASTICAL, BUT **SOMETHING** DID THIS TO HIM.

HE QUESTIONS HIS OWN DECISION NOT TO HAVE THE HOVERJET FORCED DOWN. BUT **FERD GREEGO** HAD TECHNICALLY BEEN A **HOSTAGE**, AND ROHMER HAD SHOWN NO HESITATION IN KILLING HIS PARTNER IN CRIME, **BENEDICT**.

ALL THE SAME, HE HAD NO INTENTION OF ALLOWING **ROHMER** TO ESCAPE JUSTICE —

SATELLITES **TRACKED** THE HOVERJET TO AN **ABANDONED CONURB** HERE IN THE OHIO DRIFTS. THE AREA SUSTAINED **HEAVY FALLOUT** IN THE ATOM WAR. IT'S STILL MARKED AS A **HOTSPOT**.

RADCLOAKS ON AT ALL TIMES, DOUBLE UP ON THE RAD PILLS. OBEY THE WARNINGS ON YOUR METERS.

I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT **ROHMER**. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE'S **HUMAN**. I **DO** KNOW I **BLASTED** HIM **APART** WITH HI-EX AND HE WALKED OUT OF THE MORGUE IN **ONE PIECE**.

MONEY DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER TO HIM. FOR REASONS UNKNOWN HE'S BEEN DETERMINED TO GET POSSESSION OF THE **ECSTASIAN** AND HE'S LEFT A TRAIL OF **BODIES** ACROSS THE CITY IN THE PROCESS. HE IS **HIGHLY** DANGEROUS.

OUR TASK IS TO SECURE THE **SAFETY** OF THE **HOSTAGE** IF POSSIBLE AND **DETAIN ROHMER**.

YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO **SHOOT TO KILL**, BUT BE WARNED — WE HAVE ALREADY **TRIED** THAT AND **FAILED**.

HELP! HELP ME! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

DON'T SHOOT! IT'S THE **HOSTAGE!**

HE **TOOK** IT! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET IT BACK! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT!

WHERE DID HE GO, GREEGO?

I DON'T KNOW! **SOB!** HE CLUBBED ME! HE TOOK IT AND RAN AWAY, THE DIRTY RAT! I WANT HIM **PROSECUTED!** IT'S **MINE**, NOT HIS! **MINE!**

LOOKS LIKE SOME RADIATION POISONING THERE. TAKE HIM TO THE SHIP.

HIS BEST FRIEND GOT PUSHED FROM A HOVERCAR AND ALL HE CAN THINK ABOUT IS THE **ECSTASIAN.**

YOU THINK THAT'S **ROHMER'S** PROBLEM?

CREEP'S GOT A PROBLEM, ALL RIGHT, BUT I DOUBT IT'S ADDICTION.

THE **SNIFFER'S** GOT THE SCENT!

DREDD — KLEE. THINK I GOT SOME BACKGROUND ON OUR WALKING DEAD MAN.

NERIS STATION IS ON NGNU, IN THE NEBULOIDS. OUR MAN ARRIVED IN-CITY TWELVE DAYS AFTER ELLIOT GORE, SAME PORT OF DEPARTURE, NERIS. TRAVELLING UNDER THE NAME OF **THADDIUS ROHMER BURTON.**

BURTON... WAIT A MINUTE — THAT WOULDN'T BE BURTON THE **EXPLORER?**

THE SAME.

BUT HE DESCRIBED THE **ECSTASIAN'S** HOMEWORLD — IT'S **HIS ACCOUNT** WE'RE GOING ON. IF HE WANTED ONE SO BADLY, WHY NOT GO THERE?

THE PLANETS' SUN WENT **SUPERNOVA** A YEAR OR TWO BACK. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.

SO THIS ECSTASIAN IS **RARE?**

IT MAY BE THE LAST ONE IN EXISTENCE.

PROXIMITY! PROXIMITY!

FOOTPRINT HERE!

HE DOESN'T HEAR THEIR APPROACH —

DOESN'T HEAR THE MUFFLED CLUMP OF BOOTS ON THE DUST-CARPETED STAIRS, OR THEIR WHISPERED CONSULTATION ON THE LANDING —

HE HAD THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE, HIDDEN AWAY WELL ENOUGH TO SERVE HIS PURPOSE. FOR ONCE HE HAS MISCALCULATED, RECKONED WITHOUT THE DETERMINATION OF DREDD...

AND NOW... HE NO LONGER CARES. FREED FROM HIS PAIN, SUFFUSED WITH AN INDESCRIBABLE ECSTASY...

RESIST! GOT TO — RESIST...

FREEZE!

I'M NOT GETTING ANY RESPONSE FROM THE SEARCH PARTY.

BAD INTERFERENCE HERE. KEEP TRYING.

THE CONTAMINATION IS SPREADING THROUGH ITS BODY, A SLOW, GHASTLY BURNING, A SICKNESS THAT IT CANNOT COMPREHEND...

IT IS DEATH, AND IN DEATH IT INSTINCTIVELY, BLINDLY SEARCHES FOR SOME WAY TO PRESERVE ITSELF — TO PROCREATE — TO FEED —

COME IN, DREDD! ANYONE! SPEAK TO ME!

THIS IS JUSTICE BASE! REPORT YOUR SITUATION!

IT'S... IT'S STOPPED.

WHUUH...?

EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?

DREDD?

NEVER MIND ME! ROHMER - !

HE'S DEAD.

I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE —

WHAT THE HELL - ? WHERE DID YOU ALL COME FROM?

WE'RE THE SECOND SEARCH PARTY, SIR. WHEN YOU DIDN'T RESPOND TO SIGNALS THEY BROUGHT US IN TO LOOK FOR YOU.

WE'RE THE THIRD SEARCH PARTY, SIR. WE FOUND YOU HERE, AND...

MAN, THAT WAS SOMETHING - !

CLOSE BY LIES THE ALIEN CREATURE, DARK AND SHRIVELLED NOW —

GIVING OFF HEAVY READINGS.

BLEE BLEE BLEE BLEE

IT'S RAD-SICK, THAT'S ALL! WE CAN FIX IT!

IT STAYS HERE.

BRING HIM.

YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT! LOOK, I'LL TAKE IT! I'LL LOOK AFTER IT!

IT'S DEAD! PUT IT DOWN! YOU WILL OBEY ORDERS!

HE'S RIGHT! IT'S TOO IMPORTANT!

HE CAN FEEL THE CREATURE'S SEDUCTIVE POWER AT WORK ON HIM, A YEARNING, A SENSE OF LOSS.

THEY WILL ALL REQUIRE THERAPY ON THEIR RETURN.

YOU HAVE SUCKER MARKS ON YOUR HOOD.

SUCKER MARKS?

THE LAST OF THE ECSTASIANS. BEST THAT IT SHOULD BE THAT WAY —

IT WAS ON YOU. BUT IT DIDN'T —

I GUESS IT FOUND YOU UNPALATABLE.

DON'T ALWAYS BE LOOKING FOR THE IMPROBABLE, MOWER. IT COULDN'T GET THROUGH THE HOOD, THAT'S ALL.

THEY SEAL ROHMER'S BODY IN A RADIATION-PROOF CASKET.

IN LIGHT OF PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, THE BODY WOULD BE KEPT UNDER CONSTANT OBSERVATION...

WE NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT MADE HIM THE WAY HE WAS... OR WHY HE WANTED THE ECSTASIAN.

MAYBE HE WANTED IT BECAUSE OF THE WAY HE WAS.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BE KILLED WANTED ONLY ONE THING — DEATH. AND ONLY THE CREATURE COULD GIVE IT TO HIM.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I COULD BE WAY WRONG.

IF THIS CASE GOES TO FORM, MAYBE ROHMER WILL COME BACK TO LIFE AND EXPLAIN IT ALL HIMSELF!

THE END

I GOT A MEDAL TODAY.

JUDGES AND CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE — WE HEREBY HONOUR MARTIN BRUZNIK OF JOHN KERRY BLOCK CITY DEFENCE.

CITIZEN BRUZNIK HAS FOUGHT TO SAFEGUARD THE LIVES OF HIS FELLOW CITIZENS IN EVERY MAJOR CONFLICT OF THE LAST THIRTY-FIVE YEARS —

JUDGE DREDD

COCKROACHES

— DEFENDING HIS HOME AGAINST INVADERS FROM EAST-MEG ONE, FROM TITAN, FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS — AGAINST ROBOTS, DEMONS, EVEN THE RISEN DEAD.

AT LAST COUNT, CITIZEN BRUZNIK WAS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING THE LIVES OF OVER FIFTY THOUSAND OF HIS FELLOW JOHN KERRY BLOCKERS.

THUS, ON BEHALF OF A GRATEFUL CITY, WE TODAY AWARD MARTIN BRUZNIK WITH THE JUDICIAL MEDAL OF VALOUR.

WEAR IT WITH PRIDE, CITIZEN.

UH, THANKS.

JUDGE DREDD PINNED IT ON ME HIMSELF. I GOTTA SAY, THAT FELT PRETTY SPECIAL, Y'KNOW?

STEP FORWARD, CITIZEN HIRAM BRUZNILLO!

JUDGES AND CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE —

SCRIPT AL EWING
ART BEN OLIVER
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE

LIKE I'D DONE SOMETHING GOOD IN MY LIFE.

— WE HEREBY HONOUR HIRAM BRUZNILLO, PUBLIC FACILITY CLEANER FOR SECTOR 44. CITIZEN BRUZNILLO HAS SCRUBBED DILIGENTLY —

I COULDN'T JUST NOT TALK TO THE GUY —

HEY, JUDGE DREDD!

CHEEZ.!

CITIZEN BRUZNIK. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

UH, WELL, WE KIND OF FOUGHT TOGETHER IN THE WAR, Y'KNOW? AND I, UH... I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOME STUFF...

IF... IF YOU'VE GOT A MINUTE...

I SWEAR I THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA HAUL ME TO THE CUBES RIGHT THERE.

I CAN SPARE SIXTY SECONDS, BRUZNIK. SPIT IT OUT.

UH, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER DUKAKIS BRIDGE...?

GRUD LOVES DRUNKS AND APOCALYPSE VETS, I GUESS.

IT FELT A LITTLE WEIRD TALKING ABOUT IT — TO HIM, OF ALL PEOPLE.

BUT HE WAS THERE, Y'KNOW?

IT WAS ONE OF THE BIG SOV PUSHES INTO THE SOUTHERN SECTORS, RIGHT WHEN THINGS WERE BLEAKEST — WHEN THEY'D JUST SPRAYED THE BLOCK MANIA ANTIDOTE.

ONE MINUTE WE'D HAVE KILLED A THOUSAND MEN FOR LOVE OF JOHNNY K, THE NEXT ALL THAT RAGE WAS GONE AND WE WERE DRAINED, COLD AND EMPTY...

...AND WE KNEW WE WERE GONNA DIE.

EVER THINK ABOUT DYIN', SPACEMAN?

FFFP... ALL THE TIME, DUDE. WHEN YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA **CHARGE?**

THEY KNOW WE'RE HURTIN'... BE ANY SECOND NOW. MAYBE WE GOT ANOTHER MINUTE TO LIVE, I DUNNO.

YOU KNOW YOU COME BACK IN AN **ANIMAL FORM** WHEN YOU DIE, DUDE?

DEPENDS HOW GOOD YOU'VE BEEN DURING **THIS** LIFE, Y'KNOW?

YEAH? LIKE WHAT?

LIKE — FFPPP — YOU'RE A REAL **RIGHTEOUS CAT**, DO OKAY FOR YOUR BROTHER AND STUFF, YOU GET ANOTHER LIFETIME AS A **HUMAN BEING**, DIG?

BUT IF YOU'VE BEEN A **BAD** LITTLE DROKKER YOU END UP AS, LIKE, A **LIZARD** OR MAYBE A **DOG VULTURE**...

YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THE **SOVS**, MAN? WHAT ARE **THEY** GONNA COME BACK AS?

SPACEMAN STEVE WAS A **WEIRD GUY** — UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES HE'D BE WARMING EITHER A **CUBE** OR **FORCED REHAB**. BUT HE HAD A WAY OF MAKING SENSE.

COCKROACHES, DUDE.

ALL THOSE SONS OF BITCHES GONNA BE **COCKROACHES.**

I **THOUGHT** ABOUT THAT — THE WHOLE **SOV ARMY** REINCARNATED AS A CROWD OF SKITTERING **COCKROACHES**, CREEPING AROUND THE RAD-ZONES AND THE BOMB CRATERS...

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

JOVUS!

...AND THAT WAS WHEN THEY **CHARGED** US.

I REMEMBER LIFTING THE GUN AND FIRING BACK INTO THE SNOW AND THE DARK, HOPING I WAS HITTING THEM, HOPING I COULD SLOW THEM DOWN —

— HOPING TO A GRUD I NEVER BELIEVED IN THAT I'D COME **BACK** AS SOMETHING, **ANYTHING** —

— HOPING TO JUST **LIVE** A FEW MORE SECONDS —

AND THEN EVERYTHING CHANGED.

IRMMMMMMMMMM

YEEESSS! OUR BOYS ARE **CREAMIN'** THE SOVS!

YOU SEEIN' THIS, SPACEMAN STEVE?

SPACEMAN STEVE?

YOU SAVED MY **LIFE**, JUDGE DREDD. I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO SAY **THANKS**.

YOU KNOW THE **REASON** THE SOVS DELAYED THEIR ATTACK THAT DAY, CITIZEN BRUZNIK?

THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE **TWO MEN** WOULD TRY HOLDING OFF AN **ENTIRE BATTALION**. THEY THOUGHT IT HAD TO BE A **TRAP**.

THAT GAVE US TIME TO REGROUP. IF YOU AND CITIZEN **SPACHEWICZ** HADN'T BEEN THERE, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THEY'D HAVE SLAUGHTERED US **ALL**.

WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MANY LIVES YOU TWO SAVED THAT DAY.

LIKE I SAID — WEAR IT WITH PRIDE.

AND OFF HE RODE.

I GUESS HE THOUGHT HE WAS HELPING ME OUT, LIKE HE THOUGHT I HAD **SURVIVOR'S GUILT** OR SOMETHING.

I WISH I COULD'VE FINISHED **TELLING** HIM, Y'KNOW?

AFTER THE WAR I GOT WORK ON THE **REBUILDING PROJECT** FOR JOHN KERRY. HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE.

HUMES AND DROIDS WORKING AND JOKING TOGETHER, UP THERE ON THE SCAFFOLDING...

WATCHING THE PRETTY GIRLS GO BY.

SPACEMAN STEVE'S EYES.

HELL OF A THING.

THAT'S WHAT GOT ME THINKING, Y'KNOW?

I'M AN **OLD MAN.** THE DOCS SAY I DON'T HAVE TOO LONG.

AND ALL I EVER KNEW WAS **WAR.**

SOVS, ROGUE JUDGES, ROBOTS, ZOMBIES... IT NEVER **STOPS.** NEVER ENDS. SOONER OR LATER THEY'RE GONNA FINISH US **ALL.**

HUMANS AREN'T **MEANT** FOR A WORLD LIKE THIS. ALL HUMANS CAN DO IS **DIE.**

WHEN THE **BOMBS** FALL AND THE **DEAD** RISE AND THIS WHOLE **CITY** GETS WIPED OFF THE MAP, IT AIN'T **HUMANS** THAT ARE GONNA SCUTTLE OUT OF THE WRECKAGE.

THERE'S A PRETTY GOOD VIEW FROM THIS WINDOW. YOU CAN SEE RIGHT INTO THE SEAN HANNITY BLOCK **NURSERY.**

I GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO WORK.

I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO IF I WANT TO BE A **COCKROACH...**

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

BACKLASH

FREETEX SCOUTS SPOTTED SOME MONDOS AT THE MOM AN' POP BY THE MALL, NOT CAUSING ANY TROUBLE FOR A CHANGE. THEY CAUGHT THEM COLD, UNARMED.

COUPLE OF MONDOS TRIED TO FIGHT IT OUT, BUT THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE —

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
CARL CRITCHLOW
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE, PRETTY BOY!

'CEPT TA HELL!

IT WAS HAMMERHEAD AN' THOSE OTHER FREEX! I SEEN 'EM AROUND, STRUTTIN' LIKE NORMS!

THIS IS WHAT YOU AND YOUR DAMN MUTIE LAWS HAVE BROUGHT DOWN ON US!

THE MUTANTS WERE FORMING THEIR OWN GANGS. IT HAD BEEN INEVITABLE.

SO FAR THEY WERE SPORTING FEW FIREARMS — HADN'T MADE THE RIGHT CONNECTIONS — BUT THAT WOULD COME TOO.

YOU EXPECT US TO TAKE IT ALL THE TIME?

I EXPECT YOU TO OBEY THE LAW, HAMMERHEAD.

THEN COME ON! MAKE ME, OLD MAN!

SWAKKK

SOME WOULD HAVE SAID BLOW HIM AWAY, NO SECOND THOUGHTS. CREEP WAS A LIFETIME OF TROUBLE.

BUT HE HAS THE TIME AND OPPORTUNITY. AND REALLY, THIS IS JUST A JUVE.

NO JUSTIFICATION FOR AN EXECUTION.

VUH-VUGG YOUUU -!

TWENTY YEARS MINIMUM.

THESE JUVES, THE **LAW** DOESN'T FAZE THEM. THIS IS TRIBAL WAR. TO BE CUBED UP IS A BADGE OF HONOUR.

I'LL DO IT ON MY HEAD!

YOU PROBABLY COULD, SONNY.

YOU **NORMS** WAIT! ONE DAY WE'LL **RULE** THIS STINKIN' PILE!

TWO JUDGES WHISPERING LIKE FIRST-YEAR CADETS — DERRINGER AND FLYNN, **SENIOR** MEN. HE EXPECTED BETTER.

YOU TWO GOT SOMETHING TO SAY?

LIKE WHAT?

YOU'RE GETTING PARANOID, DREDD.

YOUNG BEENY IS THERE. NO ATTITUDE FROM HER, AT LEAST —

SOMETHING'S GOING ON. DON'T LIKE IT.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD?

THEY'RE PUTTING UP A **CANDIDATE** AGAINST THE **CHIEF JUDGE.** IDEA IS TO **REPEAL** THE NEW **MUTANT LAWS**, TURN THE CLOCK BACK. THEY'RE GATHERING NAMES NOW.

THAT A FACT?

ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW.

I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'D TELL YOU. IT'S AS MUCH AGAINST **YOU** AS HER.

YES...

THEY NEED FOUR HUNDRED SIGNATURES. THAT'S A **THIRD** OF OUR COMPLEMENT OF SENIOR JUDGES. THEY'LL NEVER DO IT.

MY INFORMATION IS THEY'VE ALREADY GOT THEM.

I'M SORRY, CHIEF JUDGE. IT'S ME THEY'RE AFTER.

THEY WANT YOUR SCALP TOO, CERTAINLY.

I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN THAT POPULAR, NOT WITH THE HARDLINERS. TOO... OPEN TO CHANGE.

WHO ARE THEY PROPOSING TO RUN AGAINST YOU?

FRANCISCO.

DAN FRANCISCO?

THE SAME.

THE MAN'S AN ACTOR!

HE REGRETS HIS CRITICISM IMMEDIATELY. FRANCISCO IS A DECENT JUDGE. NOT HIS FAULT THEY'VE TURNED HIM INTO A VID STAR.

HE'LL GET A LOT OF SUPPORT FROM THE PUBLIC, PERHAPS A LOT OF BACKING IN THE FORCE. FOUR HUNDRED NAMES ALREADY. THEY COULD DO IT.

FRANKLY, I'M NOT SURE I CARE. NOT FOR MYSELF, ANYWAY. MAYBE IT'S TIME. IT WOULD BE... GOOD TO GET BACK ON THE STREETS AGAIN.

DON'T KNOW WHY I WANTED THE JOB IN THE FIRST PLACE. DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS LETTING MYSELF IN FOR.

DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE DOES. AND THAT INCLUDES DAN FRANCISCO.

WHAT ARE YOU WORKING TONIGHT?

ROUTINE PATROL.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK I'LL JOIN.

HERSHEY'S AMBIVALENCE IS UNDERSTANDABLE. THE HIGHEST OFFICE IN THE CITY, THE PINNACLE OF ACHIEVEMENT — AND YET, TO A DEDICATED STREET JUDGE, IT COULD FEEL LIKE THE WORST KIND OF TRAP. HE HIMSELF HAD ALWAYS AVOIDED IT.

FOR A BRIEF HOUR OR TWO, RELEASED FROM THE BURDEN, SHE IS A DIFFERENT ANIMAL.

ANY MORE OF YOU PUGILISTS WANT TO TRY YOUR LUCK?

AND YET, THEY ALL HAVE TO MAKE SACRIFICES. IT GOES WITH THE BADGE. POPULAR OR NOT, SHE HAS BEEN GOOD FOR THIS CITY. SHE STILL WOULD BE —

OH MAN, THE CHIEF JUDGE! I GOT STICK-WHIPPED BY THE CHIEF JUDGE!

GOT A FEW FOLLOW-UPS TO DO.

I'M FREE. LEAD ON.

OLD **MORT FINKLE** BLOCK. TAKES ME BACK.

HAD A **FATHER** ON THE TERRACE UP THERE WITH HIS LITTLE BOY. CUT A HOLE IN THE SECURITY FENCE, WAS GOING TO JUMP.

I **KNEW** HE WAS GOING TO JUMP. I WAS NEVER GOING TO GET TO HIM. I CAN STILL HEAR THE BOY SCREAMING, 'NO, PAPA, NO —'

WHAT DID YOU DO?

TOOK HIM OUT.

IF YOU WON'T LISTEN TO ME, LISTEN TO YOUR WIFE!

WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE —?

'WAITED TILL I WAS SURE HIS MOMENTUM WOULD DROP THE JUVIE ON THE TERRACE, THEN EXED HIM.'

YOU THINK YOU'RE ACTING FOR THE BEST. FUNNY THING WAS THE BOY GREW UP TO BE A **JUDGE KILLER.** DEEK IZENKLASS. THAT WAS BACK IN '19. ALWAYS BLAMED US FOR HIS FATHER.

WE TRY.

HE VISITS EACH OF THE FAMILIES OF THE MOM AND POP KILLERS. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF THERE WAS ANY COMPLICITY, ANYTHING THE PARENTS HAD DONE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THEIR CHILDREN'S DESCENT INTO CRIME —

ALL HE FINDS ARE FAMILIES TORN APART BY THE NIGHT'S EVENTS —

WHEN CHARLIE WAS BORN THEY OFFERED US EUTHANASIA. WE COULDN'T HAVE THAT. HE WAS MUTANT, BUT HE WAS STILL OUR LITTLE BOY.

SO YOU LEFT AND BROUGHT CHARLIE UP IN THE CAMPS?

WE THOUGHT, WHEN WE HEARD MUTANTS WERE TO BE ALLOWED BACK INTO THE CITY, IT WOULD BE THE BEST THING FOR HIM. HE WAS A GOOD BOY.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT'S **LIKE** IN THIS CITY WHEN YOU LOOK LIKE **THAT**? THE **ABUSE** HE TOOK — **ALL** THE MUTANT KIDS. THE VIOLENCE, THE MAIMINGS, THE MURDERS. SURE THEY'RE GONNA STAND UP FOR THEMSELVES...

WORST THING WE EVER DID, COMING HERE.

MY WORD, THAT WAS GRIM. **DID** WE DO THE RIGHT THING?

MAYBE WE COULD HAVE TAKEN IT MORE SLOWLY... GIVEN THE PEOPLE TIME. I'LL ADMIT THAT. BUT YOU AND I **KNOW** THE REFORMS WERE RIGHT.

IF FRANCISCO **WINS** THEY'LL SWEEP IT ALL AWAY. THINGS WILL BE **WORSE** FOR THE MUTANTS THAN THEY WERE BEFORE. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH REPRESSION — HARD TO STOP THE BALL ROLLING.

YOU HAVE TO **FIGHT** THEM, HERSHEY.

I DON'T KNOW IF THEY CAN BE BEATEN.

THEY **CAN.** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS OPEN THE **VOTE** TO **ALL** JUDGES.

IT'S THE **OLD** BRIGADE, THE DINOSAURS — **THEY'RE** BEHIND THIS. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO CAN'T ACCEPT CHANGE. OPEN THE **VOTE**, BRING IN THE **NEW** CROP AND THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE.

THAT SOUNDS AWFULLY LIKE **RIGGING** THE ELECTION.

CALL IT SEEKING A MORE REPRESENTATIVE OPINION.

HOWEVER YOU WANT TO SPIN IT, **DO** IT AND YOU WIN — LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE AND YOU MAY WELL **LOSE!**

AFTER JUST ONE APPLICATION OF OTTO SUMP'S PRO-AGE DEHYDRATING CREAM MY SKIN LOOKS STRETCHED, FLAKY AND OH SO BLOTCHY.

GIRLS, I'M READY TO PARTY!

OTTO SUMP — BECAUSE YOU'RE MILDLY INSANE.

OTTO SUMP'S Proaging wrinkle cream

WELCOME BACK TO THE STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO! WHEN WE LEFT, JUDGE DAN HAD THREE PUNKS HIGH ON ZZIZ CORNERED IN SHAPIRO'S HOTTIE HOUSE —

THE PUNKS ARE HOLDING EIGHT CUSTOMERS AND THE MANAGER HOSTAGE. I'VE SENT MY NUMBER TWO, JUDGE BUDDY BOYES, ROUND THE BACK. HE SHOULD BE IN POSITION ANY SECOND NOW.

STATISTICALLY, YOU'RE MORE LIKELY TO BE ROBBED AND MURDERED IN A SHAPIRO'S THAN IN ANY OTHER MAJOR EATS OUTLET IN THE CITY. I DON'T SUPPOSE SHAPIRO'S WILL APPRECIATE ME SAYING THAT, BUT CITIZENS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW.

OKAY. I COULD GO STORMING IN THERE, TAKE A HIT, MAYBE LOSE A HOSTAGE OR TWO, BUT SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO USE A LITTLE IMAGINATION.

YOUR PIZZA TO GO, SIR.

THANK YOU, SON. HERE'S A TIP — GOOD GLOVES AND PADS ARE A MUST FOR ANY CYCLIST.

THANK YOU, SIR!

YOU PUNKS IN THERE — I'M COMING IN TO TALK, UNARMED! I'VE GOT A HOT PIZZA AND HALF A KAY OF GOOD ZZIZ!

NOBODY COMES IN! YOU KEEP BACK, YA HEAR, OR THESE DIPWADS START DYIN'!

HEY, WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT, PIZZA? WE DON'T NEED NO PIZZA — THIS IS A FREAKIN' HOTTIE HOUSE!

COULD USE SOME GOOD ZZIZ, MAN!

JUST A **MOMENT'S** CONFUSION BUT IT GIVES ME MY **EDGE.**

GOING TO BE SOME **MOTHERS WEEPING** TONIGHT, BUT I CAN'T LET THAT BOTHER ME.

MY **FIRST DUTY** IS TO PRESERVE THE LIVES OF **INNOCENTS.**

SKASHH

RELAX, BUDDY BOYES. ALL SORTED!

CONTROL, WE HAVE TWO DEAD, ONE WOUNDED. MED WAGON REQUIRED!

MY WOUNDED PERP MAY MAKE IT, HE MAY NOT. IN CASE HE **SURVIVES** I'M GOING TO **PASS SENTENCE** NOW AND LEAVE THE **REST** TO THE **BACK-UP** CREW.

I'M JUST HEARING THAT AN **EXPLOSIVE DEVICE** HAS BEEN FOUND AT THE **PALS CLUB** ON 9TH.! IF THE **BOMB SQUAD** DOESN'T GET THERE IN TIME, I MAY HAVE TO **DEFUSE** IT MYSELF.

THANK **GRUD** FOR DAN FRANCISCO!

HERE'S **YOUR** CHANCE TO **GUESS DAN'S SENTENCE!** JUST **CHOOSE ONE** OF THE **OPTIONS** BELOW AND YOU COULD WIN A **BIG CASH PRIZE!** PRESS YOUR BUTTON **NOW!**

A] LESS than 3 YEARS

B] 3-8 YEARS

C] MORE than 8 YEARS

D] DEATH

Cost: 10 credits per entry. No limit on entries per customer.
Prize of 20,000 credits will be selected from successful entries.

TWENTY YEARS! LET THAT SEND OUT A MESSAGE TO ALL THE **OTHER** PUNKS LIKE HIM — **CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

YAHOO! I GOT IT RIGHT!

YOU ALWAYS GET IT RIGHT — YOU STILL AIN'T WON NOTHIN'.

JUDGE FRANCISCO, IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THE RUMOUR **YOU** INTEND TO RUN FOR **CHIEF JUDGE?**

NO COMMENT.

THERE'S A LOT OF **DISCONTENT** OVER THE **MUTANT REFORMS**, DAN. DO YOU PLAN TO **REVERSE** THEM?

I'M ON **DUTY** NOW. THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THE **STREETS** AND THE **LAW**! SO I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE POLITICKING TO THE POLITICKERS! I HAVE A **BOMB** TO DEFUSE!

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE —

JUDGES **CARDEW, SINFIELD** AND **MILLAN, MA'AM.**

THANK YOU FOR SEEING US, CHIEF JUDGE.

I COULD HARDLY REFUSE, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE'RE HERE TO REGISTER A **FORMAL CHALLENGE** FOR THE POSITION OF **CHIEF JUDGE**, MA'AM, AS PERMITTED UNDER THE RULES OF GOVERNANCE. YOU WILL FIND THERE ARE SUFFICIENT SIGNATURES THERE.

THANK YOU. I WILL CONFIRM THEY'RE GENUINE THEN SET THE PROCESS IN MOTION.

JUST IN CASE ANY ARE PERSUADED TO **WITHDRAW** WE HAVE INCLUDED FIFTY OVER.

YOU SHOULD KNOW I DON'T WORK THAT WAY.

WE BELIEVE, MA'AM, THERE WAS QUITE A **BIT** OF ARM-TWISTING OVER THE MUTANT ISSUE. THE MUTANT REFORMS WILL, OF COURSE, BE CENTRAL TO OUR CAMPAIGN.

AND WHO WILL BE MY OPPONENT?

JUDGE FRANCISCO.

I SEE. VERY WELL, NO DOUBT I WILL SPEAK WITH HIM IN DUE COURSE. IN THE MEANTIME PLEASE CONVEY MY VERY BEST WISHES TO HIM. HE IS AN EXCELLENT CHOICE.

YES. RIGHT. QUITE. WE'LL DO THAT, MA'AM.

DAN, YOUR **CANDIDACY FOR CHIEF JUDGE** HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED. DOES THIS MEAN THE END OF **THE STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO?**

WE'LL HAVE TO SEE ABOUT THAT. BUT REST ASSURED, WHEREVER I AM I'LL STILL BE DOING MY UTMOST TO PUNISH THE GUILTY AND PROTECT THE INNOCENT.

SNAP!

WHADDYA MEAN, SNAP? WHAT'S THIS SNAP?

HEY! LEMME IN, MAN!

IT'S SKINNY! LEMME IN!

KEEP THE FREAKIN' NOISE DOWN! GET IN!

GULP!

D-DON'T BLAME ME! HE MADE ME!

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

ALL DAY HIS THOUGHTS HAVE KEPT DRIFTING BACK TO THE CHALLENGE. IT IS DIFFICULT NOT TO TAKE IT PERSONALLY. HE HAS BEEN TOO DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THE MUTANT QUESTION.

KEETH MUNGEY, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

THE BALLOT HAS BEEN SCHEDULED FOR THIS SUNDAY. THERE ARE NEARLY TWELVE HUNDRED SENIOR JUDGES ELIGIBLE TO VOTE. THE RESULT WILL BE DECIDED BY SIMPLE MAJORITY.

SO IT'S ONLY **SENIOR** JUDGES WHO DECIDE?

THAT IS CORRECT. THERE IS NO ACTUAL RULE EXCLUDING OTHER RANKS, BUT IT HAS BEEN THE TRADITION SINCE THE PROCESS WAS INSTIGATED.

SO HERSHEY HAD DECLINED TO OPEN THE VOTE. HE SUSPECTED THAT SHE WOULD. TOO HONEST AND STRAIGHTFORWARD.

HE FEELS GRUBBY FOR SUGGESTING IT. THAT'S HOW THE POLITICS SUCKS YOU IN...

SO WHAT NOW?

LET THINGS RUN THEIR COURSE... AND SEE EVERYTHING THEY'VE DONE SWEPT AWAY?

DOWNLOAD THE NEWS

HERSHEY: FOR GRUD'S SAKE GO

OUT BLASTS

JUDGE

WHAT'S THIS, LOGAN?

VID SLUG. CAME IN BY DROID MAIL.

DIDN'T YOU CHECK IT?

I DID. THOUGHT **YOU'D** BETTER SEE IT. IT'S A DOOZY!

IT WAS A **SEX CLUB**, ONE OF A **CHAIN** OF **INCOGNITO MEETING PLACES.** HE RECOGNISES THIS AS THE BRANCH ON SOUTH GADD.

INSIDE, MEMBERS ARE FREE TO INDULGE IN ALL MANNER OF LEWD PRACTICES UNDER BLACKOUT CONDITIONS. NO NAMES, NO FACES — NO COMEBACK.

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN RECORDED WITH LIGHT-ENHANCING EQUIPMENT AND A CONCEALED PIN CAM. THERE COULD BE NO DOUBTING THE TARGET.

THEIR **PROSPECTIVE CHIEF JUDGE** IN A VARIETY OF COUPLINGS, A SEXUAL ATHLETE OF NO LITTLE IMAGINATION.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAD LONG ABANDONED GUARDIANSHIP OF THE CITIZENS' SEXUAL CONDUCT. WANTON BEHAVIOUR, PROVIDED IT BREAKS NO OTHER LAWS, IS NOT A CRIME.

YET FOR A **JUDGE** — ESPECIALLY ONE RUNNING FOR THE HIGHEST OFFICE IN THE CITY — THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD BE DISASTROUS.

SOMEONE IS OUT TO **NAIL** DAN FRANCISCO.

DEFINITELY **FAKED.** PICTURES ARE REAL BUT FRANCISCO'S FEATURES HAVE BEEN **SUPERIMPOSED** ON ANOTHER MAN.

DIDN'T FIGURE FRANCISCO FOR IT.

THE GIVEAWAY IS REPEATED USE OF THE IDENTICAL FACE SET. THE COMPUTER CAN GRADE EXPRESSION, BUT IT HAS A TENDENCY TO RETURN TOO OFTEN TO CORE IMAGES.

THIS IS GOOD, THOUGH. VERY PROFESSIONAL.

GET **I.D.** ON EVERYONE YOU CAN. WE'LL RUN THEM AGAINST THE MEMBERSHIP ROLL AND FIND OUT WHAT NIGHT THEY WERE THERE TOGETHER.

CHESNEY STONE?

UH... J-JUDGE DREDD! THIS IS... A... I WASN'T EXPECTING...

WHO IS IT, CHESNEY — OH MY...!

HOW... HOW DID YOU KNOW?

YOU THINK WE'RE STUPID, STONE? YOU'RE THE ONLY REALITY FABRICATOR ATTENDING SOUTH GADD STREET INCOGNITO ON THE SEVENTEENTH.

OH, CHESNEY! CHESNEY! HOW **COULD** YOU?

MY... MY **SISTER** WAS MUTANT. MY FOLKS SENT HER TO THE CAMPS ON HER OWN.

WE'VE BEEN WRITING. SHE... SHE WAS GOING TO COME BACK, APPLY FOR CITIZENSHIP...

SPARE ME THE SOB STORY. NONE OF IT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO BREAK THE LAW.

YOU TRIED TO **BESMIRCH** A JUDGE'S REPUTATION AND PERVERT THE COURSE OF JUSTICE. A CRIME OF THAT MAGNITUDE WARRANTS A FULL **TEN YEARS'** ENCUBEMENT.

YOU COULD HAVE USED IT. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH — NOBODY WOULD HAVE VOTED FOR HIM THEN. FRANCISCO WILL KILL MUTANT REFORM. I THOUGHT YOU **CARED.**

NOW **BACK** TO **THE STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO!**

I'VE GOT A BREAK IN MY SCHEDULE SO TIME TO DEAL WITH ONE OF YOUR LETTERS.

CITIZEN **SENGA PILCOTT** OF LITTLE RICHARD **ELD-SHELTS** WRITES: 'DEAR JUDGE DAN, MR MAYTAG IN 31C — NEXT DOOR — KEEPS BANGING AND SHOUTING THE MOST FOUL AND ABUSIVE LANGUAGE THROUGH THE WALL AT ME.

'I AM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.'

NO CITIZEN SHOULD HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ABUSIVE BEHAVIOUR FROM A NEIGHBOUR. IN THIS CASE, AS THE PERPETRATOR IS **ELDERLY**, I HOPE TO AVOID ENCUBEMENT AND SOLVE THE PROBLEM WITH A FEW QUIET WORDS OF ADMONITION.

OPEN UP IN THERE, MAYTAG!

NO REPLY.

IF YOU'RE IN THERE, CITIZEN, STAND BACK! WE'RE COMING IN!

31C

SKASHHHH

DROKK!

YOU SAID IT, BUDDY BOYES!

DEAD AT LEAST A DAY.

I SEE THE SCENARIO HERE. JUST A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN NEIGHBOURS. HAPPENS ALL THE TIME, NOT ALWAYS WITH SUCH TRAGIC RESULTS.

JUST GOES TO SHOW WE ALL OUGHT TO TRY TO GET ALONG A BIT BETTER, HELP EACH OTHER OUT. LESSON OVER.

POOR OLD GUY, PROBABLY HOLLERING AND SHOUTING FOR HOURS.

HATE IT WHEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPENS.

TAKE THEM.!

BAZOWWW

BAZOWWW

THIS IS FOR YOU, FRANCISCO.!

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

DIE.!

UHHHHH.!

zinggg

spanggg

THIS IS FRANCISCO! **CODE 99 RED** BY THE **ELD-SHELTS**! SEVEN, MAYBE **EIGHT** ATTACKERS! TAKEN ONE IN THE GUT! **BOYES** IS **DOWN**! HE'S HURT BAD!

BZANGGG

SHWANGGG

ALL UNITS VICINITY ELD-SHELTS ON PENNIMAN! CODE 99 RED! REPEAT, 99 RED!

DREDD! RESPONDING!

HANG IN THERE, BUDDY BOYES! I'M COMING!

THE **SMOKE** FROM THAT FIZZ BOMB GIVES ME SOME COVER!

VADOOOOM

MY — **UNHH**! — PRIORITY NOW IS TO... TO GET MY PARTNER OUT OF THE FIRING LINE!

YOU'RE SEEING THIS **LIVE**, FOLKS, AS ANOTHER TWO, **THREE** SHOTS **RIP** INTO DAN FRANCISCO!

THEY'RE KILLING HIM.! THEY'RE KILLING DAN FRANCISCO.!

FINISH HIM.!

YOU'RE... UNDER AR.. ARREST-.!

AND YOU'RE DEAD, HERO.

IT'S DREDD.!

YOU'RE SEEING THIS **LIVE**, FOLKS! JUDGE **DAN FRANCISCO** HAS BEEN **CUT DOWN** WHILE VALIANTLY TRYING TO DRAG **BUDDY BOYES** TO SAFETY! BUT HERE COMES **DREDD!**

BIKE CANNON!

VAWCCCCCM

JUDGE DREDD! JUDGE DREDD WILL SAVE HIM!

UNHHHH!

BDAM BDAM BDAM

BLAM

WHERE'S THE MED WAGON?

WITH YOU NOW.

A MED WAGON IS NOW SPEEDING DAN FRANCISCO TO HOSPITAL!

BUH... BUDDY...

EASY, FRANCISCO.

AND WE'VE JUST HEARD... OH GRUD, THIS IS TOO AWFUL...

READ IT, CHARLIE, THE VIEWERS HAVE GOT TO KNOW.

JUDGE... JUDGE **BUDDY BOYES**... WAS DECLARED DEAD... **DEAD** AT THE SCENE. DAMN, I **LOVED** THAT GUY...

DAN FRANCISCO IS BEING TAKEN TO THE SPECIALIST **WOUNDS UNIT** AT **SECTOR GENERAL**. FOR MORE... MORE ON HIS PROGRESS HERE'S **MAGENTA WILCOX** WITH THE **DAN CAM**...

MUTANTS.

IT FIGURES. THE CANDIDATE THEY FEAR, WHO WOULD SWEEP ALL THE REFORMS AWAY.

THEY MAY AS WELL HAVE HANDED THE ELECTION TO FRANCISCO. IF HE SURVIVES.

CARLOS TEEVS, 23, KIER STANLEY TOWER. WHERE'D YOU GET THE **GUNS**, TEEVS?

THAT'S FOR — ***UNNH!*** — ME TO KNOW AND YOU TO FIND OUT.

WE NEED TO GET HIM TO SURGERY.

WHEN I'M FINISHED.

WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?

NOBODY. WE'RE JUST CONCERNED CITIZENS. ***UNNH!*** WE GOT RIGHTS — WE SUFFERED FOR THEM! NOBODY'S — ***UNNH!*** NOBODY'S TAKING THEM AWAY!

I DON'T BUY IT, TEEVS. YOU'RE JUST THE MONKEYS — SOMEBODY'S WORKING THE ORGAN. I WANT TO KNOW **WHO!**

PLEASE, DO YOU WANT HIM TO **DIE?**

TEEVS IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR. TOO VALUABLE TO RISK LOSING. HE HAS TO LET HIM GO...

NONE OF THE SHOOTERS PARTICULARLY KNOWN TO US. ALL HAVE ADDRESSES IN **KIER STANLEY** — THAT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST DESIGNATED **MUTANT BLOCKS.**

PLENTY OF TIME TO GET ORGANISED THEN. CHECK THEM ALL OUT. FIND OUT WHO GAVE THE ORDERS, WHERE THEY GOT THEIR WEAPONS.

WHAT HAPPENS IF FRANCISCO DIES? ABOUT THE ELECTION, I MEAN.

I SUPPOSE THE ANTI-MUTANT BRIGADE WILL FIND ANOTHER CANDIDATE. PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM.

I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOTHING — **WHOEVER** IT IS, THEY'D BE GETTING **MY** VOTE. IF I HAD ONE.

OPINION PILING UP AGAINST HERSHEY. EVEN THE YOUNG ONES. MAYBE HE'D BEEN WRONG ABOUT THEM. OPENING THE VOTE WOULD CHANGE NOTHING.

CHIEF JUDGE — THE CITY'S **HIGHEST HONOUR**, AND IT SEEMS, **MOST DANGEROUS OCCUPATION**, FOR **FEW** WHO HAVE HELD THAT LOFTY POSITION HAVE FAILED TO MEET A **VIOLENT** AND OFTEN **GRUESOME END.**

AND NOW **CHALLENGER** FOR THE **CHIEF JUDGE'S BADGE**, JUDGE **DAN FRANCISCO** LIES NEAR-MORTALLY WOUNDED, CUT DOWN BY MUTANT ASSASSINS.

SHOT SIXTEEN TIMES — BODY LIKE A SIEVE — BUT HE'S STILL IN THERE FIGHTING. YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE HIM.

...THE CITY'S FAVOURITE JUDGE, WHO SACRIFICED HIMSELF SO BRAVELY TO SAVE HIS WOUNDED PARTNER.

SIXTEEN SHOTS STRUCK HOME, SEVERING BONE, RIPPING VITAL ORGANS, BUT **STILL** DAN FRANCISCO FOUGHT ON —

AND I'M JUST HEARING THAT **JUDGE DAN IS OUT OF SURGERY. DAN IS OUT OF SURGERY.**

HE IS VERY **WEAK** AND UNDER HEAVY **SEDATION.** THE **NEXT FEW HOURS** WILL BE **CRITICAL.**

BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS

PRAY! PRAY FOR DAN FRANCISCO!

THE STREETS CATCH FIRE THAT NIGHT.

THE CITY'S FAVOURITE SON LIES DYING, AND BEYOND HIS HOSPITAL WALLS AN EXPLOSION OF **RAGE** THREATENS TO OVERWHELM THE FORCES OF JUSTICE.

NO MUTANT IS SAFE. MOST, FORTUNATELY, HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO REMAIN IN THEIR BLOCKS —

MUTIE SKUM

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, THE ELECTION FOR THIS OFFICE WILL BE POSTPONED. OUR THOUGHTS TONIGHT ARE WITH JUDGE FRANCISCO.

LET ME SAY THIS: NO ONE WOULD **DEPLORE** THE **CRIMINAL ACTIONS** TAKING PLACE ON OUR STREETS MORE THAN **JUDGE FRANCISCO. HE** WOULD NOT TOLERATE THEM, NOR WILL **I.**

HERSHEY, TALKING LIKE A LOSER. SHE WOULDN'T RECOGNISE IT, BUT DREDD DOES. BEATEN ALREADY.

HE CAN HARDLY BLAME HER. IF FRANCISCO SURVIVES, WHAT CHANCE DOES SHE HAVE NOW?

TO **FRONT** THEIR NEW **LIFE-ON-THE-STREETS DOCU-BUSTER** JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SETTLED ON A **JUDGE** WITH AN **EXEMPLARY RECORD** AND A **NATURAL FEEL** FOR THE **CITY.** THAT MAN WAS **DAN FRANCISCO** —

I'LL BE SEEING YOU OUT THERE ON THE STREETS. UNTIL THEN, KEEP IT NICE, KEEP IT LEGAL.

WITHIN WEEKS THE **STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO** WAS THE CITY'S **TOP-RATED** SHOW. FAN MAIL POURED IN — CRIME SCENES COULD BECOME MOBBED — BUT THE HANDSOME JUDGE COPED WITH IT ALL WITH ENGAGING **GOOD HUMOUR** —

TO THOSE CITIZENS, MALE AND FEMALE, WHO HAVE OFFERED PROPOSALS OF **MARRIAGE**, MANY THANKS. BUT REMEMBER — MY ONLY **TRUE LOVE** CAN BE THE **LAW.**

FRANCISCO'S ATTACKERS ALL HAD LINKS TO THE **MUTANT CITIZENS' UNION**, ATTENDING MEETINGS AT **AMITY HALL** —

WE'RE A RESPECTABLE ORGANISATION. WE WOULD NEVER ENCOURAGE VIOLENCE.

YOU TELLING ME YOU DON'T GET A FEW **RADICALS** IN HERE — A FEW **TROUBLEMAKERS?**

GARMIN, DAVIS, SWEENEY — FAMILIES ALL SAY THEY NEVER TALKED VIOLENCE TILL THEY CAME HERE. THEN IT'S **MUTANT RIGHTS**, FIRE WITH FIRE, GENE WAR. **SOMEBODY** RECRUITED THE KIER STANLEY GROUP AND I THINK THEY DID IT **HERE.**

MOTHER OF ENID BLY — THAT'S THE DEAD WOMAN — SAYS HER DAUGHTER MENTIONED A 'FRANCO'. FIRST NAME OR LAST, COULD BE EITHER.

I REALLY DON'T LIKE TO —

GRUDDAMIT, SPIT IT OUT! YOU WANT TROUBLE, WE'LL GIVE YOU TROUBLE! WE'LL CLOSE THIS PLACE DOWN!

I... I SUPPOSE YOU WANT FRANK OGILVY HE... I... I'VE HEARD RUMOURS HE'S... CONNECTED TO THE WRONG PEOPLE...

HE'S GOT A PLACE IN NICK NOLTE. NOW YOU MENTION IT, IT'S A LONG WAY TO COME FOR MEETINGS...

READY —

OGILVY! SHOW YOURSELF! THIS IS THE LAW!

HERE.

SOMEONE FASTIDIOUS, I'D SAY. DIDN'T WANT TO MESS THE APARTMENT.

THAT'S USUALLY A WIFE, BUT OGILVY'S SINGLE, LIVES ALONE.

OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE, MAYBE. FORCE OF HABIT. SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST NEAT.

BETTER SEAL IT OFF, CALL IN FORENSICS...

JUDGE DAN FRANCISCO HAS THIS MORNING **REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.** HE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SAY A FEW WORDS. MEDS SAY THE PROGNOSIS IS GOOD.

STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

HOSPITAL WATCH

HIS CONDITION IS STILL CRITICAL, BUT HE'S STRONG. FURTHER SURGERY WILL BE REQUIRED, OF COURSE, BUT WE BELIEVE HE WILL MAKE A FULL RECOVERY.

HE'S BEEN TOLD ABOUT BOYES?

YES.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR PARTNER, FRANCISCO.

THEY... THEY TELL ME THEY WERE MU... MUTANTS...

THERE MAY BE MORE TO IT THAN THAT. I'VE PLACED A WATCH ON EVERY ENTRANCE, JUDGES ON THIS FLOOR AND ON YOUR ROOM. THERE'S A STRONG POSSIBILITY SOMEONE WILL TRY AGAIN.

WITH YOUR WHEREABOUTS BROADCAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, YOU AREN'T THE HARDEST TARGET TO FIND.

GOES WITH THE... THE JOB, I'M AFRAID...

JOE... I HOPE I CAN CALL YOU JOE...

I'D PREFER IT IF YOU DIDN'T.

I'M NOT AGAINST YOU, OR HERSHEY. I'M DOING WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT. I... HOPE YOU CAN APPRECIATE THAT.

YOU'RE BEING MANIPULATED, FRANCISCO. YOU'VE BEEN MANIPULATED ALL YOUR CAREER AND NOW THEY'RE DOING IT TO YOU AGAIN.

YOU'RE A GOOD JUDGE, I DON'T DOUBT THAT. YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING RIGHT. BUT BEHIND YOU SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS PULLING THE STRINGS.

NOT FAIR.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY'VE GOT WHAT THEY WANT, WHEN YOU'VE DONE THE DEED, WHEN YOU'VE GOT RID OF THE BEST CHIEF JUDGE WE'VE EVER HAD?

SUH-**SOMEBODY** HAD TO... TO MAKE A STAND. IT'S... THIS **MUTANT** THING. CAN'T YOU **SEE** YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG?

IT'S NOT WRONG. IT'S **HARD.** THERE'S A DIFFERENCE. WHAT'S WRONG IS INJUSTICE, AND I CAN SEE A BIG **WAVE** OF IT COMNG.

NOBODY GETS IN EXCEPT VERIFIED MEDICAL STAFF. NOBODY **EVER** IN WITH HIM ALONE, AND THAT INCLUDES MEDICS.

WONDER IF HE CAN SEE THE IRONY — DOUBLE-PROTECTING THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO KICK HERSHEY'S **BUTT** OUT OF OFFICE, AND **HIM** WITH HER.

HE DOESN'T DO IRONY.

THEY HAD GLEANED LITTLE FROM THE MURDER APARTMENT ITSELF.

FRANK OGILVY'S KILLING HAD BEEN QUICK, CLEAN AND CLINICAL. IN AND OUT IN TWO MINUTES.

CAMERAS IN THE CORRIDOR TELL THE STORY —

OGILVY RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT AT *16:41*. AT *16:49* AN UNIDENTIFIED COUPLE APPEARS AT THE DOOR.

PRE-ARRANGED MEETING OR WERE THEY WAITING FOR HIM?

THE MAN IS SHOWING SOMETHING UNDER HIS MAGAZINE — OGILVY SEES IT, STARTS TO BACK AWAY.

GOT TO BE A GUN.

16:49:09

THE COUPLE ENTERS. AT 16:51 THEY RE-EMERGE. NO ONE ELSE ENTERS THE APARTMENT UNTIL WE ARRIVE THAT EVENING.

BARELY TIME TO WALK HIM TO THE SHOWER AND PUT A HOLE IN HIS HEAD.

PROFESSIONAL.

CAMS PICKED UP YOUR **COUPLE** CROSSING THE CONCOURSE AT 16:43, ENTERING **NOLTE.** AT 16:56 THEY REPEAT THE PROCESS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

I LOSE THEM ON AARHUS.

FROM THERE TO BALTIC DRIVE COVERAGE IS PRETTY PATCHY — LOT OF TRAFFIC MOVING THROUGH.

STILL, LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE — EVEN IF I **COULD** TRACE THEM WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHO WE WERE DEALING WITH.

GOT AN EXCELLENT **CLOSE-UP** FROM THE GANGWAY CAM. YOU CAN SEE A CLEAR **RIDGE** ALONG THE WOMAN'S JAWLINE. PLASTEX, I'D SAY. **MASKS.** THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T GET AN **I.D.** FROM THE DATABASE.

THEY HAD THEIR HEIGHT AND BUILD. THEY RUN IT THROUGH THE FILES — ACTIVISTS, KNOWN MUTANT SYMPATHISERS...

ABOUT A HUNDRED POSSIBLE MATCHES.

THE **TESSIOS?** WEREN'T THEY **TOTAL WAR?** SINCE WHEN WERE THEY PRO-MUTANT?

CHAOS... CIVIL UNREST — IT WOULD ALL SUIT THEIR PURPOSE. CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK IT. CHECK THEM ALL OUT.

I'M JUST BEING TOLD THAT AT **JUDGE DAN FRANCISCO'S REQUEST** THE **ELECTION** FOR **CHIEF JUDGE** WILL TAKE PLACE **THIS SUNDAY** AS ORIGINALLY SCHEDULED.

IF HE **WINS,** FRANCISCO WILL BE THE **FIRST CHIEF JUDGE** TO DON THE **MANTLE** WHILE ACTUALLY **IN** INTENSIVE CARE!

...DAN FLASH.....DAN FLASH.....DAN FL

WE HOPE TO BRING YOU AN **EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW** WITH **JUDGE DAN** SHORTLY AND — JUST A SECOND —

NO, I'M HEARING WE **CAN'T** DO THAT! LET'S GO STRAIGHT BACK TO OUR **TRIBUTE** PROGRAMME, **THE STREETS OF BUDDY BOYES' —**

IT IS LATE SATURDAY BEFORE THEY CAN INTERVIEW THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE ATTACK ON FRANCISCO. **CARLOS TEEVS** IS READY TO TALK —

WE ALWAYS MET AT THE UNION. HE COULD BE REAL PERSUASIVE, COULD FRANCO.

THAT'S FRANK OGILVY?

HE COULD GET YOU REAL WORKED UP — HELL, HE WAS RIGHT! WHAT **CHANCE** HAVE WE GOT UNLESS WE **FIGHT**? TELL ME!

SO FRANCISCO WAS UP FOR **CHIEF JUDGE** AND YOU COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN. YOUR IDEA OR OGILVY'S?

FRANCO GOT ORDERS FROM HIGHER UP. WE'D TALKED A LOT ABOUT GIVING OUR LIVES FOR THE CAUSE. HE SAID IF EVER THERE WAS A TIME...

HIGHER UP?

IN THE **MUTANT UNDERGROUND.**

WHO ARE THE MUTANT UNDERGROUND, CARLOS?

THEY... THEY CO-ORDINATE THE FIGHT FOR MUTANT RIGHTS ACROSS THE GLOBE. YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF THEM.

DID YOU MEET ANYONE ELSE IN THIS MUTANT UNDERGROUND — ANY FELLOW OFFICERS, OGILVY'S SUPERIORS?

NO, JUST FRANCO. THAT WAS TO PRESERVE SECRECY. WE WERE THE KIER STANLEY DIVISION BUT HE HAD OTHERS.

LET'S LEAVE THAT FOR THE MOMENT. TAKE US TO YESTERDAY. WHAT WAS THE PLAN?

'ON THE MORNING WE WENT TO FRANCO'S LOCK-UP. HE HAD ALL THE GUNS WAITING, AN' THE TRUCK. ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TUNE INTO **THE STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO.** THEN COULD HOME RIGHT IN ON HIM, PARK UP AND WAIT.'

'WE'VE NO RECORD OF A LOCK-UP. WHAT LOCK-UP IS THIS, CARLOS?'

'3117 ANACONDA — IT'S A BIG SHED BEHIND THE NITEMART.'

THE GARAGE WAS RENTED TWO DAYS AGO IN THE NAME OF RON ELVIS. ELVIS IS 116, CONFINED TO A CARE FACILITY. HE KNOWS VERY LITTLE ABOUT ANYTHING, NEVER MIND A PURCHASE ON HIS CREDIT ACCOUNT.

BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE THE TRUCK. THAT WAS STOLEN THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ATTACK.

THERE'S WELDING EQUIPMENT HERE. OGILVY COULD HAVE DONE THE CONVERSION HIMSELF.

WHO **WAS** THIS CREEP? WHY HASN'T HE COME UP ON THE RADAR BEFORE?

DO YOU BUY THESE 'OTHER DIVISIONS' — THE WHOLE **MUTANT UNDERGROUND** THING?

IT'S NEWS TO ME. BUT **SOMEBODY** SUPPLIED HIM WITH THE **GUNS**, POSSIBLY THE VEHICLES TOO — WE HAVE TO ASSUME THE **SAME** PEOPLE WHO BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

WHY **KILL** OGILVY? TO COVER THEIR TRACKS? SO MANY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN THIS INVESTIGATION...

OGILVY HIMSELF IS A MYSTERY. NOTHING IN HIS HISTORY, NOTHING IN HIS APARTMENT SUGGESTED A REBELLIOUS TENDENCY.

HE'D BEEN AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE BLOCK'S **NORM FRIENDSHIP COMMITTEE**, A HARD WORKER WHO WAITED TABLES AT THE CORNER EATERIE RATHER THAN ACCEPT WELFARE. EVERYONE WHO KNEW HIM DESCRIBED HIM AS A MODEL CITIZEN.

YET SOME FOUR MONTHS BACK OGILVY HAD STARTED TURNING UP AT **MUTANTS' UNION** MEETINGS TALKING **VIOLENT ACTION** TO THE KIER STANLEY GROUP.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED? WHO HAD HE MET? WHO WERE THE **MAN** AND **WOMAN** THAT HAD TURNED UP TO SILENCE HIM?

THE **GOOD NEWS**, WITH THE **ELECTION** FOR **CHIEF JUDGE** ONLY HOURS AWAY, IS THAT **JUDGE DAN FRANCISCO** IS SITTING UP AND TAKING A LITTLE FOOD.

HUGH WOODCHUCK IS HERE TO GIVE US A RUNDOWN. HUGH —

SENIOR JUDGES CAN START **VOTING** AT 6 **A.M.**, THOUGH IN THEIR MINDS THE **ELECTION** IS ALL BUT DECIDED.

CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY HAS IN GENERAL DONE A CREDITABLE JOB. UNSPECTACULAR BUT STEADY. SHE IS — OR **WAS** — REGARDED AS A SAFE PAIR OF HANDS. AND JUDGES, ESPECIALLY **SENIOR** ONES, ARE WITHOUT EXCEPTION **CONSERVATIVE** AT HEART.

THAT SAID, THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF **DISQUIET** AMONG THE RANKS ABOUT THE **RELAXATION** OF THE **MUTANT LAWS**, AND **FRANCISCO** IS A POPULAR CHOICE. AT THE OUTSET THEY WERE RUNNING NECK AND NECK. THE **ATTACK** ON **FRANCISCO** MUST TIP THE BALANCE HEAVILY IN HIS FAVOUR.

YOU SEE NOTHING TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS?

NOT AT THIS LATE STAGE, NO.

DREDD — XAVIER. JUST HEARD FROM BRIT-CIT. THEY'VE GOT THE **TESSIOS** UNDER ARREST — HAD THEM IN CUSTODY NEARLY A WEEK. THAT RULES THEM OUT FOR **OGILVY'S** MURDER.

THEY'RE THE **LAST** OF OUR **PRIME SUSPECTS. TOTAL WAR**, ANYONE WITH A **HISTORY** OF **PRO-MUTANT** ACTIVITY, CHECKED AND **CLEARED.**

WE'RE BEAT. WHY WOULD **ANYONE** WANT TO KILL DAN FRANCISCO? THE GUY'S PRACTICALLY A SAINT.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME CREEP WITH AN ANGLE, XAVIER.

HE HAD BURIED HIMSELF IN STREET WORK, WAITING FOR THE INEVITABLE. THE SUN WOULD RISE, JUDGES WOULD CAST THEIR VOTES, WHAT WOULD BE WOULD BE. NOTHING HE CAN DO WILL CHANGE IT NOW —

CREEP WITH AN ANGLE...

MAYBE WE'VE BEEN MAKING A BASIC WRONG ASSUMPTION —

ROFFMAN, RUN THOSE CHECKS ON THE **OGILVY KILLERS** AGAIN. THIS TIME PROGRAM FOR KNOWN **ANTI-MUTANT** ELEMENTS.

ANTI-MUTANT?

THINK ABOUT IT. WHO REALLY **GAINED** FROM THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT? NOT MUTANTS, THAT'S CERTAIN — THEIR ACTIONS AS GOOD AS **GUARANTEED** A RETURN TO THE BAD OLD DAYS.

YOU'RE SAYING... **ANTI-MUTANT** ELEMENTS **PRETENDING** TO BE **PRO-MUTANT** RECRUITED OGILVY, SET THE WHOLE THING UP TO PIN THE BLAME ON MUTANTS.

THAT'S A BIT, UH, IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING SO, **FAR FETCHED?**

YOU MIGHT BE ON TO SOMETHING HERE, DREDD. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT **AURIEL BASTRESS?**

WIFE OF **MENUIN BASTRESS.** LEADING LIGHTS IN THE **NORMAL PROTECTION GROUP** — NORM SUPREMACISTS. MENUIN'S CURRENTLY SERVING **TWENTY** FOR THE MURDER OF THOSE MUTANT **JOVIS'S WITNESSES.**

OKAY, I'VE GOT NOTHING ON THE MALE, BUT PHYSICALLY **AURIEL** FITS. AND HERE'S THE CLINCHER —

I'VE GOT HER ON CAM **EIGHTEEN TIMES** OVER THE PAST SIX MONTHS DINING AT THE **CORNER EATERIE** — ALL ON NIGHTS WHEN **OGILVY** WAS WORKING THERE.

SHE CAME LATE AND LEFT ROUND ABOUT THE TIME OGILVY GOT OFF. SHE LIVES HALFWAY ACROSS CITY. **NOBODY** TRAVELS THAT FAR FOR A PLATE OF GREASE.

WHY DIDN'T THE COMPUTER SPOT HER VISITS BEFORE?

BECAUSE IT WASN'T LOOKING FOR **ANTI-MUTANT** ELEMENTS.

WE ARE NOW. LET'S PICK HER UP!

THE MUTIE IS UNCLEAN.!

UNCLEAN.!

THE MUTIE IS SICK!

SICK.! SO SICK.!

THE MUTIE IS AN EXCRESCENCE ON THE BODY OF HUMANITY.!

TELL IT.! TELL IT.!

WHAT MUST WE DO TO CLEANSE OURSELVES OF THIS CONTAMINATION IN OUR MIDST?

BURN, MUTIE, BURN.!

THE NORM SUPREMACISTS ARE PARTYING TONIGHT.

MAYBE THEY FIGURE THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.

COVER EVERY EXIT. NOBODY GETS OUT.

WE ALL KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.

YOU EITHER AGREE WITH ALLOWING MUTANTS TO RETURN TO THE CITY, OR YOU DON'T. IT'S TOO LATE NOW TO CHANGE ANYONE'S MIND, AND I WON'T TRY.

NO. NO, I **WILL** SAY THIS...

FOR GOOD OR ILL WE OPENED OUR DOORS AND INVITED THEM IN — PEOPLE UPON WHOM WE HAVE PERPETRATED A LONG-STANDING AND SYSTEMATIC **INJUSTICE.** TO TURN THEM AWAY AGAIN — MANY TO THEIR DEATH — WOULD BE AN ACT OF **INHUMANITY** THAT WILL STAIN OUR NAME FOREVER.

VOTE WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE.

IT'S ONLY AN EFFIGY. THERE'S NOTHING **ILLEGAL** IN WHAT WE'RE DOING.

PUT IT OUT, AND LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL, HOODS OFF! I WANT TO SEE WHAT KIND OF SICK SUCKERS WE'RE DEALING WITH!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING PRETTY UNPLEASANT. YOU GOT A **FIRE** PERMIT?

STOP WHERE YOU ARE! THIS IS THE LAW!

YOU WERE WARNED!

I REGRET... THIS ADDRESS MUST OF NECESSITY BE SHORT...

MY OPPONENT HAS IN SO MANY WAYS... BEEN AN EXCELLENT CHIEF JUDGE, YET ON **ONE ISSUE** SHE HAS BEEN WRONG... DISASTROUSLY WRONG...

IF LEFT **UNCORRECTED** I BELIEVE THE **MUTANT ACT** COULD DESTROY US... DESTROY OUR INTEGRITY AS A PEOPLE.

SO I SAY... JUDGE HERSHEY, I RESPECT YOU... I HONOUR YOU... BUT FOR THE CITY'S SAKE, **⊙⊙**.

ONAN PRIESTLY, 34. LIVES IN THE PEPSI BUILDING. BEEN A SUSPECT IN TWO MUTANT DEATHS, BUT NOTHING PROVEN.

HE'S ABOUT THE SAME BUILD AS THE MALE HALF OF THE **⊙⊙ILVY** ASSASSINATION TEAM.

HAD TO HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR TRYING TO SHOOT IT OUT.

WHO ARE YOU?

I'VE GOT HIM. IRWIN DUDLEY, HEAD OF THE **SHAPIRO'S** CHAIN. GUY'S WORTH ABOUT THIRTY BILLION.

UHH, **DUDLEY IRWIN** — I MEAN **IRWIN DUDLEY.** I WASN'T TRYING TO LEAVE BECAUSE I'VE DONE ANYTHING, I JUST DON'T W-WANT MY NAME ASSOCIATED WITH —

TAKE HIM IN.

AURIEL BASTRESS, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE **MURDER OF JUDGE BOYES** AND THE **ATTEMPTED MURDER OF JUDGE FRANCISCO.**

I HAVE TOLD YOU, I REFUSE TO SPEAK. YOU HAVE NO EVIDENCE AGAINST ME. I WISH TO SEE A LAWYER.

START HER ON TEN CCs.

FRANK OGILVY ENLISTS A GROUP OF IMPRESSIONABLE **MUTANTS** TO CARRY OUT THE **MURDER** OF **JUDGE FRANCISCO.** WITH ME SO FAR, IRWIN?

I'M SURE I CAN'T BE ANY HELP TO YOU —

THIS IS STRANGE BECAUSE OGILVY IS A SOLID CITIZEN WITH NO HISTORY OF ACTIVISM. THEN WE LOOK A LITTLE DEEPER AND WE FIND YOUR FRIEND **AURIEL BASTRESS.**

BASTRESS IS A **NORM SUPREMACIST.** SHE **HATES** MUTANTS. SO WHAT'S SHE DOING HOB-NOBBING WITH FRANK OGILVY?

THIS... THIS IS ALL NEWS TO ME. WE DON'T APPROVE OF SOCIAL CONTACT WITH MUTANTS...

ONLY **THREE HOURS** TO GO BEFORE SENIOR JUDGES MAY BEGIN VOTING IN THE **ELECTION** FOR **CHIEF JUDGE.**

WAY OUT FRONT IN ALL THE POLLS IS CHALLENGER **DAN FRANCISCO**, DRAMATICALLY GUNNED DOWN DAYS AGO WHILE BRAVELY ATTEMPTING TO SAVE HIS PARTNER FROM A VICIOUS MUTANT ATTACK. SINCE THEN OPINION HAS HARDENED IN HIS FAVOUR.

THE **BODY** OF **JUDGE BUDDY BOYES**, KILLED IN THAT ATTACK, IS TO BE RELEASED TO **RESYK** THIS AYEM. A SHORT MEMORIAL SERVICE WILL BE HELD. CITIZENS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO ATTEND.

DRUGS ARE ALWAYS RISKY. HE PREFERS TO AVOID THEM, BUT TIME IS RUNNING OUT —

WHY FRANK OGILVY, AURIEL?

HUH.! FRANK.! POOR, STUPID, UGLY FRANK.! THE LOOK ON THAT FACE WHEN HE REALISED A BEAUTIFUL NORM WAS COMING ON TO HIM.

CRACK THIS BEFORE VOTING STARTS AND IT MIGHT — JUST MIGHT — SWING THINGS BACK IN HERSHEY'S FAVOUR.

YOU SEDUCED HIM?

SURE. HAD TO GET DRUGGED UP TO THE EYEBALLS TO STOP MYSELF GAGGING, BUT I DID IT. FOR THE CAUSE.

SIX A.M. —

SORRY I CAN'T BE WITH YOU TODAY, BUDDY. THE STREETS WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU. YOU WERE THE BEST OF THE BEST. YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED.

THE MUTANTS HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR.

AND DREDD. DREDD AND HERSHEY.

AS JUDGE **BUDDY BOYES'** BODY ROLLS DOWN THE CONVEYOR WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR A **NEWSFLASH!**

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS MADE **FRESH ARRESTS** IN THE INVESTIGATION INTO THE ATTACK THAT **KILLED** BOYES AND LEFT JUDGE **FRANCISCO** FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!

IN CUSTODY IS **AURIEL BASTRESS**, WIFE OF **MENUIN BASTRESS**, CONVICTED LAST YEAR OF THE MURDER OF TWO MUTANT JOVIS'S WITNESSES.

ARRESTED WITH HER ARE **DILLARD TRIMBLE**, SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE **NORMAL PROTECTION GROUP**, AND MULTI-BILLIONAIRE **IRWIN DUDLEY**, MAJOR SHAREHOLDER IN THE **SHAPIRO'S** HOTTIE HOUSE CHAIN.

BASTRESS, **DUDLEY** AND **TRIMBLE**, ALL NORM SUPREMACISTS, HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF **INCITING**, **ORGANISING**, **PROMOTING** AND **SUPPLYING FIREARMS** AND **EQUIPMENT** FOR THE ATTACK.

OGILVY WAS A PERSUASIVE TALKER. THEY SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE HIM. BASTRESS FIRST SEDUCED HIM THEN CONVINCED HIM SHE WAS PART OF A **PRO-MUTANT** UNDERGROUND ORGANISATION.

REPELLANT AS IT WAS TO HER.

ANYTHING FOR THE CAUSE.

SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. SHE COULD HAVE TURNED HIM INSIDE OUT.

THEY'D PLANNED AN ATTACK TO INCITE FURTHER ANTAGONISM AGAINST MUTANTS.

WHEN THE ELECTION CAME ALONG THEY SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY. DUDLEY WAS THE MONEY MAN, TRIMBLE ACTED AS FIXER. **ONAN PRIESTLY**, THE DEAD MAN, WORKED CLOSELY WITH BASTRESS.

AND WHEN IT WAS OVER SHE DISPOSED OF OGILVY LIKE A PIECE OF TRASH. COLD.

SO NOW WE WAIT. YOU THINK IT'S ENOUGH?

FRANKLY, NO.

IF IT IS, I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'LL BE SORRY.

I UNDERSTAND.

MAYOR BYRON **AMBROSE** TODAY **PRAISED** BOTH PARTICIPANTS IN TODAY'S ELECTION.

INCUMBANT **CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY**, HE SAID, HAD BEEN A CREDIT TO HER OFFICE. CHALLENGER **FRANCISCO** WAS AN EXEMPLAR OF COURAGE, FAIRNESS AND DEDICATION.

AS WE WAIT FOR THE RESULTS TO COME IN — WE'RE ALL ON THE EDGE OF OUR SEATS HERE — BILL BROCCOLI, **CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY** HAS **REFUSED** AN INTERVIEW. WHAT DO YOU READ INTO THIS?

WELL, SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A VERY PRIVATE PERSON — NOT THAT THEY ALL AREN'T, OF COURSE.

SHE'S PROBABLY TOO BUSY PACKING HER DESK. SHE KNOWS THE GAME'S UP.

I THINK, ROBIN, YOU'LL FIND THE CHIEF JUDGE'S TENURE HAS EARNED HER A GREAT **DEAL** OF SUPPORT.

I HAVE TO INTERRUPT YOU THERE! I'M JUST HEARING THAT THE **RESULT** IS IN —

GOOD LORD —

QUITE, QUITE REMARKABLE. WE EXPECTED A CLOSE RESULT, BUT NEVER THIS —

IT'S DAN FRANCISCO!

DAN FRANCISCO BY A **LANDSLIDE**!

DAN FRANCIS-CO IS THE NEW CHIEF JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

THE END

CONTROL — DREDD! AM IN HIGH-SPEED PURSUIT, MARCUS GARVEY OVERWAY! ADDITIONAL PURSUIT UNITS REQUIRED — THIS CREEP'S REALLY MOVING!

WILCO, DREDD. GOT A DESCRIPTION OF THE VEHICLE?

HE'S NOT IN A VEHICLE, CONTROL. PERP IS ON FOOT.

SCRIPT
GORDON RENNIE
ART
NICK DYER
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

JUDGE DREDD

BORN TO ZOOM

HE'S HEADING WEST ON GARVEY, DOING FOUR HUNDRED-PLUS IN THE —

GRUD — !

JASON STATHA

ZADOOONG!

'CORRECTION TO THAT — PERP NOW CROSSING MIXU PAATELAINEN HEAVY VEHICLES JUGWAY.

'WAIT. UPDATE ON THAT —

ZADUNG!

ZUDD

'PERP NOW ON SOUTH SIDE OF MERVYN PEAKE TOWERS. NEED AERIAL UNITS TO CONTINUE PURSUIT.'

ZZONG!

UNITS NORTH OF MERVYN PEAKE TO LOOK OUT FOR PERP WEARING BLUE AND GOLD FASH-PADS, GREEN FLASHSPEED SUIT AND **ZOOSH BOOTS.**

BE ADVISED: PERP ABLE TO LEAP WHOLE CITY BLOCKS IN A SINGLE BOUND...

ZOOSHING — THE LATEST ILLEGAL CRAZE TO HIT MEGA-CITY ONE. **ZOOSH BOOTS**, MANUFACTURED BY THE ZUSHKOU CORPORATION OF HONDO-CIT, GENERATE A SMALL BUT POWERFUL GRAV-REPEL FIELD THAT ALLOWS THE USER TO MOVE AT **INCREDIBLE SPEED** OVER ALMOST ANY SURFACE.

ZOOSHER HEIST CREW, JOE STRUMMER ROUNDHOUSE! PURSUIT UNITS REQUIRED!

A SKILLED USER CAN HARNESS THE FIELD ENERGIES TO EXECUTE MOVES OF ASTOUNDING SPEED AND AGILITY.*

SKASH ON, SHINEYS! GO-GO GETAWAY!

ZPLATT!

*NOTE: THAT'S SKILLED USER'.

THE MOST DARING, OPPORTUNISTIC OR JUST PLAIN **SUICIDALLY INCLINED** AMONGST THE BIG MEG'S POPULATION TAKE TO THE DEVICES WITH PREDICTABLE ENTHUSIASM...

HONESTLY, YOU'LL LOVE IT! ONLY FIVE THOUSAND A MONTH, AND WITH A VIEW ALL THE WAY TO THE BLACK ATLANTIC —

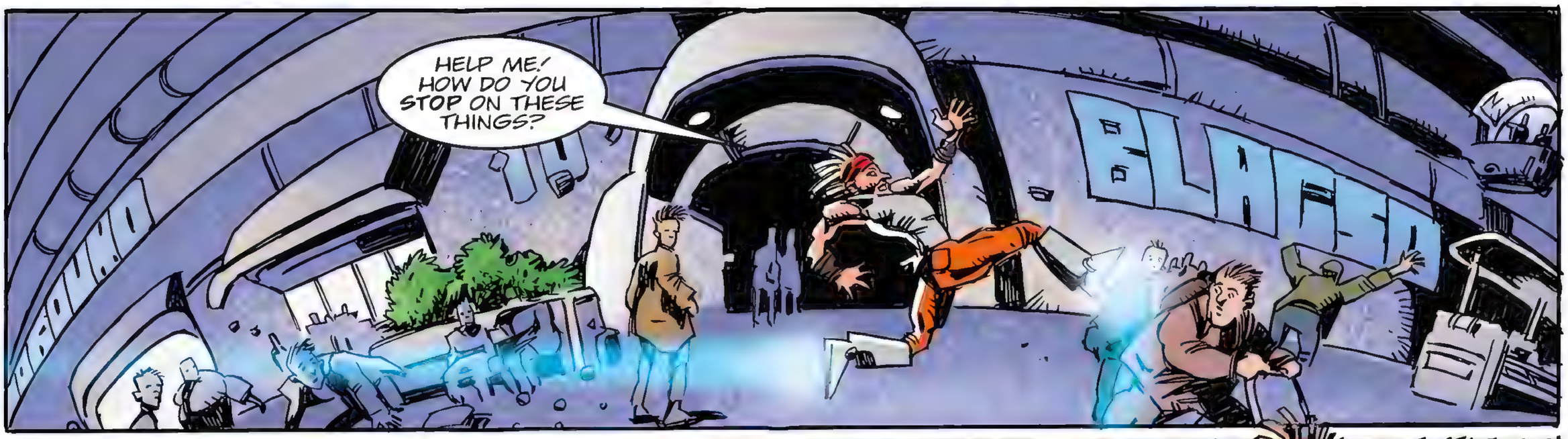
ZZZZSSSHH!

HEH HEH! EASY ZOOSHIN'!

OH GRUD - !

YAAAAAAAAGH!

CONTROL — CLEAN-UP CREW REQUIRED, FOOT OF PETE BOGDANOVICH LUX-HABS.


HELP ME! HOW DO YOU STOP ON THESE THINGS?
BLAM
OUT-OF-CONTROL ZOOSHER, FRAN AND ANNA RETAILORAMA.
BDAM
CHECK ON THAT. SITUATION NOW UNDER CONTROL.
...ZOOSH-RELATED FATALITIES UP OVER SEVEN HUNDRED PER CENT THIS MONTH. EVEN BY THE STANDARDS OF CITYWIDE CRAZES, THIS ONE'S STARTING TO LOOK LIKE AN EPIDEMIC.
GRANTED, NINETY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE FATALITIES WERE AMONG ZOOSHERS THEMSELVES, BUT IT'S STILL AN ISSUE OF CONCERN.
I BLAME THE HONDOS. THESE THINGS ARE LEGAL THERE, BUT THE AUTHORITIES TURN A BLIND EYE TO THE CONSIGNMENTS BEING SMUGGLED OVER HERE BY THE MANUFACTURERS.
THEN WE PUT PRESSURE ON THE HONDOS TO DEAL WITH THE SMUGGLING AND COME DOWN HARD ON OUR SIDE OF THE PROBLEM.
THE TEKS SAY THESE THINGS ARE MAINTENANCE-HEAVY. WE SHUT DOWN THE REPAIR SHOPS ILLEGALLY HANDLING THEM. WITH NO MORE NEW UNITS OR SPARE PARTS COMING IN FROM HONDO, THIS WHOLE THING WILL SOON DIE OUT.

AGREED. THE HONDOS WILL WANT TRADE CONCESSIONS IN RETURN FOR THEIR CO-OPERATION, BUT THAT'S A PROBLEM FOR THE DIPLOMATS.

STREET AND TEK DIVISIONS CAN START TRACKING DOWN THOSE REPAIR SHOPS...

THE ANTI-ZOOSHER CRACKDOWN SOON BEGINS —

TOOLS DOWN, HANDS UP!

— AND THE EFFECTS OF DREDD'S PLAN QUICKLY MAKE THEMSELVES FELT.

— CHANNEL X-TRM, REPORTING LIVE FROM AN ILLEGAL **ZOOSH RACE** ALONG THE WEST WALL! THESE ZOOSHER PUNKS MIGHT BE CRAZY, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE THEIR NERVE!

AND THERE HE GOES! REMEMBER, IF IT'S LIVE, HAPPENING AND **STUPIDLY DANGEROUS**, YOU'LL FIND IT ON **CHANNEL X-TRM!**

AAAAAAAAGH!

UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF **OVERHEATING MALFUNCTION** THERE —

WITHIN WEEKS, ZOOSHER INCIDENTS HAVE DROPPED AWAY TO NEAR-ZERO, AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT DECLARES THE CRAZE OFFICIALLY OVER...

HELP! HELP ME!

...ALTHOUGH POSSIBLY PREMATURELY, AS A FEW DIE-HARDS BEGIN WORK ON THE NEXT EVOLUTION OF THE SPORT...

...THREE ...TWO... ONE...

...HOME-MADE ZOOSH BOOTS!

LONE ZOOSHER SPOTTED, WEARING BLUE AND GOLD FASH-PADS AND A GREEN FLASHSPEED SUIT. NOW ASCENDING TYRA BANKS.

UPDATE ON THAT — NOW ON COZY POWELL... WAIT, MAKE THAT SUMMER GLAU BLOCK! GRUD, THIS CREEP CAN MOVE!

DREDD RESPONDING. ALL OTHER UNITS HOLD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

THIS CREEP'S MINE!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

The Performer

SCRIPT
AL EWING
ART
PAUL MARSHALL
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

DAN SAVAGE HEIGHTS — ONE OF SECTOR ONE'S LUXURIOUS CELEBRITY BLOCKS, AVAILABLE ONLY TO THE SELECT.

SLABWALKERS ARE DISCOURAGED BY BLOCK SECURITY, BUT FOR THOSE WHO SLIP THROUGH THE NET, BUSINESS IS LUCRATIVE...

HEY, SUGAR! WANNA SWING THAT TIGHT ASS THIS WAY?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S **BUGGIN'** YOU, SWEET THING, BUT JUST A THOUSAND CREDS IS GONNA MAKE IT **ALL** GO —

HEY! DIDN'T I SEE YOU ON THE TRI-VID?

YEAH, YOU'RE THAT ATHLETE, AINCHA? **HARDY** SOMETHIN'?

UH... DIX. HARDY DIX.

SURE, **HARDY DIX**! THE OLYMPIC **SEX CHAMPEEN**! AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'!

HELL, YOU WANT TO GIVE ME SOME OF THAT **OLYMPIC** TREATMENT, YOU CAN RIDE **FREE** —

UH, THANKS. REALLY. BUT I... I COULDN'T.

OH SURE. YOU GOT A **WIFE** AND **KID** AT HOME, RIGHT?

YES, I DO.

DIAGNOSIS: CHRONIC IMPOTENCE

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.

THERE MUST BE **SOMETHING** THEY CAN DO —

OH, THEY'VE GOT PILLS, SURGERIES — THEY COULD EVEN GIVE ME A ROBOT ONE IF I WANT. I COULD BE BACK IN THE SACK TOMORROW.

TROUBLE IS, ANYTHING THAT ARTIFICIALLY ENHANCES PERFORMANCE IS **BANNED** IN COMPETITION. IF I TOOK ANYTHING, I'D BE **DISQUALIFIED** — EVEN **DISGRACED.**

MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, ANNETTE — IT'S ALL OVER.

OH, HARDY —

WELL, I'M **GLAD!**

OZZY, **PLEASE!** THIS ISN'T THE TIME!

IT IS **TOO!** DAD'S BEING **PUNISHED BY GRUD** 'CAUSE OF ALL THE TIMES YOU'VE **TEMPTED** FOLKS TO **CARNAL ACTIVITY!**

CARNAL ACTIVITY PUT A **ROOF** OVER YOUR HEAD, YOUNG MAN!

BUT IT'S THE **TRUTH!** IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE IN THIS **TRACTZINE** I GOT AT THE **UNSULLIED RING** MEETING —

UNSULLIED

I **TOLD** YOU I WOULDN'T HAVE THIS SORT OF GARBAGE IN THE HAB, OZZY! NOW GO TO YOUR **ROOM!**

I **HATE** YOU! I HATE YOU AN' —

— AN' I WISH IT'D GOT **CUT OFF!**

UNSULLIED RING

HE-HE DOESN'T MEAN IT. IT'S JUST A PHASE HE'S GOING THROUGH. TEENAGE REBELLION.

TEENAGE? HE'S **ELEVEN,** ANNETTE!

IT'S THAT DAMN **UNSULLIED RING** FILLING HIS HEAD WITH THEIR NONSENSE! I **KNEW** IT WAS A MISTAKE SENDING HIM TO THAT SCHOOL!

WE'RE **NOT** GETTING INTO ANOTHER FIGHT ABOUT THE **SCHOOL,** HARDY! THE GAMES ARE IN **SIX WEEKS,** IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN!

IF **WE'RE** NOT COMPETING — WHO **IS?**

I WISH I KNEW. MAYBE **BARRY'S** GOT SOMEBODY LINED UP...

I GOT **BUPKIS** IS WHAT I GOT! HOW COULD YOU **DO** THIS TO ME, HARDY? I WAS COUNTING ON YOU TWO!

DAMMIT, BARRY, YOU **RUN** THE TEAM! YOU'RE MEANT TO HAVE PEOPLE **WAITING** IF THERE'S AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS!

CAN WE **PLEASE** JUST CONCENTRATE ON THESE AUDITIONS?

OY, DO WE HAVE TO?

...YEAH, SWEET THING... I'M GONNA...

OH, DARN IT, **LINE** - ?

OKAY - OW! **OW!** YOU'RE ON MY **HAIR!**

THAT'S **ENOUGH**, WADE — LUSCIA. JUST... JUST STOP THERE. WE'LL CALL YOU.

I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS —

I THOUGHT THOSE TWO WERE **BLOCK CHAMPIONS!** WHAT THE HELL'S **HAPPENED** TO SEX IN THIS CITY?

IT WENT DOWN THE **CRAPPER** IS WHAT HAPPENED! EITHER IT'S FUMBLING AWAY LIKE TWO **JUVES** ON A **FIRST DATE** — OR IT'S **WORSE!**

A COUPLE OF **SHNORRERS** SHOWING EVERY FANCY TECHNIQUE IN THE BOOK LIKE IT'S THE **CIRCUS**, BUT WITH NO **PASSION**, NO **PZAZZ**, NO **VA-VOOM!**

I DON'T KNOW... THERE'S **GINA CROFT** IN THE WOMEN'S SOLO — SHE'S GOOD. I KNOW SHE WANTS TO TRY COMPETING IN THE **MIXED PAIR** EVENT...

OH, **SHE'S** GOT THE STUFF, SURE — BUT WHO'S HER **PARTNER?** TELL ME THAT!

SHOW TO ME A MAN WHO'S GOT THE TECHNIQUE **AND** THE PZAZZ **AND** WHO CAN LEARN A NEW PARTNER'S RHYTHM IN **SIX WEEKS** —

— AND I'LL SHOW TO YOU THE BEST PERFORMER IN THE ENTIRE DAMNED —

'SCUSE ME?

THIS THE AUDITION FER THE **LOVEMAKIN'**?

YES, IT IS. IF YOU AND YOUR **PARTNER** WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOUR PLACES...

WELL, I AIN'T MET NOBODY IN THIS CITY YET TO BE PARTNERS **WITH**, BUT I FIGURED WE COULD ALL MAYBE PRETEND I **HAD** —

YES, BECAUSE **THAT'S** NOT GOING TO WASTE OUR TIME —

WHAT HARDY **MEANS** IS THAT WE'VE GOT **PLENTY** OF PEOPLE FOR THE MEN'S **SOLO** EVENT, MISTER —

BEAKER JONES, MA'AM, FRESH IN FROM THE **CURSED EARTH** TO MAKE MY FORTUNE!

OH, YOU'RE A MUTANT?

SURE AM, MA'AM. IN FACT —

ZZZIP!

— I **GUESS** Y'ALL COULD SAY I GOT MY PARTNER RIGHT **HERE**!

AWWW, YEAH!

IT... SPOKE...

YESSIRREE! GENTLEMEN AN' LADY, I'D LIKE FER YOU TUH MEET MY TWIN BROTHER, **GONZO**.

AWWW-RIGHT! BOOM-CHICKA-CHICKA-BOOM-BOOM! GONZO IN THE HIZZ-OWWWSE!

'COURSE, WE AIN'T **IDENTICAL** TWINS.

THERE ARE TALENTS THAT ARISE **ONCE** IN THE HISTORY OF A SPORT — MEN AND WOMEN REMEMBERED AS THE **GREATEST** OF ALL TIMES.

NOW WITNESS THE DAWNING OF ONE SUCH TALENT —

AWWW, DAAAMN! TAKE IT TO THE BRIDGE, GONZO STYLE!

— A TALENT SWIFTLY RECOGNISED BY HIS **PEERS.**

OY! THE **SHOWMAN** THAT SHVANTZ IS! **ENCORE!**

HELLO, **GINA?** IT'S ANNETTE — YOU **HAVE TO GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW** —

FOR **HARDY DIX,** A BITTERSWEET MOMENT AS THE TORCH IS PASSED —

CONGRATULATIONS, BEAKER — GONZO.

AW, YEAH! THANKS, BUDDY! G'WAN, PUT 'ER THERE!

UM.

— AND THEN COME WEEKS OF **SWEAT, TOIL** AND **TEARS** AS BARRY PETZLER ATTEMPTS TO **MOLD** THIS RAW MATERIAL INTO A **TRUE CHAMPION.**

WHAT IS THIS, A **BAKE SALE?** A MEETING WITH THE **ACCOUNTANT** MAYBE? **AGAIN!** AND MAKE LIKE YOU **MEAN** IT!

COACH

REMIND YOU OF ANYONE?

BRINGS BACK A FEW MEMORIES...STILL, IT'S A LITTLE WEIRD SEEING OUR **REPLACEMENTS** OUT THERE.

ALTHOUGH I GUESS I ALWAYS HOPED... YOU KNOW, THAT ONE DAY **OZZY** MIGHT...

OH, **HARDY...** LOOK, LET'S NOT BRING OZZY'S PROBLEMS INTO THIS. DID BARRY TALK TO THE **ASSOCIATION?**

NOTHING IN THE RULES ABOUT MUTANTS — AND THEY CAN'T BE SEEN TO **DISCRIMINATE.** THE BOYS CAN COMPETE, THANK GOODNESS.

GUESS IT'S TIME TO TELL THE **PRESS...**

ONE PRESS CONFERENCE LATER:

THE MUTIES **ALREADY** TOOK ALL THE **JOBS** — AND NOW THEY WANT OUR **WOMEN**! ONE A' THEM LAYIN' HANDS ON **GINA** — IT AIN'T **RIGHT**!

WE GOTTA KEEP THE MEG **PURE**! WE GOTTA **BURN** 'EM **ALL**! YA **HEAR** ME?

LOUD AND CLEAR, CREEP!

EEAAAHHH!

STUN **SHOTS** — TAKE OUT THE **RINGLEADERS**! LET'S NIP THIS IN THE BUD!

SOON —

THAT MUTIE KID'S GOT THEM **RILED**, ALL RIGHT. AT THIS RATE WE'LL HAVE TO LOCK UP EVERY SPORTS NUT IN THE **CITY** —

DON'T COUNT ON IT. THESE ARE JUST THE DUMB ONES.

THE SMART ONES ARE STAYING HOME, GETTING READY FOR THE GAMES AND CLEANING THEIR **SNIPER RIFLES**...

COME ON, YOU REALLY THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE AN **ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT**?

YOU MEAN JUST THE **ONE**?

THE CITY'S A POWDER KEG RIGHT NOW, OLDHAM — AND THIS IS **EXACTLY** THE KIND OF THING THAT'LL LIGHT THE FUSE.

IT'S TIME I TOOK A **PERSONAL INTEREST** IN THE WORLD SEX CHAMPIONSHIPS...

— AND WE'RE **BACK** WITH THE **WORLD SEX CHAMPIONSHIPS, 2131!** I'M **LANCE TAFFETA** —

— AND IF YOU'RE ANYTHING LIKE **ME**, YOU'RE POSITIVELY **RIGID** WITH TENSION RIGHT NOW!

IT'S BEEN **ONE** DISASTER AFTER **ANOTHER** FOR THE MEG, CULMINATING WITH A CRITICAL **TECH-FAILURE** FOR **JILLIAN BRODY** IN THE **WOMEN'S SOLO...**

IN THE STUDIO, FIVE-YEAR CHAMPION SOLOIST **LUBA JARKOV** — LUBA, ANY THOUGHTS ON THE RECENT RISE OF MECHANICAL AIDS IN THIS EVENT?

PAH! THIS EVENT SHOULD BE A **BATTLE OF IRON WILLS**, COMRADE — NOT WHO HAS THE BETTER **GADGET!**

CHAMPIONSHIPS 2131

IN **SOV-BLOCK**, ATHLETES DO NOT **HAVE** SUCH LUXURIES! WE RELY ON SKILL, STAMINA — **RAW DETERMINATION!**

AND **CHEATING**, OF COURSE.

DA! BUT **ONLY** IF WE ARE GOING TO LOSE!

BRODY WAS A **LAST-MINUTE SUBSTITUTION** AFTER LAST YEAR'S WINNER **GINA CROFT** SWITCHED EVENTS IN FAVOUR OF THE **MIXED PAIRS** —

— PARTNERING, IN A **CONTROVERSIAL** MOVE, WITH MEGA-CITY'S FIRST **MUTANT** ATHLETES, THE **JONES BROTHERS.** LET'S GO TO REPORTER ON THE SPOT **SMURK SMEDLEY** —

JONES

CROFT

THANKS, **LANCE!** WELL, THE JONESES' UNUSUAL ANATOMY HAS LEFT **SOME** CRITICS SPECULATING THAT THEY BELONG IN THE **THREESOME EVENT** — OR POSSIBLY IN A **COFFIN!**

SIR, YOU'D PUT YOURSELF IN THE **LATTER** CAMP, AM I RIGHT?

DAMN **RIGHT** I WOULD!

KEEP SEX FARE

NO 2

ANYBODY CAN WIN A WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IF HIS JUNK'S GOT A MIND OF ITS OWN! IT'S **CHEATIN'**, PURE AND SIMPLE! AND I AIN'T **STANDIN'** FOR IT!

THAT LOUSY MUTANT FREAK NEEDS A **HANDICAP** — AND I GOT ONE **RIGHT HERE!**

INTERVIEW'S **OVER**, PUNK!

SPAK!

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR BROADCASTING **HATE SPEECH**, CREEP?

AS YOU CAN SEE, LANCE, **SECURITY** HERE IS — **OWW!** MY **FACE!**

SHUT IT, MEATBALL!

UM — THANK YOU, SMURK! AND WE'LL BE BRINGING YOU **LIVE FOOTAGE** OF THAT CONTROVERSIAL MIXED PAIRS EVENT AFTER **THESE** MESSAGES...

I DON'T GIVE A **DAMN** IF IT'S AN ATHLETIC EVENT — **ASSAULT IS ASSAULT**, SCUMBAG! I WANT TO SEE **SPANKING PERMITS** FOR THE WHOLE TROUPE AS OF **YESTERDAY!**

TH-THEY WERE **MISFILED!** WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET NEW ONES!

WHAT'S YOUR **STATUS**, OLDHAM?

JUST KEEPING THE DEVIANTS IN LINE, DREDD —

I TOLD YOU TO WATCH THE **DRESSING ROOMS**, NOT BULLY CONTESTANTS!

GET BACK TO IT! **NOBODY** GETS IN WITHOUT A **PRE-ARRANGED PASS!**

NO NUTTY SEX

DREDD

LOT OF TROUBLE FOR ONE FREAK..

YOU! LET'S SEE A PASS!

HERE YOU GO, JUDGE —

VIP DIX PASS

PRE-ARRANGED FAMILY PASS FOR DIX. HERE FOR THE MUTIE, HUH?

LET'S JUST SAY I'M HOPING NOT TO MISS HIM...

AND THAT'S A TOTAL OF NINETY-NINE POINT THREE FOR THE TEXANS AFTER THEIR RO-DEO-THEMED DISPLAY — BRILLIANT USE OF THE MECHANICAL BULL THERE!

THAT'S GOING TO BE THE SCORE TO BEAT FOR THE FLEDGLING MEGA-CITY TEAM!

ALL EYES ARE ON JONES, JONES AND CROFT AS THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES —

FOR DREDD, THIS IS THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

AN ASSASSIN WON'T WAIT UNTIL AFTER THE EVENT.

TRAINED EYES SCAN THE CROWD, LOOKING FOR ANYTHING OUT OF PLACE —

A PRIEST...?

DREDD

ORDER OF SAINT RUSH THE ULTRACONSERVATIVE, IF HE WAS ANY JUDGE. STRANGE AUDIENCE FOR A SEX COMPETITION —

YOU!

DREDD

A MASTERFUL APPROACH HERE —

— AND AN AUDIBLE GASP FROM THE CROWD AS THIS NEW ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE UNLEASHES HIS SECRET WEAPON —

— TO BE MET WITH EQUAL PASSION BY HIS PARTNER IN THIS DAZZLING DISPLAY!

DROP IT, PUNK!

BDAM

UNNGH!

— A SINGLE MOAN OF DESIRE THERE, EXQUISITELY TIMED —

YOU WON'T — STOP ME —

BLAM BLAM BLAM

— HANDS TREMBLING, WHOLE BODY SEEMING TO SHAKE WITH THE SPASMS OF ECSTASY... THIS IS A WORLD-CLASS PERFORMANCE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

WAIT, IS THAT GUNFIRE?

DIE, FOUL TEMPTERS! PEDDLERS OF SATAN'S LUST!

BLAM BLAM

IT IS! WE'RE WITNESSING AN ASSASSINATON ATTEMPT ON THE JONESES!

AND ASTONISHINGLY, THE COMPETITORS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE EVEN NOTICED!

THEY'RE SO CAUGHT UP IN EACH OTHER THAT THEY PAY IT NO HEED!

AAAHH!

BDAM

OH! AND THERE'S THE CLIMAX! BEAUTIFUL!

AND AS THE INTENSITY OF THE MOMENT FADES, ALL THAT'S LEFT BETWEEN THESE TWO IS A SINGLE CHARGED LOOK...

...AND THE WHISPERED PROMISE OF TIME TO COME.

THIRTY YEARS, CREEP!

THE GOLD MEDAL IS ALMOST A FORMALITY —

SO, WAIT, SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO KILL US DURING THAT?

TAKES MORE THAN A BLASTER TO BRING GONZO DOWN, BABY! AWWW-RIGHT!

FOR **HARDY DIX**, THE VICTORY IS ALMOST BITTER.

TO PASS THE TORCH IS ONE THING. TO BE **ECLIPSED** IN THE PUBLIC EYE BY A TALENT THAT OUTSHINES YOUR **OWN**...

STILL, TONIGHT IS A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION — A TIME FOR **FAMILY.**

NOK NOK

CITIZEN DIX?

JUDGE DREDD — THIS **IS** A SURPRISE! I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR —

I'M AFRAID THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL VISIT.

REVEREND SADDLEBACK USED **THIS PASS** TO GAIN ENTRANCE TO THE DRESSING ROOMS.

THAT'S THE ONE WE GAVE **OZZY**...

I — I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

SADDLEBACK RAN AN **AFTER-SCHOOL GROUP** AT DAN SAVAGE BLOCK ACADEMY — **THE UNSULLIED RING FOUNDATION FOR TOTAL SEXUAL ABSTINENCE.**

YOUR SON **IS** A MEMBER?

WELL, **YES** — B-BUT IT'S JUST A **PHASE** HE'S GOING THROUGH! **SURELY** YOU CAN'T THINK THAT —

HOW ABOUT IT, SON?

I-I DIDN'T KNOW THE REVEREND WAS GONNA TRY TO **KILL** ANYBODY —

LIE DETECTOR SAYS DIFFERENT. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.

P-PLEASE — YOU **CAN'T**! HE'S A **GOOD** BOY —

HE WAS JUST LED **ASTRAY**, THAT'S ALL! HE FELL IN WITH A **BAD CROWD** —

I SYMPATHISE, CITIZEN — BUT THERE'S **NO** EXCUSE FOR **CONSPIRACY** TO **MURDER.**

STILL, ON THE **PLUS** SIDE, YOUNG OZZY WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE ABSTAINING FROM **ANYTHING** FOR THE NEXT **FIFTEEN YEARS.**

MOVE!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

IT CAME FROM BEA ARTHUR BLOCK

THE TWICE-WEEKLY FLIGHT FROM HOLIDAY PLANET FELDER'S WORLD TOUCHED DOWN EXACTLY TWO MINUTES AHEAD OF SCHEDULE AT MEGA-CITY'S GIL GERRARD SPACEPORT. OF THE FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN PASSENGERS ON BOARD, THIS MAN — LEON LUTTZ — CARRIED WITH HIM A HORROR FROM BEYOND THE STARS THAT COULD SOON BRING MEGA-CITY ONE TO ITS KNEES!

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13

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LAW

SCRIPT
GORDON RENNIE
ART
PJ HOLDEN
COLOURS
EVA DE LA CRUZ
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

ANYTHING TO DECLARE, CITIZENS?

ONLY THAT WE HAD A SWELL TIME, AND THAT IT'S A REAL KICK UP THE ASS TO BE BACK HOME SO SOON!

COMEDIAN, HUH? LUTTZ, LEON. RESIDENT OF BEA ARTHUR BLOCK. SAYS HERE YOU'VE A HISTORY OF BALD-O ACTIVISM.

ARSON ATTACKS ON HAIR TRANSPLANT CLINICS, HARASSING CITS WEARING TOUPEES — THAT THE KIND OF EXTREMIST BALD-O STUFF YOU'RE INTO, LUTTZ?

ABSOLUTELY NOT. AS A LEADING MEMBER OF THE SECTOR 273 SOUTH SLAPHEAD COMMUNITY, I'VE ALWAYS ADVOCATED PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE WITH OUR FOLLICLE-UNCHALLENGED FELLOW CITIZENS.

'SAY IT LOUD, WE'RE BALD AND WE'RE PROUD.' THAT'S THE ONLY MESSAGE I WANT TO GIVE OUT.

YOU'RE FREE TO GO, CURLY. JUST MAKE SURE YOU KEEP THAT BIG SHINY DOME OF YOURS OUT OF TROUBLE, UNDERSTAND?

PROBABLY JUST A REGULAR CIT. NO HARM IN GIVING THEM THE OCCASIONAL SCARE TO MAKE SURE THEY STAY THAT WAY.

STILL, SOMETHING BOTHERING HIM ABOUT THAT ONE. MAYBE BEST TO —

DREDD — KRAVITZ, SEARCH CUBE SIX.

WE'RE PULLING IN RANDOMS OFF THE METTON SYSTEMS FLIGHT, AND JUST LANDED A DEFINITE POSSIBLE.

REGS SAY I NEED TWO BADGES QUALIFIED IN **ALIEN SPECIES BODY CAVITY SEARCH PROTOCOL**, AND MY PARTNER HERE'S STILL A RAW ROOKIE.

UNDERSTOOD KRAVITZ. ON MY WAY.

GRUDDAMNED JUDGES! TWO WEEKS IN PARADISE, AND THEY CAN'T WAIT TO SLAM YOU DOWN TO EARTH AS SOON AS YOU LAND!

DON'T GET YOURSELF FLUSTERED, HON. YOU KNOW IT BRINGS YOU OUT IN A SCALP RASH, AND YOU'VE GOT THE **SECTOR CHAMPIONSHIPS** COMING UP SOON.

SEE? THAT **INSECT** BITE YOU GOT HAS COME UP ALL NASTY AGAIN. I'LL PUT SOME CREAM ON IT WHEN WE GET HOME...

BEHOLD AND BEWARE, MEGA-CITY ONE! YOUR **IMMINENT DOOM** IS UPON YOU!

AS BEA ARTHUR BLOCK'S BIG HOPE FOR GLORY IN THE FORTHCOMING SLAPHEAD SECTOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, LEON MAINTAINS A STRICT TRAINING REGIME —

THAT MEANS CONSTANT CARE AND ATTENTION TO KEEP HIS PATE IN PEAK HAIRLESS CONDITION —

— AUGMENTED BY A WIDE RANGE OF BALD-O ENHANCEMENT PRODUCTS AIMED AT THE SERIOUS SLAPHEAD.

NATURALLY, AS BLOCK CHAMPION, IT'S LEON'S DUTY TO PASS HIS WISDOM ONTO OTHERS...

...THE SUMP STUFF IS OKAY, IF YOU'RE A BEGINNER ON A BUDGET, BUT THERE'S MUCH BETTER PRODUCTS OUT THERE.

ME, I LIKE THE DAZZLE-DOME RANGE FROM CHUNTO-CHEM, AND SOME OF THE NEW SYNTHI-HERBAL REMEDIES ARE GREAT, WITH NONE OF THE DRYNESS OR FOLLICLE-ITCH PROBLEMS THAT YOU GET FROM CHEAPER PRODUCTS.

WOW, GREAT SHINE EFFECT GOING ON THERE, LEON! GET IT ON HOLIDAY?

SURE DID. ZEMA-RAY COUNT ON FELDER'S WORLD IS FOUR TIMES HIGHER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE, WITH PROVEN REGENERATIVE EFFECTS ON SCALP GLOSS AND LUMINOSITY.

ALL THE SERIOUS SLAPHEADS ARE GOING THERE TO TOP UP ON THEIR DOME SHINE!

WHAT YOU GOT THERE, LEON? LOOKS LIKE AN INSECT BITE.

SOME ALIEN CHIGGER MUSTA TAKEN A BITE OUTTA ME ON VACATION. DAMN THING — JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET RID OF IT.

EXIT

YOU GOT TO TAKE CARE OF THAT, BUDDY. SECTOR CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE NEXT MONTH, AND PIMPLES, SPOTS, MOLES AND RASHES ALWAYS COST YOU POINTS WITH THE JUDGES.

REMEMBER, IT'S BETWEEN US AND **BILL SHATNER BLOCK** THIS YEAR, AND WE NEED YOU IN TOP CONDITION.!

NO PROBLEM. I GET MY FULL SHINE ON, AND THOSE SHATNER SLAPHEADS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM.!

THAT NIGHT, THOUGH, A RUDE SURPRISE AWAITS LEON...

DAMN ALIEN CHIGGER.! COUPLE OF DAYS' TREATMENT WITH **ZITTO GROUND ZERO** WILL TAKE CARE OF —

WHAT THE HELL -?

HAIR! SWEET JOVUS, I'M GROWING HAIR!

GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST, OTHERWISE I'M TOAST ON THE PROFESSIONAL SLAPHEAD CIRCUIT.!

HOSTLEON! NOKILL! MAKEPAIN!

HOSTLEON! NOKILL! MAKEPAIN! MAKEPAIN TOMAKE HOSTLEON NOKILL!

MAKEPAIN TOMAKE HOSTLEON NOKILL!

YYYAAAAGGGH.!

OH DEAR GRUD! YOU'RE NOT AN INSECT BITE. WHAT ARE YOU?

WE/YOU HOSTLEON, WE/I NOTLEON. NOTLEON FRIENDSHIP. NOHARM, PROMISESWEAR. UNDERSTANDAGREE?

UUUH, SURE. I GUESS...

LISTEN... JUST DON'T BRAIN-FRY ME AGAIN, OKAY?

LEON, HON — YOU GOTTA MAKE SO MUCH NOISE IN THE BATHROOM?

SORRY, DOLL. I... I WAS JUST WAXING MY HEAD. MUSTA USED TOO HIGH A HEAT...

BE

SAY, HONEY — COULD YOU MAKE ME AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE BLOCK DOCTOR TOMORROW? I THINK I NEED TO GET THAT CHIGGER BITE LOOKED AT...

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY:

COWER-RUN BEFORE THE MIGHT-MAJESTY OF THE CONCORDAT OF ZZZM, HUMAN-EARTH SLAVES! THIS WORLD-CITY WILL SOON BE OURS-MINE!

STANDARD EXECUTION ROUNDS HAVING NO EFFECT.!

HI-EX.!

DEFIANCE IS FUTILE-POINTLESS! THE CONCORDATE OF ZZZM WILL CONQUER-SURVIVE!

GRUD.! SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC-POWERED LIVING WIG CREATURE.!

GIVE IT A QUICK TRIM WITH THE BIKE CANNONS.!

EEEEEEEEE!

CONTROL, NEED AN IMMEDIATE LAB TEK I.D. ON A POSSIBLE UNKNOWN ALIEN SPECIES.

GOT A FEELING THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS THING CAME FROM...

TREMBLE IN FEAR, MEGA-CITY.! THE TERROR HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN.!

A TYPICALLY TRANQUIL SCENE IN MEGA-CITY ONE? PERHAPS, BUT LOOK CLOSER..

LEON.! HEY, LEON LUTTZ.!

WAKE UP, MEGA-CITY.! ALIEN NIGHTMARE IN HUMAN FORM — COLD, CRUEL, CALCULATING — WALKS AMONG YOU.!

H-HEY, FELLOWS. DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE...

YOU COMING TO THE MEETING LATER, LEON? GOT A GUEST SPEAKER COMING OVER FROM DUNC GOODHEW — 'BODY HAIR: YOU'VE SHAVED YOUR HEAD, NOW WHAT ABOUT THE REST?'

SOUNDS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE A GOOD ONE.!

SURE, I'LL BE THERE. BUT, LISTEN, I GOTTA GO. GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO —

BALD PRIDE

SO WHAT'S WITH THE DOME COVER? YOU GOIN' ALL UNDERCOVER SLAPHEAD ON US?

THE HAT? NAH, JUST WORKING ON... UHH... SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THE SECTOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

DON'T KNOW WHO MIGHT BE WATCHING — GOTTA KEEP MY SECRETS HIDDEN FROM THE COMPETITION.!

HEAR YA.! STAY BALD, LEON.! THE WHOLE BLOCK'S ROOTIN' FOR YA.!

SUSPECT- FEAR, HOSTLEON. THEY ASK-WANT TOO MUCH INFORMATION- QUESTIONS!

THEY'RE MY FRIENDS. WE AIN'T GONNA BRAIN-FRY 'EM, OKAY?

CLR

'JUST GO BACK TO SLEEP. HOST LEON'S GOT SOME BORING HUMAN HOST STUFF TO DO...'

AH, LEON. HERE FOR A PRE-COMPETITION PATE CHECK? FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, THE WHOLE BLOCK'S COUNTING ON YOU.'

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, DOC...

SEE, I KINDA GOT THIS PROBLEM...

DANGER- RISK, HOSTLEON! TOO EARLY FOR EXPOSURE- EMERGENCE!

DANGER- RISK! MUST CONQUER- SURVIVE!

BZZ ZZKKKK!

NO.!

DREDD — IT'S VEESEY, AT MED-LAB 44. YOU GOT A MINUTE?

HOLD ON.

CONTROL — ONE FOR PICK-UP, PETEY MOLYNEUX IVORY TOWERS. SUSPICIOUS EXCESS HAPPINESS — RECOMMEND TESTING FOR NARCO-USE, AND POSSIBLE PSYCH-EVALUATION.

GO AHEAD, VEESEY.

I'VE GOT YOUR ALIEN SPECIMEN HERE, DREDD — OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

WHAT'D YOU DO? RUN IT OVER WITH YOUR LAWMASTER?

ONLY AFTER HI-EX AND BIKE CANNONS DIDN'T FULLY KILL IT. SO WHAT IS IT?

GOOD QUESTION. TOOK A WHILE TO TRACK DOWN, BUT IT'S ONE OF THE ZMMM, A SPECIES OF HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND PSYCHICALLY ACTIVE PARASITE CREATURES.

HOW'D IT GET HERE?

ANOTHER GOOD QUESTION...

'THEY'RE MIGRATORY, DRIFTING THROUGH DEEP SPACE FOR GRUD KNOWS HOW LONG UNTIL THEY FIND A HABITABLE PLANET...

'THEN THEY ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE IN THEIR MILLIONS. MOST OF 'EM PROBABLY DIE IN THE PROCESS.

'SOME OF 'EM, PROBABLY NO MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED THOUSAND, SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TRY TO FIND A HOST...

'MOST OF THOSE ONES DON'T MAKE IT EITHER. BUT A FEW, A LUCKY TOUGH-ENOUGH FEW, MANAGE TO MAKE IT THROUGH...

'SOLID GROUND, AND WARM FLESH. THAT'S WHAT THEY NEED TO GROW.'

OOOWW.!

SOMETHING WRONG, LEON HON?

DAMN ALIEN CHIGGERS — ONE OF 'EM JUST TOOK A **BITE** OUT OF MY DOME.!

I'VE CHECKED — THEY'RE NATIVE TO THE **SENECA QUADRANT.**

YOUR INFECTED PERP WAS A SPACER ON A FACTORY RIG WORKING OUT THERE. WE'VE ALREADY GOT THE REST OF THE CREW IN QUARANTINE.

OTHER THAN THAT, THE MOST RECENT FLIGHT IN FROM THERE WAS —

THE FELDER'S WORLD HOLIDAY SHUTTLE THAT CAME IN AT GIL GERRARD YESTERDAY.

GRUD, I WAS WORKING CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION DUTY THEN.!

FEEDING THE PASSENGER AND CREW LIST THROUGH TO YOU. LET ME KNOW IF —

LUTTZ, LEON. BEA ARTHUR BLOCK. HAD A FEELING ABOUT HIM — BALD-O ACTIVIST CREEP WITH AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM.

Luttz, Leon

I'M ONLY HALF A SECTOR FROM BEA ARTHUR. ASSIGN LOCAL SECTOR UNITS TO THE OTHER NAMES — I'M ON LUTTZ.

Luttz, Leon
Duchess, Spikes
Afforested, Brim
Dissuades, Flatter
Squadron, Remembrance
Hydraulicking, Sleaze
Buyers, Birettas
Bighearted, Bystander
Sabbath, Wholly
Ragamuffin, Drafty
Knitwear,Groundhug
Cytology,Argentinian

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, DREDD. INCUBATION PERIOD IS ONLY A FEW DAYS, AND THESE THINGS MATURE **FAST**...

"YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN WHAT JUST ONE OF THEM CAN DO. IMAGINE HOW MUCH WORSE IT COULD GET IF THEY FIND THE RIGHT KIND OF BREEDING GROUND TO SPREAD FROM."

JUST IN TIME, L. YOU COMIN' IN?

HERE

AHHH... MAYBE NOT, GUYS. THE DOC, HE SAID I GOTTA TAKE IT EASY FOR A FEW DAYS. Y'KNOW, REST UP BEFORE THE —

BALD PRIDE

OBEY-SERVE, HOSTLEON! MINGLE-INFECT WITH OTHER SUITABLE HOST-VICTIMS!

SURE, WHY NOT?

THAT'S IT.' CAN'T HAVE A MEET WITHOUT OUR CHAMP, RIGHT?

HEY, YOU HEAR THE RUMOUR THAT THEM DIRTY SHATNER BLOCKERS ARE PLANNING ON BRINGING IN A RINGER FROM SOME RAD-SICKNESS CLINIC?

C'MON, LEON, YOU KNOW THE RULES — NO HEADGEAR ALLOWED. BALD IS BEAUTIFUL! SAY IT LOUD — WE'RE SLAPHEADS, AND WE'RE PROUD!

LISTEN, MAYBE I BETTER SKIP TONIGHT. THINGS ARE KINDA WEIRD RIGHT NOW —

OBEY- SERVE! INFECT- MINGLE!

THAT YOUR 'SPECIAL SOMETHING' FOR THE SECTOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, L? I GOTTA SAY, I AIN'T TOO SURE THE JUDGES ARE GONNA —

ZAAAAAAAAM

COWER IN FEAR-OBEDIENCE, HUMAN SLAVE-HOSTS! THE CONCORDAT OF ZMMM IS HERE TO PROPAGATE- CONQUER!

INCIDENT IN PROGRESS, MEETING OF BEA ARTHUR BLOCK SLAPHEAD CLUB. NO FURTHER DETAILS. LOCAL UNITS, INVESTIGATE AND REPORT.

THAT'S MY ALIEN PARASITE PERP! ALL AVAILABLE UNITS, CONVERGE ON BEA ARTHUR...

'...THINGS ARE GOING TO GET HAIRY THERE!

SUCCUMB- OBEY, HUMAN CATTLE-SUBJECTS! THE CONCORDAT OF ZMMM IS HERE AMONGST YOU!

WHAT YA DOIN', L? THIS IS CRAZY!

IT... IT AIN'T ME! I CAN'T CONTROL IT!

INFECT- PROPOGATE! INCREASE OUR STRENGTH- NUMBERS!

YAAAAAAAGH!

SECOND-STAGE INFECTION: WHAT ONCE TOOK DAYS, NOW HAPPENS IN MOMENTS!

WHAT THE HELL -?

AAAAAHH! M-MY DOME! IT'S BURNING!

CATACLYSM AND CATASTROPHE, MEGA-CITY ONE! ONCE UNLEASHED, THE PLAGUE CANNOT BE STOPPED!

POP

CONQUER-SUBJUGATE!

EEEP EEEP EEEP!

EEEP!

EEEEEP!

PREVAIL-SURVIVE!

EEEP EEEP!

RUN.! IT'S STILL COMING.!

FOOLISH HUMANS! YOU CANNOT FLEE- DEFY US!

DAMN BALD-O FREAKS.! I KNEW THEY WAS GONNA TRY TO TAKE OVER ONE DAY.!

UNSUITABLE HOST-SLAVE! PURGE- REMOVE!

CLEAR THE SQUARE.! CREEP WITH THE HOMICIDAL HAIRPIECE IS MINE.!

JUDGES.! OH THANK GRUD.!

WARNED YOU TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, CURLY. SHOULD HAVE LISTENED.

HI-EX.!

BUT...

RISK- DANGER! FIND NEW SLAVE BODY- HOST!

DROKK! RUG ATTACK!

CAN'T SEE -!

RUBY'S BRAZILLIAN WAX JOINT

SKAARSH

BUSH BE GONE

BEYOND BUSH

PUBE REMOVE

DROKK... THING'S TRYING TO BRAIN-DRILL ME! ONE CHANCE —

SUBMIT- SURRENDER! OBEY-SERVE THE CONCORDAT!

RICOCHET!

NEW TRISPOINTS 9¢

EEEEEEEEEEEEEK!

DREDD — MED-DIVISION ARE REQUESTING WE CAPTURE A FULLY GROWN ONE OF THESE THINGS FOR STUDY.

VEESEY AT MED-LAB 44 SAYS DISABLING THEIR **PSI-ACTIVE HAIR TENDRILS** PRETTY MUCH RENDERS THEM HARMLESS.

UNDERSTOOD, CONTROL.

ASK VEESEY HOW HE WANTS HIS SPECIMEN — **QUICK TRIM, OR FULL BRAZILIAN?**

SOON...

SEE THIS GETS TO VEESEY AT MED 44. HE'S EXPECTING IT.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

PARASITES ARE TOO UNDER-DEVELOPED TO BE A THREAT. WE'LL REMOVE THEM SURGICALLY, AND GIVE THE HOSTS A **FULL-SCALP SKIN-STRIP**, JUST TO BE CERTAIN.

NO ONE HERE'S GOING TO BE WINNING ANY MORE BALD-O BEAUTY CONTESTS ANYTIME SOON.

AND SO THE HORROR ENDS...

OR DOES IT...?

OOOWW.!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SWEETS?

SOME ALIEN CHIGGER! DAMN THING JUST TOOK A BITE OUT MY ASS!

FELDER'S WORLD NUDE-O HOLIDAY RESERVE

BEWARE, MEGA-CITY.! SOON THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS AGAIN.!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

HIGH SPIRITS

STARKWEATHER-FUGATE CONURB.

LOW RENT. HIGH CRIME. ALL BAD.

THE MED AND MEAT WAGONS HAVE JUST FINISHED SCRAPING THE CORPSES OFF THE CONCOURSE WHEN ANOTHER PSYCHO HITS THE SPRAWL RUNNING...

BRRR

GHHKHHHKKK...

NUH... NO CHANGE.! PRICE CHECK.! PRICE CHECK.!

JOVIS.! CREEP'S NOT DONE — HE'S STILL GOT PLENTY OF FIGHT IN HIM.!

PROBABLY STOKED ON STIMS. CUFF HIM.

YOU GOOD?

I'LL LIVE.

OK, TRANQ HIM DOWN AND PATCH HIM UP...

'...THEN BRING HIM TO ME FOR INTERROGATION.'

RUN THAT BY ME AGAIN.

ALL FIVE OF YOUR PERPS SCOPED **CLEAN.** SPREE-KILLING NUTJOBS THEY MAY BE, BUT THERE WASN'T A TRACE OF STIMS, PEPS, NARCS, JACK-UPS OR SPRUCE-JUICE IN THEM.

SEE FOR YOURSELF. NOT EVEN A **SNIFF** OF CAFFEINE, SUGAR OR NICOTINE. I DID FIND SOME ODD CHEMS FLOATING AROUND BUT NOTHING NASTY, NOTHING ILLEGAL, AND CERTAINLY NOTHING TO TURN THEM ALL INTO MAD-DOG KILLERS.

SOME CREEPS DON'T NEED A REASON.

TITO BEANS

KASPAR GLIM

TITO BEANS, KASPAR GLIM, SPIRO PLUME, COHD MORAY AND LUMINOUS RAHLS. ALL EX-PERPS AND PAROLEES.

TWO STREET-DIPPERS, AN ILLEGAL MUNCE VENDOR, A BELLY-WHEEL INSURANCE SCAMMER AND A BITE-FIGHT BADMAN.

PRETTY HARDCORE, EH?

ALL FIVE RESIDENTS OF STARKWEATHER-FUGATE. ALL TURNED PSYCHO WITHIN A FORTY-MINUTE WINDOW.

THEY WERE ALSO ALL EMPLOYEES OF **AETHERWERKS** — THE ALIEN OUTSOURCING FRANCHISE THAT'S BEEN SPRINGING UP ALL OVER THANKS TO THE TAX BREAKS AND RELOCATION INCENTIVES THE CITY GIVES THEM.

'THEY SET UP SHOP IN THE MOST DISENFRANCHISED 'BURBS. SOMETHING IN THEIR RELIGION ABOUT HELPING THE LOWEST OF THE LOW.

'THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN USING MECHS OR DROIDS — NOTHING INORGANIC. THEY'RE SOME KIND OF **KARMA CULT**. THEY FOLLOW THE CITY REGS TO THE LETTER AND ALL THEIR PERMITS CHECK OUT.'

YOUR PERPS WORKED FOR THEM BUT SO DO OVER HALF THEIR BLOCK AND THEY'VE NOT GONE BUGGO.

NOT YET.

DREDD? YOU REQUESTED A PSI-JUDGE — I'M PEACH.

GOOD. NOW MAYBE WE CAN FINALLY GET SOME ANSWERS.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS SEDATED?

HE IS. ANY MORE AND YOU'D BE QUESTIONING HIS CORPSE.

VERY WELL, I'LL RUN A SWEEP OF HIS **SUBCONSCIOUS** FIRST. BUT FROM THE STATE OF HIM, I CAN'T GUARANTEE HOW COGENT HE'LL BE...

UHH... T-THIS ISN'T RIGHT... HE... HE'S FIGHTING...

BUT... IT ISN'T ME HE'S RESISTING... THERE'S... SOMETHING ELSE...

GRUD!

GET AWAY FROM HIM.!

GIIIIAAAAHHHH.!

NYYUHHH... NUH-NO... NO.! GET AWAY.! IT'S MINE.! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT.!

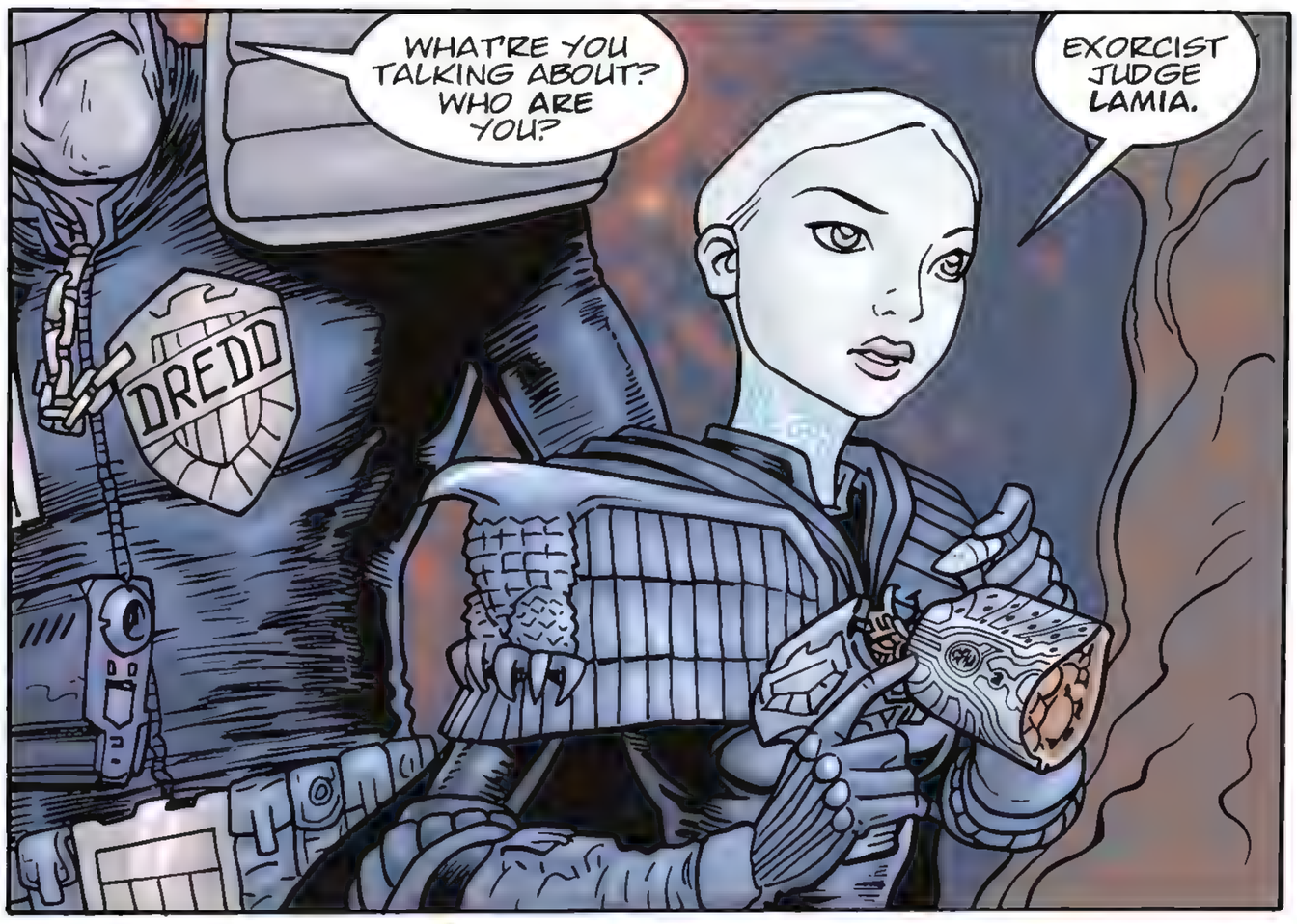
PEACH.!

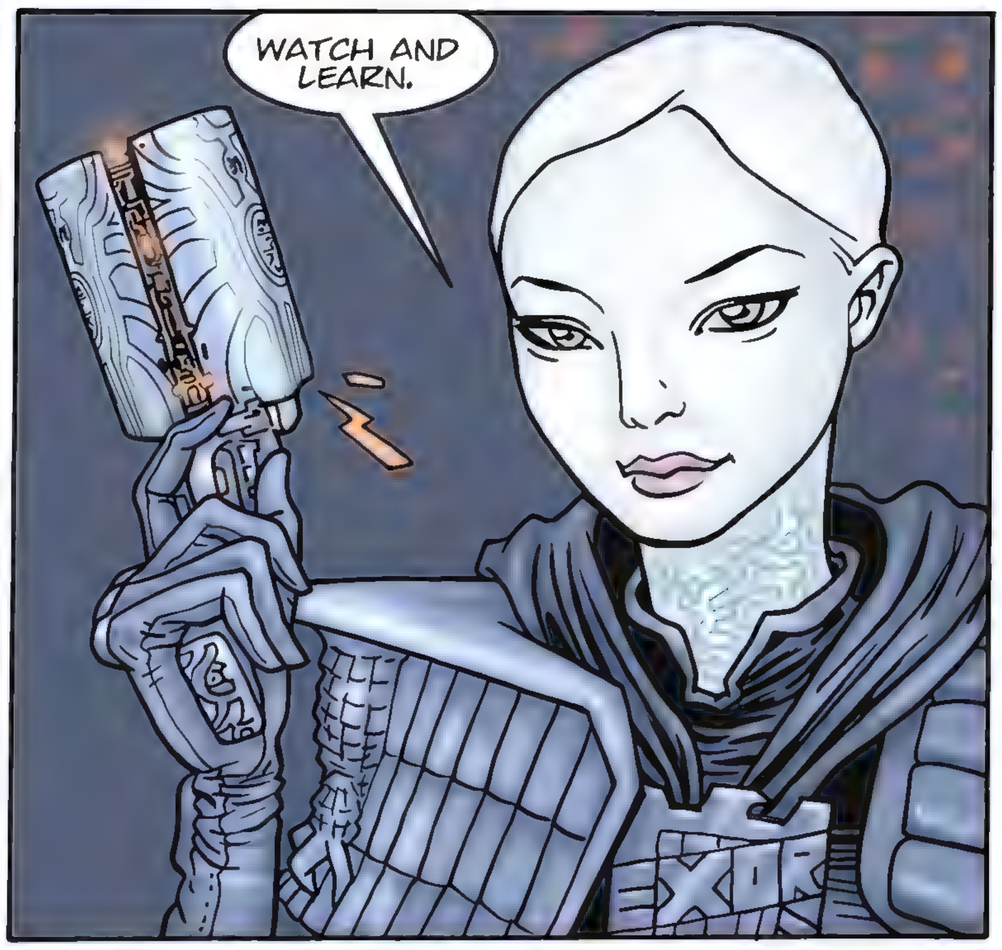
GEDDAWAY.! YOU CAN'T COME IN.! YOU CAN'T.!

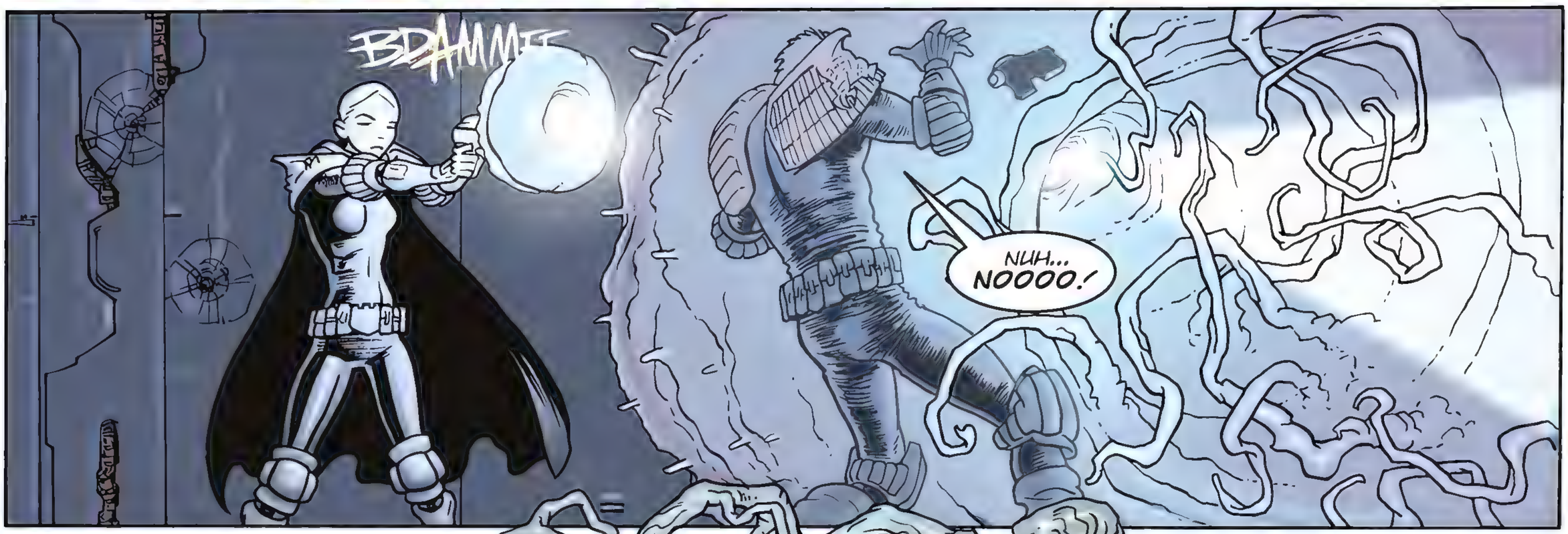
BDAWW BDAWW BDAWW

DROKK.! HE'S LOST IT.!

NO, IT'S NOT HIM.! IT'S NOT HIS FAULT.!


WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO ARE YOU?
EXORCIST JUDGE LAMIA.
DREDD


WATCH AND LEARN.
EXOR


BDAMMF
NUH... NOOOO.!

DROKK.!
THERE'S YOUR KILLER!

HKKK.!

BDMMMMMM BBBDMMM

STOMM.! LAWGIVER ROUNDS ARE HAVING NO EFFECT - .!

FORGET IT. IT'S LIKE TRYING TO CATCH SMOKE WITH A HAMMER. YOU NEED ONE OF THESE.

SOUL SPIKE.

IT'LL ANCHOR THAT THING TO THIS REALITY, MAKE IT TANGIBLE AND VULNERABLE.

I'M GOING IN.! WHEN I'M CLEAR, BURN IT.!

SKHRIIIII!

RHIIEEE!

DREDD!

INCENDIARY!

BAMMF

GHIRIIAAAAAAAHHHH!

PEACH?

ALIVE, BUT HE'S IN DEEP PSYCHIC SHOCK. HE CAN'T TELL US ANYTHING.

SO WHY DON'T **YOU** FILL ME IN, LAMIA? YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS.

ACTUALLY, I'M JUST HERE PLAYING A HUNCH. TECHNICALLY, I SUPPOSE, YOU'D CALL IT A MISSING PERSONS' CASE...

'THE DEAD ARE DISAPPEARING WITHOUT TRACE.'

ISO-24

AT THE TIME OF DEATH, THE ECTOPLASMIC ENERGY OF A DEPARTING HUMAN SOUL CREATES A KIND OF **STATIC FIELD** THAT CERTAIN PSI AND EXO-JUDGES CAN PICK UP ON.

WE DETECTED IT OVER A DECADE AGO IN THE WAKE OF THE NECROPOLIS EVENT. THE FIELD BLANKETS THE CITY, BUT IT'S BENIGN.

IT'S ALSO **DENSER** IN CERTAIN SECTORS — HIGH HOMICIDE HOTSPOTS, BLOCK WAR-ZONES, THAT KIND OF THING...

AND THE POINT IS?

THE FIELD'S BEGUN **DIMINISHING** RECENTLY, THINNING IN PLACES. IT'S USUALLY THICK ENOUGH TO STAND A SPOON UP IN.

LIKE STARKWEATHER-FUGATE?

WHEN I HEARD OF THE SUDDEN SPATE OF SPREE KILLINGS IN THIS SECTOR, I THOUGHT IT WORTH A LOOK.

HOLD ON, IF ONLY YOU AND PEACH COULD SEE THAT CREATURE IN ITS NATURAL STATE, WITHOUT PUTTING THE SHOW-AND-TELL WHAMMY ON IT...

...WHY WAS RAHLS ACTING AS FREAKED AS PEACH EARLIER? COULD HE SEE IT TOO? COULD THE OTHERS?

WHAT IF THEIR KILLS WERE JUST COLLATERAL DAMAGE AS THEY FOUGHT THAT THING OFF?

COULD BE, BUT IT'S A LEAP. WE DON'T HAVE ANY PROOF.

'NOT YET... BUT I KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING.'

ALL OF THESE MEN WERE KILLERS, YOU SAY?

AND THEY ALL WORKED FOR YOU AT THIS PLANT, HOLT. PAROLEES AND PERPS, THE LOT OF THEM.

AS DO HUNDREDS OF OTHERS. THOUSANDS, CITYWIDE.

THE CORE OF THE AETHER'S FAITH IS THAT NO ONE IS IRREDEEMABLE. THEY FEEL WE ARE ALL BORN PURE BUT ARE TAINTED BY BITTER EXPERIENCE AND A TOXIC ENVIRONMENT.

WITH KINDNESS, CONSIDERATION AND MEDITATION, EVEN THE DARKEST OF NATURES CAN BE REDEEMED.

THAT'LL BE A COMFORT TO THEIR VICTIMS' FAMILIES —

SOME SOULS ARE HARDER TO SAVE THAN OTHERS...

...BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN WE SHOULD FORSAKE THEM, ONLY THAT WE MUST TRY HARDER TO REACH THEM.

AH, MAY I INTRODUCE **ADMINISTRATOR SYMBERLINE** OF THE AETHER. SHE IS OVERSEER OF ALL OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S AETHERWERKS FACILITIES.

THIS IS JUDGE DREDD... AND JUDGE LAMIA.

YOU ARE WELCOME HERE. DESPITE THIS BEING **AETHER DIPLOMATIC TERRITORY**, I ASSURE YOU WE SHALL DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO ASSIST YOUR INVESTIGATION.

AFTER ALL, WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE.

FORENSIC TEAMS WILL RUN A SWEEP OF THE PLACE. EVERYONE WILL BE QUESTIONED, YOURSELF INCLUDED.

OF COURSE.

WE'LL KNOW MORE ONCE WE'VE INTERROGATED RAHLS.

BUT... I THOUGHT ALL THE KILLERS WERE DEAD?

HE'S WOUNDED AND UNCONSCIOUS. IT WON'T STOP A PSI-JUDGE FROM CHECKING HIM OUT.

THEN, GABRIEL, WE MUST BE GRATEFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.

INDEED.

'THEY'RE HIDING SOMETHING...'

HOLT IS, AT LEAST. I CAN'T TELL WITH THE ALIEN. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

LAMIA?

SYMBERLINE IS DEAD... OR AT LEAST SOME ASPECT OF HER IS.

I COULD SEE HER SOUL — HALF OF IT WAS RANK AND ROTTEN, LIKE SOME VILE CONJOINED TWIN.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I KNOW BECAUSE I CAN SEE THE DEAD...

...BECAUSE I'M ONE OF THEM.

I'M A DEAD GIRL WALKING...

'SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT YOU'RE DEAD?'

'YES... AND NO. IT'S COMPLICATED.'

I'M LISTENING.

OKAY...

'I WAS ALIVE...

'I DIED...

'...I CAME BACK.'

END OF STORY.
IT'S A LITTLE LIGHT ON DETAIL.
ARE WE WORKING A CASE OR GETTING ENGAGED?
SO... IF YOU CAN SEE THE DEAD, CAN YOU TALK TO THEM AS WELL?
SURE, AND THEY TALK BACK.
CAN I?
BE MY GUEST, YOU'VE DRAWN QUITE A MOB. PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR FINISHING OFF A FAIR FEW OF THEM.
IT ONLY WORKS ONE WAY FOR YOU, THOUGH, SO I'LL TRANSLATE...
TITO BEANS.! KASPAR GLIM.! SPIRO PLUME.! COHD MORAY.!
FRONT AND CENTRE, CREEPS.!
GO DROKK Y'SELF, DREDD.!
YEAH, WE AIN'T IN YOUR JURISPRUDENCE NO LONGER.!
YOU CAN'T TOUCH US.!

HE CAN'T, BUT I CAN. TRUST ME, THIS'LL STING!

DEAD OR ALIVE, NO ONE STICKS THEIR NECK OUT FOR A NEWBIE.

HEY - !

IT'S ALL FOUR OF THEM, DREDD. HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY'D BE HERE?

I DIDN'T. BUT BEANS AND GLIM WERE BOTH STREET-DIPPERS — THEY LIKE TO WORK A CROWD. OLD HABITS DIE HARD.

QUESTION — WHY THE SPREE KILL?

IT... IT WASN'T LIKE THAT. I NEVER KILLED NO ONE BEFORE...

WE HADDA DO SOMETHIN'... TO KEEP 'EM OFFA US!

THOSE THINGS... THEY WANTED IN! T'GET INTA US!

IT WAS THE DROKKIN' DOPE THAT RETARD RAHLS SCORED. SAID IT WAS PRIMO STUFF. NEW. NOTHIN' LIKE IT NOWHERE.

HE COULD LAY HIS HANDS ON CRATES OF IT. WANTED T'CUT US IN, T'HELP DISTRIBUTE IT. EVEN THREW IN A FREE SAMPLE EACH.

TRIP OF A GRUDDAMN' LIFETIME, MY ASS!

IT WAS DRUGS. THEY WERE TRIPPING ON SOMETHING RAHLS GAVE THEM... EXCEPT AFTER WHAT WE SAW, I'D SAY IT WAS FOR REAL.

LOLA SAID THEY ALL SCOPED CLEAN FOR NARCS AND STIMS...

SO WHAT IF IT WAS SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T REGISTER ON A CONVENTIONAL SCAN?

SOMETHING UNCONVENTIONAL...

'...SOMETHING ALIEN.'

BAR

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? THIS IS DREDD WE'RE TALKING ABOUT — HE'LL NEVER LET UP! IF A PSI-JUDGE GETS INSIDE RAHLS' HEAD, WE'RE SCREWED!

RAHLS IS A BURNT-OUT CASE — A CONVICTED FELON LIKE THE REST. HE WON'T BE THE FIRST OF THESE KNUCKLEDRAGGERS TO GET HIGH AND SLAUGHTER THEIR OWN, OR THE LAST.

THE EVIDENCE IS CIRCUMSTANTIAL AT BEST. WE'LL PLAY ALONG, BUT IF THEY PUSH TOO FAR WE'LL SCREAM XENO-HARASSMENT.

WE'LL THREATEN TO RELOCATE, TAKE OUR INVESTMENT ELSEWHERE. THEN WE'LL SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES THE POWERS-THAT-BE TO QUASH THE CASE...

ONE THING — THAT JUDGE, THE GIRL. I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT ME. THERE'S SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT ABOUT HER. I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HER..

MMPH.! MMPH.!

AHHH.! I DO BELIEVE THIS BATCH IS THE BEST YET. SO RIPE AND RICH AND PIQUANT. THE FEAR AND MISERY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION, WITH JUST A CITRUS TWIST OF HOPE FOR CONTRAST.

IT'S A PITY YOU CAN'T TRY THIS, GABRIEL. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING... OR RATHER, YOU DO.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT RAHLS? CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OR NOT, HE'S A DIRECT LINK BACK TO US!

RELAX, GABRIEL...

...I'M TAKING CARE OF IT AS WE SPEAK.

'I PROMISE YOU, BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OUT, MR RAHLS' SINS WILL HAVE FOUND HIM OUT...'

SO MUCH FOR MY THEORY...

...LOOKS LIKE IT'S A NO-SHOW.

NO, YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY'VE SENT SOMEONE TO SILENCE RAHLS.

IT'S SYMBERLINE'S OTHER HALF!

HKK-HKKKHHKK!

I'D CALL THAT INTERFERING WITH A WITNESS, WOULDN'T YOU?

GRUDDAMMIT... MISSED!

EEE!

IT'S RABBITING - !

NO PROBLEM.

DREDD

'WE KNOW WHERE IT'S HEADING...'

GIIUHH! SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE JUDGES... THEY KNOW!

THAT LITTLE BITCH — SHE'S ON TO US!

HOW? YOU TOLD ME THIS WAS FOOLPROOF! YOU'VE RUN THIS OPERATION ON A DOZEN DIFFERENT WORLDS!

I'M TOO PLUMP AND PRETTY FOR THE CUBES! I DON'T WANT TO BE SOME SWEATY MUTIE'S LOVE CUSHION!

BE SILENT! DO YOU IMAGINE THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED? THERE ARE CONTINGENCY PLANS FOR SUCH AN EVENTUALITY. BUT YOU MUST REMAIN CALM...

TRUST ME, GABRIEL, I HAVE IT ALL IN HAND.

DREDD TO ALL UNITS! THE AETHERWERKS FACILITY EMPLOYS A SMALL ARMY OF EX-PERPS AND PAROLEES SO CHANCES ARE WE'LL FACE SOME TOUGH RESISTANCE —

UH, DREDD?

MAYBE NOT.

WHAT IS THIS?

YOU. SPEAK.

UH, THE ALIEN TOLD US ALL T'SIT OUT HERE AN' WAIT FER YOU T'SHOW, JUDGE...

'SUMTHIN' ABOUT NOT MESSIN' UP THE **CRIME SCENE...**'

SUICIDE?

SO IT APPEARS.

WE NEVER JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

AFTER YOUR VISIT, GABRIEL SEEMED SOMEWHAT SKITTISH. IT'S NOT MY PLACE TO PRY BUT WHEN I MENTIONED IT EARLIER TODAY, HE BROKE DOWN AND **CONFESSED** ALL...

ABOUT THE DRUGS?

YES. IT SEEMS HE **GAMBLED** HEAVILY. TO PAY HIS DEBTS, HE WAS PRESSED INTO USING THIS FACILITY TO DISTRIBUTE THEM OFF-WORLD.

AND YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT, RIGHT?

OF COURSE NOT. IT **VIOLATES** EVERY TENET OF OUR FAITH. I AM MERELY AN **ADMINISTRATOR.** I OVERSEE SCORES OF FACILITIES IN THIS CITY ALONE.

OUR TERRAN REPRESENTATIVES ARE SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR MANAGEMENT. IT'S OUR WAY OF DIRECTLY INVOLVING THEM IN THE AETHER ETHIC.

HOWEVER, IT SEEMS POOR GABRIEL WAS SOMEWHAT **LACKING** IN CHARACTER...

HE WAS MORE **HONEST** THAN YOU IMAGINE. WHAT'S BEHIND THAT WALL?

WHY, NOTHING...

DREDD, SHE'S LYING.

HI-EX.!

BOOM.

GRUD.!

OOPS...

SWEET JOVIS.! THE DEAD... THE DEAD ARE THE DRUGS.! THAT'S WHY THE ECTOPLASMIC FIELD'S DIMINISHING — IT'S BEING USED TO MAKE XENO-NARCOTICS.!

MUST BE WHY RAHLS AND THE REST WENT PSYCHO. THAT STUFF ISN'T MEANT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. I DOUBT THEY EVEN KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

WHEN THOSE TORTURED, SHREDDED SOULS GOT RELEASED, THEY WENT LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO HIDE. SOMEWHERE SAFE... FAMILIAR..

LIKE A HUMAN BODY.

WELL? THAT THE AETHER ETHIC TOO?

WHAT CAN I SAY? YOU'VE GOT ME. OR RATHER, YOU DON'T.

THIS FACILITY HAS EMBASSY STATUS — HENCE IT AND I HAVE INTERGALACTIC IMMUNITY AND YOU HAVE NO JURISDICTION HERE.

THE DEAD HAVE NO RIGHTS AND THE SUBSTANCE THEY MAKE ISN'T KNOWN, LET ALONE PROSCRIBED, HERE.

GO AHEAD — ARREST ME. BUT IS YOUR NEW CHIEF JUDGE PREPARED FOR AN INTERGALACTIC INCIDENT THAT WILL NOT ONLY AFFECT THIS CITY'S OFF-WORLD TRADE BUT YOUR WHOLE PLANET'S?

WILL HE MAKE A PARIAH OF YOUR CITY OVER A HANDFUL OF DEAD LOWLIFES?

DREDD?

SHE'S RIGHT. THE LAW'S ON HER SIDE... FOR NOW.

I'LL BE BILLING YOU FOR THE WALL TOO!

LET'S GO.

I PITY YOU, SYMBERLINE. YOU MAY HAVE ESCAPED THE LAW —

— BUT YOU CAN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!

OH, HOW PROSAIC, I...

I... UUHH...

AAAAHHHH!

DROKK! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?

ME? NOTHING. BUT SHE WAS WRONG WHEN SHE SAID THE DEAD HAVE NO RIGHTS...

...THE DEAD JUDGE THEIR OWN.

GNIAAH

ANY COMPLAINTS?

NOT FROM ME.

THEN JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED.

THE END

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Script: Al Ewing **Artist:** Paul Marshall
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 278

226 THE GIFT OF MERCY

Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Dave Taylor
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
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236 MAGIC BULLETS

Script: Al Ewing **Artist:** Colin Wilson
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 280-281

256 BORROWED TIME

Script: John Wagner **Pencils:** Mike Collins
Inks: Cliff Robinson **Colours:** Eva De La Cruz
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 282

266 THE AMERICANS

Script: Al Ewing **Artist:** Nick Dyer
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 283

A WANDERING TRAVELLER MET A **TIGER** IN THE PATH OF HIS JOURNEY.

HE **FLED** THE TIGER, AND THE TIGER GAVE **CHASE.**

SUCH IS THE **WAY** OF TIGERS.

THE MAN CAME TO A PRECIPICE AND **FELL.** DESPERATELY, HE CLUNG TO THE ROOT OF A WILD VINE.

AND THERE, HIS TROUBLES **WORSENED.**

ONE TIGER SNIFFED AT HIM FROM ABOVE.

FAR BELOW, **ANOTHER** TIGER WAITED TO EAT HIM.

ON THE VINE, THERE LAY A SINGLE **STRAWBERRY.**

HOW **SWEET** IT TASTED!

AL EWING
SCRIPT
PAUL MARSHALL
ART
CHRIS BLYTHE
COLOURS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

OKAY, THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM. NOW **MOVE IT!**

THIS PLACE AIN'T GONNA LOOT **ITSELF!**

JEZ DERRICK CALLS HIMSELF A TREASURE HUNTER. THAT'S PERPSPEAK FOR **INTERNATIONAL MASS MURDERER, SMUGGLER, THIEF** — YOU NAME IT, HE'S DONE IT.

HE TRAVELS THE WORLD KILLING WHOLE **COMMUNITIES**, LOOTING THEIR **SACRED ARTEFACTS** AND THEN **SELLING** THEM TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

HE'S MADE MY LIST.

WATSON:ERICK TUNNEL

JUDGE DREDD

KOAN

GIANT

STRAIGHT IN AT **NUMBER ONE**, HUH?

WITH A BULLET. WHAT'S YOUR **STATUS**, RICO?

IN POSITION AT **PEGG HOVERPORT**, COVERING THE ARRIVAL SUITE. GOT AN EYE ON AT LEAST SIX DEFINITE PERPS...

GAMEWORLD

WIMP

PASS THEM ONTO THE GATE BOYS AND STAY PUT. WE KNOW DERRICK'S COMING IN ON THE SINO-CIT FLIGHT AND YOU NEED TO BE ALERT.

YOU'RE ON YOUR **OWN** THERE — MORE THAN ONE JUDGE ON CROWD DUTY AND HE SMELLS A RAT AND **BOLTS**. HE LOSES YOU, WE LOSE **HIM**, AND THAT **CAN'T HAPPEN**.

THAT'S A ROJ. HOW'S YOUR END?

HE'S SENDING THE MERCHANDISE THROUGH THE **WATSON-CRICK TUNNEL** AND STRAIGHT INTO OUR LAPS. I COULD HANDLE IT IN MY SLEEP.

TRUST ME, **YOU'VE** LANDED THE HARD WORK ON THIS.

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, GIANT. AND THANKS FOR GETTING ME THIS DETAIL — IT'S GOOD TO BE WORKING WITH YOU AGAIN.

ONLY NATURAL, RICO. GENETICALLY SPEAKING, WE'RE A **CLASSIC TEAM**.

RICO

YEAH? AM I THE ONE WHO TALKS **POST-IRONIC NINETIES RETRO-JIVE**?

ONE **'SHO NUFF'** AND YOU'RE ON A CHARGE.

DIG IT, J.G. RICO OUT.

PROCEDURE 59D, ALSO KNOWN AS THE **CRIME SWOOP.**

Jackie O

SIMILAR TO THE **CRIME BLITZ**, SIR — A RANDOM CHECK OF A CITIZEN'S HOME FOR EVIDENCE OF ILLEGAL ACTIVITY — BUT SCALED DOWN TO A TEAM OF TWO.

HOW DO WE GO ABOUT IT, BENNETT? KICK THE DOOR DOWN AND GO IN HARD?

MAYBE IN A **SLUM BLOCK**, SIR — ONE DOOR **HERE** COSTS AS MUCH IN REIMBURSMENT AS GUTTING A WHOLE HAB. MORE COST-EFFECTIVE TO KNOCK.

I DON'T LIKE YOUR **REASONING**, SON.

WHEN WE OBSTRUCT JUSTICE TO SAVE A FEW **CREDS**, IT'S **ALREADY** COST MORE THAN WE CAN AFFORD.

KNOCKING GIVES US A **PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE**, SIR. THEY **KNOW** THEY'RE GUILTY — WE'RE GIVING THEM TIME TO **HIDE** IT, BUT NOT ENOUGH TIME TO HIDE IT **WELL.**

ONCE THEY OPEN THE DOOR, THEY'RE **FLUSTERED** — EASY TO CRACK. MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, WHAT WE NEED IS PRACTICALLY IN **PLAIN SIGHT.**

YOU'VE SOLD ME, ROOKIE.

LET'S SEE WHAT THESE FAT CATS HAVE TO HIDE.

1211

IMAGINE IT, CHIVVERS! THE LAST REMNANT OF A DEAD SPECIES — HELD IN **STASIS**, STILL AS FRESH AND READY FOR EATING AS THE DAY IT WAS PICKED **DECADES AGO!**

IF I POSSESSED TASTEBUDS, THEY WOULD **TINGLE** IN ANTICIPATION, SIR. HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE THE FEAST?

THE QUANTUM LOCK ON THIS HAWKING BOX OPENS IN **THREE MINUTES**, CHIVVERS! THREE MINUTES UNTIL THE CULMINATION OF A **LIFETIME** OF GASTRONOMY!

REMEMBER THE **SMELLING SALTS**! I'LL NEED YOU TO REVIVE ME IF I **SWOON** FROM THE WONDERMENT OF IT ALL!

OF COURSE, SIR.

QUICKLY, CHIVVERS! BRING THE '94 **PROSECCO**! THE **DOVER CREAM**! AND THEN — **KNEEL!**

YES, KNEEL! **KNEEL BEFORE ME!** ANTON STRICKLAND III, THE **GREATEST GASTRONOME IN MEGA-CITY ONE**, AT **THIS**, THE MOMENT OF HIS **GREATEST** —

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

— TRIUMPH.

JUDGES! OPEN UP!

OH GRUD — **THEY KNOW**! HIDE THE **BOX**, CHIVVERS! PUT IT SOMEWHERE THEY'LL **NEVER** FIND IT — NOT IF THEY SEARCH THE WHOLE PLACE! DO YOU **UNDERSTAND?**

I KNOW **JUST** THE SPOT, SIR.

COMING, COMING...

'A WANDERING TRAVELLER MET A TIGER IN THE PATH OF HIS JOURNEY.

THWACK

'HE FLED THE TIGER...

HE'S RABITTING —

BIKE TO ME!

'...AND THE TIGER GAVE CHASE.

HEY, THAT'S MY BOARD —

'SUCH IS THE WAY OF TIGERS.

I WAS JUST SITTING DOWN FOR **DINNER**, JUDGE DREDD, BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING AT **ALL** I CAN DO FOR YOU —

YOU CAN SHUT UP, FOR ONE.

ROOKIE?

SOMEONE WITH THE CREDS TO LIVE **HERE** DOESN'T ANSWER THE DOOR **HIMSELF**, SIR — ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S GOT A BUTLER DROID.

UNLESS THAT DROID'S GONE TO **HIDE** SOMETHING. IF HE'S SITTNG DOWN TO **DINNER**, WHERE **IS** DINNER? AND IS DINNER **LEGAL**?

TURN AND FACE THE **WALL**, CITIZEN STRICKLAND —

DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE, CHIVVERS! **KILL THEM! KILL THEM BOTH!**

BDAAM

KRR

ZZZTT...

— YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE **ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A JUDGE.**

SIR, COULD YOU GO SEE WHAT THE BUTLER WAS HIDING WHILE I DEAL WITH THIS?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT THINGS IN HAND, BENNETT.

BUT YOU CAN MAKE THAT THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF **TWO** JUDGES.

CONGRATULATIONS.

RICO! STATUS!

HE GOT OUT OF THE HOVERPORT—

TAKE HIM OUT **NOW**! WE'RE NOT **LOSING** THIS GUY!

ARMOUR PIERCING!

YES, SIR!

MATCH SPEED, BIKE. I'M ONLY GOING TO GET **ONE SHOT** AT THIS...

WILCO, JUDGE RICO.

BDAM

'THE MAN CAME TO A PRECIPICE...

NO —

CHOOM!

'...AND FELL.

UNNH!

WHUDD

'DESPERATELY, HE CLUNG TO THE ROOT OF A WILD VINE.

'AND THERE, HIS TROUBLES WORSENED.

'ONE TIGER SNIFFED AT HIM FROM ABOVE.

DREDD

'FAR BELOW, ANOTHER TIGER WAITED TO EAT HIM.

'ON THE VINE, THERE LAY A SINGLE STRAWBERRY...

BREEP!

'HOW SWEET IT TASTED.'

END

JUDGE DREDD

THE GIFT OF MERCY

JOHN WAGNER
SCRIPT
DAVE TAYLOR
ART
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

HE'S GOT THEIR WHOLE OPERATION SCAMMED.

THE **SKINNY GUY** DOES THE DEAL. SOON AS HE HAS THE PAYMENT THE **JUVE** ON THE HOVVER-SCOOTER GLIDES BY WITH THE **BRAIN CHOWDER.**

SKINNY NEVER TOUCHES THE GOODS.

WHEN THE DEAL'S DONE SKINNY GOES TO THE **BLUE SLABSTER.** THE WINDOW COMES DOWN AND THE **FAT GUY** INSIDE PALMS THE CASH. GOTTA BE HOLDING THREE, FOUR THOUSAND CREDS BY NOW. BUSINESS IS BRISK.

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND HE'S CROUCHING IN A **GARBSTER** FREEZING HIS BUTT OFF. WAITING FOR DARK.

HE'S ALWAYS TRIED TO STAY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW. BUT SOMETIMES LIFE FORCES YOUR HAND — TAKES YOUR FREAKING ARM AND TWISTS IT RIGHT UP YOUR BACK.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S **LIKE** ON **WELFARE** UNLESS YOU'VE TRIED IT. ALWAYS SCRIMPING AND SCRAPING BY. **CHRISTMAS** JUST MAKES IT **WORSE.**

IT'S **MERCY** HE FEELS WORST ABOUT. **SHE** DOESN'T DESERVE IT. SO GOOD AND UNDERSTANDING, ALWAYS MAKES THE BEST OF THINGS, NO MATTER **HOW** MANY TIMES HE LETS HER DOWN.

THIS YEAR HE COULDN'T EVEN AFFORD TO BUY THEM A **CHRISTMAS TREE!**

NO PROBLEM! WE DON'T **HAVE** TO BUY ONE! WE'LL JUST **PAINT** ONE!

Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!

WE'VE GOT SOME RED AND YELLOW TOO. THEY'LL DO FOR BAUBLES AND LIGHTS.

WHEN CHRISTMAS IS OVER WE CAN JUST PAINT OVER IT. SIMPLE AS THAT!

THINGS ARE NEVER AS BAD AS YOU THINK THEY ARE, DIZZY. AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER THAT'S ALL WE NEED.

WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO **BE** THAT WAY AGAIN. THIS YEAR SHE'LL GET THE CHRISTMAS SHE DESERVES. HE'LL BUY HER THAT **EIGHT-STRING GITTER** IN OCHIE'S WINDOW SHE'S ALWAYS DREAMING OF. AND THERE'LL BE ENOUGH LEFT OVER TO CLEAR THEIR **DEBTS** TOO —

IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S **STEALING** FROM **DECENT** PEOPLE. THEY'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO THAT MONEY. THEY'RE JUST **CRIMINALS.**

HE CAN DO THIS. HE CAN PULL THIS OFF. JUST AS LONG AS THEY DON'T REALISE IT'S NOT REAL.

BUDGET WOULDN'T RUN TO A REAL GUN. BESIDES, HE WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO USE ONE.

JUST A **TOY**... BUT IT **LOOKS** REAL ENOUGH. THEY'VE **GOT** TO BELIEVE IT. HE'S GOT TO **MAKE** THEM BELIEVE IT!

SHE STANDS OUTSIDE THE OFFICE, PACING BACK AND FORTH, BUILDING HERSELF UP, REASSURING HERSELF.

HER MIND IS MADE UP. SHE'S THOUGHT IT ALL OUT.

IT'S DIZZY. SHE LOVES HIM SO MUCH. SHE CAN'T STAND TO SEE HIM LIKE THIS, ALWAYS SO DOWN. **CHRISTMAS** JUST MAKES IT WORSE.

IT'S NOT LIKE HE DOESN'T TRY. DAY AFTER DAY, CHASING EVERY VACANCY. COMING HOME EVERY NIGHT, SHOULDERS DRAGGING ON THE FLOOR, ANGRY, BITTER, BEATEN.

SIX **HOURS** WAITING IN LINE AND I DIDN'T EVEN GET IN THE **DOOR.** A **ROBOT** — THEY WENT FOR A ROBOT...

IF SHE COULD GET SOME MONEY SHE COULD **BUY** HIM A JOB. TWENTY THOUSAND — THAT WOULD GET HIM A **LOADER'S** SPOT AT THE SPACEPORT.

IT'S NOT RIGHT, IT'S NOT FAIR BUT SHE KNOWS IT GOES ON. AND IT WOULD GET HIM A START. IT WOULD MAKE HIM HAPPY.

THE MACHINE THAT GOES PING

I'M PLEASED TO SAY YOU'RE IN EXCELLENT CONDITION. CAN'T AFFORD THOSE HARMFUL FOODS ON WELFARE, EH?

SO YOU'D LIKE TO SELL A **KIDNEY.**

YES, YES, WE CAN ALWAYS BUY A KIDNEY. WE'D PAY **NINE THOUSAND CREDITS**, PLUS ALL YOUR MEDICAL EXPENSES. THERE'S NO **REPLACEMENT** COST AS YOU CAN, OF COURSE, GET BY ON ONE.

NINE THOUSAND... I'D HOPED FOR MORE.

THERE'S NOT A BIG MARKET IN KIDNEYS ANYMORE, I'M AFRAID. THE NEW ARTIFICIAL ONES ARE **EXCELLENT**, AND WHO'D PAY BIG MONEY FOR A KIDNEY WHEN THE REPLACEMENT IS JUST AS GOOD? THE **KIDNEY**, I HAVE TO SAY, LACKS THAT KIND OF **CACHET.**

NOW... I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT THIS CAREFULLY, BUT IT'S A GENUINE OFFER. WE **WOULD** BE WILLING TO PAY YOU **SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CREDITS** FOR YOUR **HEART.**

M-MY **HEART?**

GET AWAY FROM THE SLABSTER! DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUNS OR I'LL SWEAR I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY!

WHAT THE FUH —

PUT THE MONEY IN THE BAG! ALL OF IT! DON'T TRY TO SHORT ME! I'VE BEEN COUNTING!

YOU DON'T WANNA BE MESSIN' WIT THAT PEASHOOTER KID —

FUZZHEAD, YOU ARE BUT ONE BREATH FROM DYING!

KID, YOU ARE BUYING YOURSELF A WORLD OF GRIEF.

LOT I GOTTA BUY BEFORE GRIEF, FAT MAN!

YOU TRY TO COME AFTER ME, I'LL SHOOT!

GET HIM!

PLASTIC.!

YOU'RE FREAKIN' **DEAD**, KID.!

HE DITCHES THE MASK AND GLOVES IN A PUBLIC GRINDER, TRIES TO CLEAN THE WORST OF THE MESS OFF.

ON THE WAY HOME THERE'S TIME TO TAKE A DETOUR TO **OCHIE'S** AND PUT A RESERVE ON THE GITTER.

HE'S COMING DOWN NOW, ELATED. HE'S GOT AWAY WITH IT.! HE CAN JUST PICTURE MERCY'S FACE WHEN SHE SEES THE MONEY.

WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE THIS. YOU KNOW THOSE **DEALERS** OPERATING DOWN BY THE PRECINCT-?

OH GRUD, NO.! JOVIS, DIZZY, THIS ISN'T THE WAY.! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE DONE IT.! OH, DIZZY.! IS IT THAT **BAD**? DO YOU **HATE** YOUR LIFE SO MUCH?

NO... NO, I-I JUST WANT...

WE CAN'T KEEP THIS. THIS IS DIRTY MONEY.

BUT —

I WON'T HAVE IT. I'M GOING OUT. I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK.

ELEVATOR B772

MERCY —

WH-WHY, THANK YOU, GOOD CITIZEN.

Giv 4 Xmas

HE SITS AROUND MOPING FOR AN HOUR, LAMENTING HIS LUCK, WONDERING IF MERCY WILL EVER COME BACK. AND THEN SEES THE **LETTER** BY HER BEDSIDE —

2112 204 Xylogon run. ma.K. ZbV 3000
Mega City One

Dear Mercy,
Thank you for calling at [redacted], the city's finest transplant outlet. Subsequent to your examination we are pleased to make you an offer of 75,000 credits for the following organ(s): heart
after removal you will be fitted free of charge with a Corani 7Llb bio-mechanical heart, all medical expenses will be covered by this company, plus a small daily allowance during your recovery period.
Please call at this office to arrange the procedure, and once again thank you for coming to [redacted], let us assure you of our best attentions at all times.
Signed: Doctor KLH51
P.S Have it out before tomorrow a.m. and be home for Christmas!

NO.!

THAT'S HIM.!

HE WILL NEVER KNOW HOW THEY GOT ONTO HIM —

NOR WILL HE CARE. FOR AT THAT MOMENT **LUCK**, WHICH FOR SO LONG HAS TREATED HIM WITH CALLOUS DISREGARD, CHOOSES TO **SHINE** ON HIM —

BDAM BDAM BDAM

DROKK!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

CONTROL, WE GOT **THREE** FOR THE **MEAT WAGON**, WEST 23908TH STREET ZOOM.!

HE KNOWS THAT HE'S OFF THE HOOK FOR GOOD.

BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO DWELL ON HIS GOOD FORTUNE —

MERCY.! MERCY ROBERTS.! WHERE **IS** SHE?

SHE'S IN RECOVERY NOW. AND YOU ARE?

RECOVERY.! OH NO.!

OH, MERCY...

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

DON'T WORRY. IT'S NO BIG THING. IT'S JUST AN OLD HEART.

THANKS TO LONG SESSIONS IN THE **SPEEDHEAL**, MERCY, COMPLETE WITH HER NEW **CORONI 74B BIO-MECHANICAL HEART**, IS ABLE TO ENJOY **CHRISTMAS** AT HOME...

HOW DO I LOOK?

TERRIFIC! I JUST LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM! YOU LOOK SO... SO... WELL, SO **EMPLOYED**!

FIRST DAY MONDAY! I CAN'T WAIT! THIS IS THE BEST GIFT EVER!

AND I'VE GOT **YOU** SOMETHING.

THE... THE GITTER.

DIZZY... YOU DIDN'T...?

NAH. STRAIGHT. GOT TO PAY A BIT EVERY MONTH FROM MY PAYPACKET FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE OR SOMETHING, BUT IT'S LEGIT.

OH... IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

AND SHE PLAYS, PLAYS LIKE AN ANGEL, FOR SHE COULD HAVE BEEN CONCERT STANDARD... AND MAYBE NOW SHE'LL START AGAIN...

MEANWHILE THE NOTES FILL THEIR TINY APARTMENT AND THEIR LIVES FULL OF JOY AND HARMONY.

THIS IS THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER.

I'M SO HAPPY.

CRASHHH

ON YOUR FEET, ROBERTS!

HOW DARE YOU! MY PARTNER HAS JUST HAD A SERIOUS OPERATION! SHE CAN'T GET UP!

BUTT OUT, DINGBALL! YOU'RE IN JUST AS MUCH TROUBLE!

WE ARRESTED **JIMSON TUCK** THIS MORNING. HE CONFESSED TO TAKING **BRIBES** TO SUPPLY **JOBS** AT THE SPACEPORT. **YOUR** NAME WAS HIGH ON THE LIST.

WEARING THE UNIFORM ALREADY. **AIDING** AND **ABETTING** — A CLEAR **ADMISSION.** THAT BUYS YOU **FIVE,** CLIVE.

OH NO...

TAKE THEM IN — FULL INTERROGATION. LET'S SEE WHAT **OTHER** GUILTY SECRETS THEY HAVE.

AND WE'VE ALL GOT SOME GUILTY SECRETS, HAVEN'T WE?

BUT... BUT — IT'S NOT FAIR! OUR FIRST DECENT CHRISTMAS!

WHAT DO THESE CREEPS THINK — WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A HOLIDAY?

THERE'S NO UNDERSTANDING CITIZENS.

TERWANGGGG

BETTER CHECK THAT OUT. PROBABLY STOLEN.

RIGHT.

THE END

AN UNUSUAL EVENT IN MEGA-CITY ONE —

AL EWING
SCRIPT

COLIN WILSON
ART

CHRIS BLYTHE
COLOURS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

OH JOY! OH RAPTURE UNBOUNDED!

HELLO, CLOUDS! HELLO, SKY! CALLOOH, CALLAY!

SPUG OFF, CREEPO!

YOU!

WHAT'S WITH THE **HAPPY** ACT?

I-I'M JUST **HAPPY**, THAT'S ALL!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! WHAT IS IT? **DRUGS?**

WHY **SHOULDN'T** I BE HAPPY? THE SUN'S SHINING! I'M **EMPLOYED!** MY WIFE'S JUST HAD A **BABY** — A LITTLE GIRL!

AND IT'S **HALF-PRICE CRULLER DAY** AT **WINSLOW'S!**

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT.

LISTEN, CITIZEN, YOU MIGHT WANT TO TONE IT **DOWN** A LITTLE — FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.

I CAN'T HELP IT, JUDGE! THERE'S A **SMILE** ON MY FACE — A **SONG** IN MY HEART! I'M ALMOST **DANCING** FOR THE **SHEER JOY OF EXISTENCE!**

THIS IS THE **HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!**

SPLITCH!

DROKK -!

SHOT CAME FROM ABOVE —

BENNETT TO CONTROL! WE HAVE POSSIBLE SNIPER ACTIVITY FROM BENNY ANDERSSON!

REQUEST IMMEDIATE BACK-UP!

JUDGE DREDD

MAGIC BULLETS

MINUTES LATER —

WHAT HAVE WE GOT, BENNETT?

ONE SHOT, SILENCED — JUDGING BY TRAJECTORY, CAME FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND THE MIDDLE FLOORS OF ANDERSSON BLOCK.

I'VE COVERED THE EXITS THROUGH **PSU** — NOBODY IN OR OUT SINCE. WE NEED MEN TO DEAL WITH THIS CROWD WHILE A TEAM GOES **DOOR-TO-DOOR** —

— AND YOU NEED A SENIOR JUDGE TO **CO-ORDINATE.** GOOD WORK, BENNETT. TAKE COMMAND DOWN HERE.

THANK YOU, SIR. UH... ARE YOU GOING TO BE TAKING OVER THE CASE?

I'M NOT ABOUT TO STEAL THE THUNDER FROM ONE OF MY OWN ROOKIES, SON. YOUR CASE, YOUR COLLAR. **WOOD?**

HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THE **TRAJECTORY** — I'D PUT IT BETWEEN FLOORS TWO-TEN AND TWO-FIFTEEN. NEVER SEEN BULLET FRAGMENTS LIKE **THIS**, THOUGH...

KEEP AT IT. I'LL GET YOUR REPORT LATER.

DRAKE! WITH ME!

IN THE ABSENCE OF AN EXACT FIX FOR THE SHOOTER, A QUICK DOOR-TO-DOOR SEARCH WAS THE BEST POLICY.

STILL, IT WAS A COMPLICATED OPERATION — BENNETT HAD BEEN RIGHT TO CALL HIM IN.

SEARCHING FIVE FLOORS OF A CITY BLOCK QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY SOUNDED SIMPLE ENOUGH ON PAPER, BUT IT TOOK YEARS OF EXPERIENCE TO DO IT RIGHT...

MRS **EMILY FLOWERDEW**, ONE HUNDRED AND TWO YEARS OLD, NO PRIORS. WE SHOULD GO EASY ON —

MORE **BLOOD!** BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

THANKS FOR YOUR INPUT, DRAKE.

EVERY APARTMENT HAD ITS OWN SECRETS —

I DON'T NEED A **PERMIT** BECAUSE IT'S NOT A **FISH**, YOU SEE? IT'S MY **WIFE**. SHE JUST **LOOKS** LIKE A FISH.

TRUE, SHE DOES SPEND MOST OF HER TIME IN THAT **BOWL**... AND OUR **SEX LIFE** ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE...

— AND EVERY CITIZEN HAD SOMETHING TO HIDE.

'ON THE MERITS OF DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION'... 'THE BOMB AND THE BALLOT' ...'THE FIGHT AGAINST JUDICIAL FASCISM'... QUITE A **LIBRARY**, PROFESSOR.

I-IT'S **ACADEMIC RESEARCH!** FOR GRUD'S SAKE, THEY'RE ONLY **WORDS!** YOU CAN'T OUTLAW **IDEAS!**

IS THAT SO?

THE KEY WAS TO FOCUS ON THE OBJECTIVE AT **HAND** WHILE KEEPING A MENTAL RECORD OF **OTHER BUSINESS** THAT MIGHT TURN UP...

THERE MUST BE THIRTY KILOS OF ICE-ELEVEN HERE, DREDD...

PASS IT OVER TO **SECTOR HOUSE** AND SEE WHAT THEY COME UP WITH. RIGHT NOW WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE.

TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, WORD OF A SEARCH IN PROGRESS OFTEN SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE...

'IT WAS ME WHO SPAT ON THAT WALKWAY IN MARCH 2110. I REGRET NOTHING. YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE.'

...WHICH MEANT THE PERPS WOULD BE READY AND WAITING.

LA PLACA! LA PLACA!

DOWN, DRAKE —

LA PLACA MUERTA —

BRAAAAD!

HNNGHHH!

BDAM!

BAD MISTAKE, CREEPS —

ARMOUR PIERCING!

AAAGGH!

MED-UNITS TO **APARTMENT 215-17, BENNY ANDERSSON! IMMEDIATE ASSIST** — JUDGE DOWN, MULTIPLE BULLETS IN LOWER ABDOMEN!

HANG IN THERE, DRAKE — I'M GOING TO DO WHAT I CAN TO STOP THE BLEEDING.

FFUHH...

MMUHHHH!

MMUUHHH!

WAIT YOUR TURN.

SOON —

DRAKE'S STABLE — ONE OF THE BULLETS CLIPPED HIS **SPINE**, THOUGH. TOO SOON TO SAY WHEN HE'LL BE BACK ON THE STREETS.

DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR HIM, BARON.

'FRAID YOUR PERP'S DEAD. BLOOD LOSS.

PITY. I WAS HOPING TO GET HIM TO **TALK**.

STILL, THE HAB TOLD THE STORY WELL ENOUGH. THE CREEPS HAD A REGULAR ARMOURY STASHED AWAY — A COLLECTION, BY THE LOOK OF IT.

THE **WESTINGHOUSE SNIPE-40** HAD THE RANGE. THE BARREL WAS WARM TO THE TOUCH...

WOOD, I'VE GOT A SNIPE-40 HERE, RECENTLY FIRED.

NO GO, DREDD. WHAT DID **THIS** WAS AT LEAST SIXTY-FIVE, MAYBE SEVENTY CALIBRE — THE WESTINGHOUSE IS THIRTY-SIX.

OFFHAND, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING THAT COULD FIRE SOMETHING THAT BIG, THAT FAR — NOT ACCURATELY. COULD BE A PROTOTYPE?

HMM.

TARGET PRACTICE AT BILLBOARDS. PROBABLY WORKING UP THE NERVE FOR THE **REAL THING**... BUT UNRELATED.

HE'D HAVE THE PLACE TORN APART, BUT HIS GUT TOLD HIM IT WAS A DEAD END.

WAIT — HERE'S SOMETHING.

I'VE FOUND A SLIVER OF **CURVED GLASS** — I THINK IT WAS ACTUALLY PART OF THE BULLET.

LOOKS LIKE A **CAMERA LENS**...

HELLO! YOU'VE REACHED **BOOTH INDUSTRIES!** LET'S MAKE **TOMORROW** HAPPEN!

YES, SIR. I'LL JUST CHECK MR BOOTH IS AVAILABLE. ONE MOMENT!

I HAVE A **MR NEUMANN** ON THE LINE FOR YOU, SIR.

ACES, SWEETCHIPS. YOU KNOW THE DRILL — PRIVATE LINE, NO RECORDING, PURGE YOUR INTERNAL MEMORY. THIS CALL **NEVER HAPPENED,** DIG?

AFFIMATIVE, SIR.

BUNKO? IT'S **BOB NEUMANN.** IT'S, UH, IT'S ABOUT THE, UH, **ENTERTAINMENT SERVICE** WE DISCUSSED —

RELAX, BOBBY, WE'RE ON A **SHIELDED LINE** HERE. SPEAK YOUR MIND, BABE.

YOU DUG THE LITTLE **DEMONSTRATION** I LAID ON YOU?

JOVUS, BUNK, I DAMN NEAR **WET MY PANTS!** ONE MINUTE THAT GRINNING DUMBO'S DANCIN' ABOUT LIKE A FREAK AND THEN YOU JUST **CLICK A BUTTON** —

— AND **WHAM-A-PA-LOOZA** — THE GUY'S A **STAIN.** AND **RIGHT IN FRONT OF A JUDGE!**

A-AND THERE'S **NO WAY** THEY CAN **TRACE** IT, RIGHT? YOU'RE **SURE** ABOUT THAT?

CHANNEL 303 SAYS THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A SNIPER IN **BENNY ANDERSSON** — THAT'S, WHAT, SECTOR 102? TRUST ME, KIDDO — THEY DON'T KNOW **DIDDLY.**

SO DO **YOU** WANT A GO OR ARE YOU JUST CALLING TO TELL ME HOW **FANTASTIC** I AM? 'CAUSE I DO DIG TAKING CALLS ABOUT THAT...

MAN, BUNK, TH-THAT KIND OF **POWER** — TO JUST, JUST **SPLATTER** ANY DINK IN THE MEG — I **GOTTA** TRY IT! I JUST **GOTTA!**

I MEAN, SERIOUSLY, **NAME YOUR PRICE!** I WANNA **FEEL** IT, BUNKO! I WANNA **HOLD** SOME CREEP'S LIFE IN MY **HANDS** —

SURE, BABE, I CAN DIG IT. YOU COME ROUND, WE'LL SET IT UP.

IN FACT, BRING SOME OF THOSE RICH, BORED **FRIENDS** OF YOURS AROUND. WE'LL MAKE IT A **PARTY.**

A **HUNTING** PARTY.

OKAY, HERE'S WHAT WE'VE GOT.

THE DEAD MAN IS ONE **FENTON FINKE**, LATE OF **GIL SHELTON BLOCK**. EMPLOYED AS A MUNCE SNIFFER FOR **MUGLEY'S** — WIFE, THREE KIDS.

TWO MINOR CAUTIONS FOR **PUBLIC OVER-ENTHUSIASM** — NO ACTUAL ARRESTS.

NO JUICY **SECRETS**, EITHER. FINKE WAS A TOTAL **NOBODY** — NO CONNECTIONS TO ANY BIG OR SMALL PLAYERS.

NEXT UP, THE **BULLET**. BIG SUCKER — **SEVENTY CALIBRE**. THAT'S TO FIT IN ALL THE TECH YOU SEE HERE. ON THAT NOTE — **TEK-JUDGE MAYOU?**

YES, I'VE WORKED UP A **BLUEPRINT** BASED ON WHAT WOOD PIECED TOGETHER. AS YOU SEE, CERTAIN SIMILARITIES WITH A **HEATSEEKER ROUND** —

— MOST OF THE MAIN BODY IS PACKED WITH **MICRO-HOVER UNITS** — A LARGER **THRUST-UNIT** AT THE BACK — A **CAMERA** ON THE FRONT —

— WE CAN ALL SEE WHERE THIS IS **LEADING**, I TRUST?

HOV-UNITS FLY THE BULLET FROM THE ORIGIN POINT. PERP USES THE **CAMERA** FOR LONG-RANGE GUIDANCE UNTIL HE FINDS THE **TARGET**.

FIND THE **TARGET**, POINT THE **BULLET**, TRIGGER THE **BACK THRUSTER** — AND IT PLOUGHS FORWARD JUST LIKE YOU'D FIRED IT FROM **POINT-BLANK RANGE**.

A BULLET WITHOUT A **GUN**. PERFECT ASSASSINATION WEAPON.

QUITE SO. OF COURSE, THAT MEANS IT COULD HAVE COME ANYWHERE FROM — IT DEPENDS ON THE **POWER DISTRIBUTION** —

— BUT I THINK **TWENTY KAYS**, CERTAINLY NOT MUCH MORE.

IN OTHER WORDS, OUR PERP COULD BE **ANYONE**, **ANYWHERE** IN A **TWENTY-KAY RADIUS** AND WE'RE COMPLETELY —

HOLD THAT THOUGHT. **CONTROL?**

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER **KILLING**, DREDD. SAME M.O. HOLD ON —

SORRY, GETTING SOME NEW **INTEL** — THAT'S **TWO** OTHER KILLINGS, WITHIN A MINUTE OF EACH OTHER.

WAIT, WAIT — **THREE** KILLINGS. MY SCREEN KEEPS **CHANGING**, THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT — **FOUR** KILLINGS IT SAYS NOW —

NO, FIVE — **SIX** —

YES! RIGHT IN THE FACE! WHAM! BAM! BLAMMO! I AM THE WOLF! AWWOOOOOO!

WE RULE, DUDES! WE'RE, LIKE, THE HUNTERS AND THIS CITY IS TOTALLY OUR PREY —

YOU KIDS WANT A MUNCEDOG? I GOT MUSTARD...

TARGET TERMINATED

WHO NEEDS MUSTARD, BOOTH? WE WANT BLOOD! BLOOD! RRAARRGGH!

I GOT THE KILL-FEVER, BABY!

TARGET TERMINAT

I AM TOTALLY BECOME DEATH —

WHOAH! EASY!

YOU GUYS WANT MORE OF THESE, RIGHT?

WHOOOOOO! YOU'RE THE MAN, BUNK!

WELL, BOYS, THAT MEANS WE GOTTA RUN THROUGH THE RULES.

WE'RE BEYOND SOCIETY, BUNK! THE ONLY RULE IS DEATH!

SIMMER DOWN, MURRAY. RULE ONE — NO KILLING ANYONE WITHIN A TEN-KAY RADIUS. IDEALLY, FLY RIGHT TO THE POWER LIMIT AND THEN PICK ONE OFF.

RULE TWO — ABSOLUTELY NO JUDGES. THAT BRINGS HEAT WE DON'T NEED.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BUNK — JUST SEND THOSE BABIES OUT THERE!

REBOOTING PROGRAM

RULE THREE — NOBODY YOU KNOW. YOU WANT TO SETTLE A SCORE, HIRE A HITMAN. THIS IS MY HOUSE, SO LEAVE IT AT YOURS.

AND THE BIG ONE — EVERY ONE OF THESE COSTS YOU ONE MILLION CREDS. NOT MUCH FOR THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME, RIGHT?

I AM SATAN AND I HOLD THE THREADS OF FATE IN MY GRIP! GIMME MY DARK POWER, BUNKO!

KILL-FEVER!

HEH. 'THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME.'

PAYDAY OF A LIFETIME, MORE LIKE. WHOEVER KNEW MAKING MONEY COULD BE SO MUCH **FUN?**

GIDDY-UP, LITTLE MAGIC BULLETS. CREATE A LITTLE **MAYHEM** FOR YOUR UNCLE BUNK.

HAVE A **PARTY.** YOU DESERVE IT —

— 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME **KING** OF THE **THRILL-KILL INDUSTRY** —

— AND THERE'S **NOTHING** THE JUDGES CAN DO ABOUT IT.'

FATCON 2131: THE EAT ELITE MEET-AND-GREET, WHERE THE TOP STARS OF THE GRUNT N' GUZZLE GAME BASK IN THE ADULATION OF FLABFANS CITYWIDE —

ZANE ZAMM! I WANNA BE JUST LIKE YOU!

CHROFF KRUNCH — THANKS, KID! — GRONFF SCHLORP SMEK!

SO YOU FELLAS BEEN TO ONE O' THESE BEFORE?

FIRST TIME.

THAT'S TOO BAD! Y'ALL GOT THAT AURA OF DETERMINATION AN' INNER STRENGTH THAT MAKES A CHAMPEEN!

WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, I SEE A DEDICATED PORKER, BUDDY! — GLORP CHROP GRUNCH!

I THINK HE MEANS YOU, RICO.

I'M TOUCHED.

KRUNCH!

WHERE THE HELL DID IT COME FROM - ?

RICO TO CONTROL! WE HAVE AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT AT FATCON! SEND ALL UNITS!

NORM BIGGS IS DOWN!

OH MY GRUD — I JUST SHOT NORM BIGGS! RIGHT THROUGH HIS FREAKIN' SANDWICH!

GUYS, YOU ARE TALKING TO A LIVING PIECE OF SPORTS HISTORY! THIS IS THE HAND THAT KILLED NORM BIGGS!

YOU CAN'T BUY THIS MERCHANDISE ON VIDBAY — IT'S LIMITED EDITION! MINE! MY KILLING HAND!

WHO WANTS TO HIGH-FIVE MY KILLING HAND?

LET'S NOT AND SAY WE DID, DIG?

LOOK, WE'RE DONE FOR TODAY. WE'VE SHOT OFF, WHAT, TEN MAGIC BULLETS? THAT'S TEN PEOPLE DEAD, INCLUDING NORM FREAKIN' BIGGS —

— AND THAT'S A NEW RULE RIGHT THERE, JERRY, NO SUPERSTAR SPORTS HEROES —

— THE JUDGES ARE GONNA BE SWARMING LIKE RAD-HORNETS, FOLKS. TIME TO SHUT IT DOWN FOR A MONTH OR TWO, LET THINGS COOL OFF.

A MONTH? OR TWO? BOOTH, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS —

COME ON, BUNKO, YOU SAID IT YOURSELF — THIS IS UNTRACEABLE! WE CAN'T GET CAUGHT!

IS IT MONEY? I'LL GIVE YOU TEN MILLION — TEN MILLION JUST FOR ONE MORE SHOT, OKAY?

IT'S NOT THE MONEY, BOBBY —

OKAY, IT'S THE MONEY.

TEN MILLION. LET'S GO.

— AND THAT'S ABOUT WHEN THE **RIOT** KICKED OFF.

SEEMS WITH THE **OLYMPIGOUTS** COMING UP IN TEXAS CITY, A LOT OF FLABFREAKS FIGURED IT WAS **FOUL PLAY** BY THE **EURO-TEAMS.**

I SAID **STAY DOWN,** CREEP!

WE'RE TALKING **FIFTEEN HUNDRED DEAD** — CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE — INCLUDING THE CURRENT SOV **TRACTOR-EATING CHAMPION.**

YOU CAN BET THEY'LL MENTION **THAT** AT THE NEXT SIT-DOWN —

SEVENTY CALIBRE, SHOT FROM LITERALLY **NOWHERE** — I THINK WE CAN SAFELY SAY IT WAS YOUR PERP.

AND IT'S DEFNITELY ONE OF THE SAME **BULLETS?**

LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE DONE THERE, GIANT. WE MAY NEED YOUR INPUT AT THE SENTENCING STAGE.

SENTENCING - ?

I-I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO **START** WITH THIS, SIR. UP UNTIL NOW, THERE'S NOTHING TRAINING DIDN'T **COVER** BUT **NOW** I JUST FEEL LIKE — LIKE —

— LIKE IT'S MY ASSESSMENT ALL OVER **AGAIN** AND I'M GOING TO **FAIL** AND THE CREEP WHO DID THIS IS GOING TO GET **AWAY** —

WANT TO TURN THE CASE OVER TO **ME,** SON? I COULD ALWAYS RE-ASSIGN YOU TO SOMETHING **EASIER.**

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE NOT UP TO IT.

...

NO WAY.

SIR.

SIR, DON'T WE NEED TO WORRY ABOUT **CATCHING** THIS GUY FIRST? I MEAN, WE'VE GOT **NOTHING** TO GO ON HERE —

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO GET OFF YOUR CHEST, BENNETT?

YES!

TRAINING CAN'T COVER **EVERYTHING**, BENNETT — NOT IN **THIS** CITY. MOST JUDGES HAVE A SERIOUS CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE DURING THEIR FIRST YEAR.

DID... DID **YOU** HAVE A MOMENT LIKE THIS IN **YOUR** FIRST YEAR, SIR?

THIS IS **YOURS**. FROM WHERE I'M SITTING, YOU'RE HANDLING IT PRETTY WELL.

NO.

BUT I'M TOLD MOST JUDGES DO.

...OKAY. OKAY. LET'S THINK THIS THROUGH. BULLETS THAT FIRE **THEMSELVES**. THEY STILL NEED AN ORIGIN POINT...

BIKE!

YO!

BIKE, BRING UP A MAP — CIRCLE ALL THE 'SELF-FIRING BULLET' MURDER SITES. CIRCLES OF **TWENTY-KAY RADIUS**.

LIKE A VENN DIAGRAM...

ASSUMING OUR PERP HAS A FIXED **CONTROL POINT**, HE'LL BE IN THAT AREA WHERE THE CIRCLES **OVERLAP** —

LET'S TRY NARROWING IT DOWN...

BIKE, GIVE ME A LIST OF **COMPANIES** OR **PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS** IN THAT AREA WITH EXPERTISE IN MINIATURISATION, **ANTI-GRAV TECHNOLOGY**, UM —

MICRO-CAMERAS.

— AND **MICRO-CAMERAS**. AND NOBODY WITH RESOURCES BELOW THE **TEN-MILLION CRED** MARK — THOSE BULLETS COST SOMEBODY **PLENTY**.

COMPUTING... THREE MATCHES FOUND.

OKAY, NARROW IT DOWN, NARROW IT DOWN... IT'S MOST LIKELY A **THRILL-KILLER**, NOT A DEDICATED ASSASSIN...

ANYONE AT THOSE THREE HAVE PRIORS FOR **GAMBLING**? ATTENDANCE OR PARTICIPATION IN **ILLEGAL SPORTING EVENTS**?

LOOKING FOR **ADRENALINE JUNKIES**?

FOUND ONE, TOO. **BRYCE 'BUNKO' BOOTH**, C.E.O. OF **BOOTH INDUSTRIES** — SPECIALIST IN THE TECH NECESSARY TO BUILD OUR FLYING FRIENDS.

DID SOME SHORT CUBE TIME FOR ATTENDING **HOBOCALYPSE** EVENTS — TRAMPS DOPED WITH **BLOCK MANIA DERIVATIVE** AND TURNED LOOSE ON EACH OTHER.

CREEP LIKES **BLOOD** — OR MAYBE JUST WATCHING PEOPLE LOSE **CONTROL**. EITHER WAY, HE'S OUR BEST SUSPECT.

IT'S A GOOD LEAD, BENNETT. I'M GLAD YOU WORKED IT OUT ON YOUR OWN.

THANK YOU, SIR. UH... WHERE ARE WE **GOING**, ANYWAY?

WHERE DO YOU THINK?

BUNK, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVE BECOME **GRUD**. I REALISE THIS VERY **CLEARLY** NOW. **PLEASE** LET ME HAVE ANOTHER TURN.

NO GO, MURRAY. PLAYTIME'S **OVER**.

PLEASE, BUNKO — I'M **BEGGING**! I THOUGHT OF A **REALLY GOOD ONE** — PLEASE, JUST **ONE MORE BULLET**!

BOBBY, COME **ON**. THIS IS **BORING** NOW. I'M **BORED**.

I MEAN, **SERIOUSLY**, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL WITH **KILLING**? **BEEN** THERE, **DONE** THAT, DIG?

OKAY, I **ADMIT** I HAD FUN WATCHING YOU GUYS TURN INTO CRAZY-ASS **MURDER ADDICTS** — I MEAN, THAT WAS A **BLAST** —

— AND I KNOW **YOU** GUYS LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT, **RIGHT**, JER?

KILLING HAND.

BUT IT'S TIME TO PACK UP AND —

MR BOOTH?

THERE'S A **JUDGE DREDD** HERE TO SEE YOU.

WOW.

OKAY, I'M NOT BORED ANYMORE.

MISTER BOOTH WILL BE WITH YOU IN **JUST** A MOMENT, JUDGE. I'M AFRAID HE HAS AN IMPORTANT MEETING AT THE MOMENT —

YES. WITH **ME.**

THAT'S UNLESS HE WANTS TO START HOLDING MEETINGS IN AN **ISO-CUBE.**

KEEP HIM TALKING AS LONG AS YOU **CAN**, SWEETCHIPS. AND GET MY **PERSONAL HOVERLIMO** UP TO THE BOARDROOM BALCONY.

J-J-**JOVUS**, BUNK — HE'S GOING TO BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR ANY **SECOND** —

GEE, BOBBY, YOU **THINK?** ANYBODY BRING A GUN?

YOU SAID **NO GUNS** —

YEAH, BUT THAT'S WHEN I THOUGHT YOU CRAZY CATS WOULD TRY TO KILL **ME.**

OH WELL. LUCKY I HAD A COUPLE OF MY BABIES IN **RESERVE.**

SO WHO WANTS TO BREAK **RULE TWO?**

BOOTH II

I'M AWFULLY SORRY FOR THE **DELAY**, JUDGE DREDD.

I'M AWFULLY SORRY I'M GOING TO BREAK DOWN YOUR DOOR.

READY ON **THREE**, BENNETT.

MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS ON THE STREETS.

EXPERIENCE THAT MEANT THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK WOULD STAND UP WHEN A GUN WAS POINTED AT HIM...

...EVEN WHEN THERE WAS NO GUN.

PTOOW

BENNETT! DOWN!

SPAK!

BENNETT DROPPED BEFORE THE WARNING CAME. MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS OF INSTINCT IN A FIRST-YEAR MAN.

GRATIFYING.

MISSED! B-BUT I'M GRUD!

TOUGH CHEESE. LOOK, MY RIDES HERE ANY SECOND, SO I GOTTA SPLIT — GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR SHOT, BOBBY.

LINING IT UP NOW —

GET READY TO BACK ME UP —

BOOTH!

TARGET RETRIEVED

I GOT HIM! I GOT DREDD!

FIRE!

INSTINCT IS A FINE THING.

PEEOOWW!

BUT A WARNING FROM A LOUDMOUTHED CREEP BEATS IT EVERY TIME.

SPLITCH!

...HUH.

DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING.

SOON —

I'M ACTUALLY **GRUD**, YOU KNOW.

SHUT IT, MEATBALL.

THANKS FOR YOUR **HELP** ON THIS, SIR. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE SOLVED IT ALONE.

I **DISAGREE.** YOU'VE **MORE** THAN GOT WHAT IT TAKES, BENNETT — IN FACT, I'D SAY **YOUR** NAME SHOULD GO DOWN AS THE ARRESTING OFFICER ON THIS.

THANK YOU, SIR.

DON'T MENTION IT. JUST BE SURE TO REMEMBER THAT WHEN YOU HANDLE THE **PAPERWORK.**

PAPERWORK?

MY TREAT.

HOW? JUST TELL ME THAT! HOW DID YOU **KNOW?**

BOOTH SAID WE **COULDNT** BE CAUGHT! HE SAID HIS BULLETS WERE **UNTRACEABLE — COMPLETELY UNTRACEABLE!**

BULLETS CAN BE UNTRACEABLE, NEUMANN...

...**PERPS,** NOT SO MUCH.

MOVE!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

BORROWED TIME

JOHN WAGNER
SCRIPT

MIKE COLLINS
PENCILS

CLIFF ROBINSON
INKS

EVA DE LA CRUZ
COLOURS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

VECTOR 9 NEGATIVE.

MCLEANS TEQUILA TORIUM BAR & GRILL

SECTOR

THREE-SIXTY.!

WE GOT A RUNNER.

WE HAVE POSITIVE I.D.

BLEE BLEE BLEE

forehead eyes nose mouth ears

LOCATOR NINE-ONE-THREE-SEVEN-FOUR-FOUR!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE.! LIE FLAT ON THE GROUND.! AWAIT ARREST.!

WARNING IGNORED.

SCREAMING COMET

NO-GRAV BOWLING

Burlesk

show

show

UHHHH...

HES UP! HIT HIM AGAIN!

HUH - ?

HEY!

AAAAHH!

NO-GRAV BOWLING

STAFF ONLY

YOU GOT THE WRONG MAN.! RESUME SEARCH.!

CONTROL, MED-WAGON REQUIRED HERE.!

DREDD, SURVEILLANCE CAM SHOWS YOUR **PERP** FLYRIDING A CROSSTOWN LUGGER. LAST SEEN TURNING EAST ONTO CONSTITUTION.

THIS CREEP'S BEEN EVADING THE LAW FOR **TOO LONG**.! DON'T LOSE HIM NOW.!

UNNHHH!

TWELVE YEARS... TWELVE YEARS HE'S BEEN ON THE RUN. DODGING THE LAW, MOVING BETWEEN SAFE HOUSES — FRIENDS, SYMPATHISERS...

JOHN FUNK UNDERPASS

THEY CATCH HIM NOW THEY'LL THROW THE BOOK AT HIM, ALL RIGHT.

ERROL!

THEY'RE AFTER ME! I'M PRETTY SURE I GAVE THEM THE SLIP! YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME, CAROL!

OH MAN, THAT WAS **CLOSE**!

LOOK, I'M SORRY, I... I CAN'T HAVE YOU HERE. NOT AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE. YOU'RE A **WANTED MAN**, ERROL.

I'VE GOT NO ONE ELSE, CAROL. PHIL'S WIFE HAD ENOUGH OF ME — MACK AND JERRY MOVED — JUDGES TRACKED ME DOWN TO BARRY'S, I JUST GOT OUT BY THE SKIN —

I CAN'T DO IT. I'M YOUR **WIFE**, ERROL. THIS IS THE FIRST PLACE THEY'LL **LOOK**.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES THEY'VE **COME** HERE — HOW MANY TIMES THAT **DOOR'S** BEEN KICKED IN?

meg ♥ mug

OH GRUD, **ONE** LITTLE MISTAKE! ONE LITTLE MISTAKE AND YOU **PAY** FOR THE REST OF YOUR **LIFE**!

THAT DAMN TOLSTOY, WHY DID I EVER GET MIXED UP WITH HIM?

meg ♥ mug

SKRAAAASHHH!

WHERE IS HE?

MY HUSBAND AND I NO LONGER LIVE TOGETHER — YOU'VE SEEN TO THAT.

DON'T FEED ME THE MOULDY MUNCE, CITIZEN! HE WAS SEEN IN THE VICINITY — WE'VE GOT NO PICTURES OF HIM LEAVING! WHERE **ELSE** IS HE GOING TO GO?

A DRAUGHT —

DON'T - !

THAT WAS YOUR LAST WARNING, ERROL! NEXT ONE TAKES YOUR HEAD OFF!

LEAVE HIM ALONE —

UNWISE!

BZAANNG!

DREDD

SUBJECT ON FOOT, HEADING SOUTH ON RIGBY! AERIAL UNITS CLOSE IN!

SPDANG!

UHH-
UHHHHH -!

DEFIBRILLATOR!

IT ALWAYS GIVES ME PLEASURE TO BRING A LONG-TERM **ABSCONDER** TO JUSTICE.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SECURE MEDICAL FACILITY

WHERE IS IT, ERROL?

I DON'T HAVE IT.

IT'S THE TRUTH. ME AND CAROL HAD A ROW. I WAS IN A BAD MOOD. I HAD IT IN MY HAND. I JUST THREW IT. WENT ON A ZOOM LINE, GOT ALL CRUSHED UP.

THIS IS MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT.

AND YOU KNOW THE FUNNY THING? I NEVER EVEN **READ** IT. COULDN'T GET INTO IT. **WAR AND PEACE** — I MEAN, WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT?

FIRST I GOT THE **OVERDUE** NOTICES, AND THE **FINES** STARTED TO BUILD UP. WHAT COULD I DO, I DIDN'T **HAVE** THE BOOK.

ME AND CAROL MOVED AROUND A BIT. BY THE TIME... BY THE TIME THEY CAUGHT UP WITH US I OWED THEM **NINE THOUSAND** CREDS AND THEY WERE TAKING A **WARRANT** OUT ON ME. I COULDN'T PAY THAT KIND OF MONEY.

SO I WENT ON THE RUN. GRUD KNOWS WHAT THE FINE WOULD BE BY NOW.

32,464, AS OF THIS A.M. AND **SIX YEARS** IN THE **ISO-CUBES.**

MAYBE IF YOU'D CONFESSED RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING WE COULD HAVE SORTED THIS OUT WITHOUT TOO MUCH FUSS.

BUT YOU CHOSE TO **EVADE** THE **LAW** — AND IN DOING SO DRAGGED MANY OTHER CITIZENS INTO YOUR **WEB** OF **CRIMINALITY.** THAT WE CANNOT OVERLOOK.

THEY'RE SENDING ME TO THE CUBES! **TWO YEARS,** ERROL!

CAROL!

I-I'M SO SORRY, CAROL!

SEE THAT HE'S FULLY INTERROGATED. YOU DON'T HIDE OUT FOR **TWELVE YEARS** WTHOUT HELP.

A GOOD FEW CITIZENS OUT THERE ARE GOING TO LEARN ERROL'S NOT THE **ONLY** ONE WHO'S BEEN LIVING ON **BORROWED** TIME!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE AMERICANS

HELLO, PALMER.

YOU LOOK HALF DEAD.

SLURP

BA DEPATURES

MAIN DRAG

SECTOR H

EAST PED

CLENGE

YOU'VE LOOKED HALF DEAD EVER SINCE YOU ARRIVED IN THIS GRUDFORSAKEN COUNTRY, HAVEN'T YOU?

SINCE THAT MORNING MEETING WITH HARTNELL, BACK IN BRIT-CIT...

LOVELY, DIRTY, ENDLESSLY CHARMING BRIT-CIT...

AH, PALMER!

SHUT THE DOOR, DEAR BOY, SHUT THE DOOR. WALLS HAVE EARS, HMMM?

YES, YES, WALLS HAVE EARS, AND LITTLE MOUTHS THAT WHISPER, DON'T THEY, YES... AND WHAT DO THEY WHISPER TO ME, PALMER? HMMM?

THEY WHISPER OF FILE ALPHA, PALMER.

AL EWING
SCRIPT

NICK DYER
ART

LEN O'GRADY
COLOURS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

FILE ALPHA, SIR? I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST AN INDUSTRY RUMOUR...

WHICH IS WHY I AM D. OPS AND **YOU** ARE AN INSUBORDINATE MINDER WITH AN INADEQUATE PENSION STRATEGY, YES? HMMM?

C HAS GIVEN THE WORD, AND LIKE MOSES I PASS IT TO **YOU**. OUR MR MACREEDY HAS RESCUED FILE ALPHA FROM THE GRUBBY CLUTCHES OF THE **AMERICANS**.

HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ESCAPE THEIR REACH FOREVER. TIME **RUNS**, PALMER. THE CLOCK WILL **STRIKE**. THE DEVIL WILL **COME**. HMMM?

THE NEXT SHUTTLE DEPARTS IN **HALF AN HOUR**. DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MISSION WILL BE CONCEALED IN THE SALMON.

GO NOW.

THE SHUTTLE WAS A GRIM, HIGH-SPEED ODYSSEY INTO BOREDOM, BLANDNESS AND DESPAIR. THE STEWARDESSES WERE LIKE ROBOTS. THE ROBOTS WERE LIKE BROKEN DOLLS.

ACCORDING TO THE **SALMON**, THE MISSION WAS TO MEET WITH MACREEDY AND RECOVER THE MYSTERIOUS FILE ALPHA, THEN SPIRIT IT AWAY FROM UNDER THE NOSES OF THE AMERICAN JUDGES.

INSIDE THE COMPLIMENTARY MUFFIN, THERE WAS AN IMITATION **PROLEX** — CHEAP, FLASHY, UTTERLY AVERAGE. MINISTRY FASHION SENSE.

STANDARD ISSUE. TAP THE FACE ONCE FOR AN INDUSTRIAL **CUTTING LASER** — TWICE FOR A MILLION-VOLT **SUICIDE SHOCK.**

THE SUICIDE FUNCTION DOUBLES AS A MESSAGE FROM C.

CAPTURE IS NOT AN OPTION. FAILURE IS NOT AN OPTION. COWERING IN THE ARRIVAL SUITE IS **ESPECIALLY** NOT AN OPTION.

SO GRIT YOUR TEETH, OPEN THE DOOR..

...AND MEET THE AMERICANS.

TAKE A LOOK, PALMER.

TRY TO WORK OUT HOW MUCH GREASE IS COATING THAT HOTTIE.

HOW OLD THOSE KIDS WERE WHEN THEY STARTED DEALING.

OR HOW IT CAN BE CALLED 'DEALING' IF IT'S... SUGAR.

IF YOU LIVED HERE YOU COULD GO TO PRISON FOR ELEVENSES, PALMER. THINK ABOUT THAT.

MAYBE SAFER IN THAN OUT, THOUGH.

HOW MANY PEOPLE WALKED PAST SOMETHING LIKE THAT TODAY?

HOW MUCH DO THEY GET OFF AN ELDSTER? A COUPLE OF CREDS?

HOW MUCH DO THEY SPEND ON MAKING THEMSELVES LOOK HIDEOUS?

JUST WALK PAST, PALMER. DON'T EVEN LOOK AT THE ZITS POPPING IN TIME WITH EVERY PUNCH...

IF YOU HELP OUT, YOU'RE A VIGILANTE. HOW MANY YEARS COULD YOU DO JUST FOR BEING NICE IN THIS CITY?

HOW HOMESICK ARE YOU? HOW DEEPLY DO YOU WANT TO SEE GREY SKIES, BENDY HOVER-BUSES, AEROBALL MATCHES, THE MECHA-BINGO, THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AND SMELLS AND TASTES OF HOME?

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO BE GONE FROM THIS TERRIBLE PLACE AND THESE AWFUL PEOPLE?

HOW MUCH DO THEY HATE THEM?

MACREEDY IS WHERE HE SAID HE'D BE — IN THE FOOD GARDEN OF THE SCARF N' BARF — PICKING AT A MUNCEBURGER THAT'S HALF A POUND OF PURE SYNTHETIC FAT.

HE'S GOT ONE FOR YOU, TOO.

SCARF N' BARF

ENGLAND EXPECTS.

IT'FF... DELIFIOUF...

BOLLOCKS IT IS, PALMER.

RIGHT THEN — I'VE BEEN OUT SHOPPING AND I'VE GOT YOUR UNCLE HARTNELL HIS EARLY BIRTHDAY PRESENT...

FILE ALPHA?

DON'T SHOUT, YOU TIT, THEY'LL ALL WANT ONE. HEAD TO THE BOG OVER THERE, SECOND CUBICLE. THERE'S A TEXT-SLUG TAPED TO THE CISTERN.

WHEN YOU GET BACK, I'LL BE LONG GONE AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN, SO BREAK A LEG.

ONE THING — WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT FILE ALPHA?

ALL I KNOW ARE THE RUMOURS — YOU KNOW, THE MYTHICAL PIECE OF INTEL THAT COULD BLOW THE SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP WIDE OPEN...

WELL.

IF YOU'RE THAT CURIOUS YOU CAN READ IT YOURSELF. MIGHT HELP MOTIVATE YOU A LITTLE. SHOW WHAT'S AT STAKE.

OFF YOU TROT, PALMER.

BEWARE THE HIDDEN SERPENT, BUDDY!

AH... YOU TOO.

WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?

YOU READ THE FILE.

WATCHIN'S

HHHUUURRRHHHH.

HHH...HHHUHHH...

FILE ALPHA.

INFORMATION GLEANED PSIONICALLY FROM THE SURFACE THOUGHTS OF A **TIME TRAVELLER** DURING THE '**JUDGEMENT DAY**' INCIDENT.

INFORMATION ACCURATELY PREDICTING **ATOMIC WAR** BETWEEN **BRIT-CIT** AND **UNKNOWN PARTIES** IN THE YEAR 2150.

>PTOO!<

A DATE FOR THE **END OF CIVILISATION** AS YOU KNOW IT, **KEPT** FROM YOU BY YOUR CLOSEST ALLY. BY THE **AMERICANS**.

WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING COULD STOP A **WAR**. OR START ONE **EARLY**. OR PROBABLY JUST GET YOU **KILLED**.

THAT LITTLE CHUNK OF METAL AND PLASTIC IS THE BIGGEST, NASTIEST **BOMB** YOU EVER CARRIED IN YOUR LIFE, AND YOU CAN HEAR IT **TICKING**.

ALL RIGHT, PANIC OVER. JUST TRY TO STAY CALM. IT'S A TEN-MINUTE WALK TO THE SHUTTLEPORT AND YOU'RE **OUT** OF THIS ASYLUM.

DEEP BREATHS. YOU CAN GET **THROUGH** THIS. YOU CAN —

YOU!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE RUN AWAY FROM A JUDGE, PALMER.

IT'S MUCH HARDER IN BANANA CITY, OR THE SOV BLOK. THEY DON'T MIND SHOOTING INTO CROWDS.

CLEAR THE AREA NOW, DROKK IT.!

AND SEWERS ARE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME IN ANY CITY.

THAT INCLUDES YOU, MEATBALL.! THIRTY DAYS.!

FZZZZZZ

CUT THE LOCKS OPEN, OPEN THE LID AND DIVE IN. THREE SECONDS, PALMER —

— AND YOU'RE GONE LIKE YOU WERE NEVER THERE.

DREDD TO CONTROL.

SUSPECT HAS FLED THE SCENE.

AND HERE YOU ARE, PALMER, RUNNING TO CATCH THE ONE POSSIBLE CHANCE YOU STILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.

THE SHUTTLES ARE JOINT-RUN BY THE BRIT-CIT GOVERNMENT. IF YOU CAN GET ON BOARD BEFORE THEY LOCK THEM DOWN, YOU'VE MADE IT.

JUST KEEP RUNNING.

DON'T THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE RUNNING THROUGH.

THIS CAME OUT OF PEOPLE. THIS WAS DIGESTED BY HUMAN BEINGS. BY THE AMERICANS.

WHAT DO THEY EAT? WHAT DO THEY BREATHE? WHY ARE THEY SO UNREMITTINGLY CRASS AND STUPID?

THEIR JUDGES ARE **NIGHTMARISH FASCISTS** AND THAT'S THE WAY THEY **LIKE** IT. THEIR POLITICIANS HAVE EYES LIKE **SERIAL KILLERS** — THE ONES WHO AREN'T **APES**.

THEY HAVE **DAILY BODY COUNTS** ON THE **WEATHER CHANNEL** AND THEY'VE BEEN KNOWN TO FIRE **MISSILES** AT LARGE GROUPS OF **CHILDREN**.

YOU'VE BEEN STATIONED IN **LAOS**, IN THE **GREEK WASTES**, IN THE **KLEGG EMPIRE**, AND YOU HAVE **NEVER** BEEN IN A CITY AS DANGEROUS AND INHOSPITABLE AS THIS.

SO **RUN**, PALMER, RUN FOR YOUR **LIFE**. RUN FOR YOUR **SANITY**. RUN AS **FAST** AND AS **FAR** AS —

THUNCH

YOU IDIOT, PALMER. YOU RAN INTO ONE OF THE **ROCKCRETE PILLARS** AND BROKE YOUR —

OH.

IT FELT LIKE ROCKCRETE.

ABOVE GROUND OR BELOW, PUNK —

— NOBODY ESCAPES THE LAW.

GO FOR THE WATCH, PALMER. YOU CAN STILL KILL HIM.

OR YOURSELF. EITHER WOULD WORK.

BDAM

AAAHHH!

FINGERS.

LOOK, I-I'M JUST A TOURIST —

YEAH? GET THAT LASER WATCH AT THE DUTY FREE?

EARL, YOU'RE UP. TAKE HIS BRAIN APART IF YOU HAVE TO.

WILCO, DREDD. GOING IN...

DON'T PANIC, PALMER. YOU'VE BEEN TRAINED TO RESIST PSYCHIC PROBING —

HIS NAME'S **PALMER.** APPARENTLY HE'S BEEN TRAINED TO RESIST PSYCHIC PROBING.

NOT VERY **WELL** TRAINED — FILE ALPHA'S LARGE AS LIFE AND TWICE AS UGLY IN HIS SHORT-TERM MEMORY STORES.

HEY, DO I ACTUALLY HAVE **CLEARANCE** TO READ THIS MIND?

RELAX, EARL. OFFICIALLY, YOU WERE NEVER HERE.

AND NEITHER WAS **HE.**

N-NOW JUST WAIT A SECOND —

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE **SECURITY OF THE CITY ACT** IS, PALMER?

FOR GOD'S SAKE, WE'RE **ALLIES!** YOU CAN'T JUST **KILL** ME —

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT **KILLING** YOU?

STUN SHOT.

LIE BACK AND THINK OF **ENGLAND,** PALMER.

BDAM

HEY, PALMER.

YOU LOOK GREAT, BUDDY.

YOU'VE LOOKED GREAT EVER SINCE YOU GOT OUT OF THE **HOSPITAL.** YOU AND SAM MACREEDY GOT HIT BY A ROGUE **BOINGER** — HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.

BEFORE THAT, EVERYTHING'S KIND OF **HAZY**, BUT THEY SAY THAT'S JUST **CONCUSSION.** THOSE OLD MEMORIES ARE GETTING CLEARER EVERY DAY.

YOU BEEN A **NEIL PATRICK HARRIS** BLOCKER YOUR WHOLE LIFE. YOU AND MAC BEEN BUDDIES SINCE YOU RAN WITH THE **DOOGIES** TOGETHER. **HALCYON DAYS**, MAN.

YOU'RE **MEETING** HIM LATER — GONNA GET A COUPLA **HOTTIES** WITH EXTRA **GREASE**, WATCH THE **TAP GANGS** OFFING **CROCKS** FROM UP ON THE OVERPASS.

DINNER THEATRE, AMERICAN STYLE.

'AMERICAN'?

WHERE THE DROKK DID THAT COME FROM, PALMER? YOU A HISTORY BUFF NOW?

IT'S WEIRD, BUT YOU JUST CAN'T THINK OF A TIME WHEN YOU WERE THIS **HAPPY**, CAN YOU?

IT'S GOING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DAY, PALMER.

A BEAUTIFUL, PERFECT DAY IN MEGA-CITY ONE...

NEIL PATRICK HARRIS

NPH

HUB

THE END

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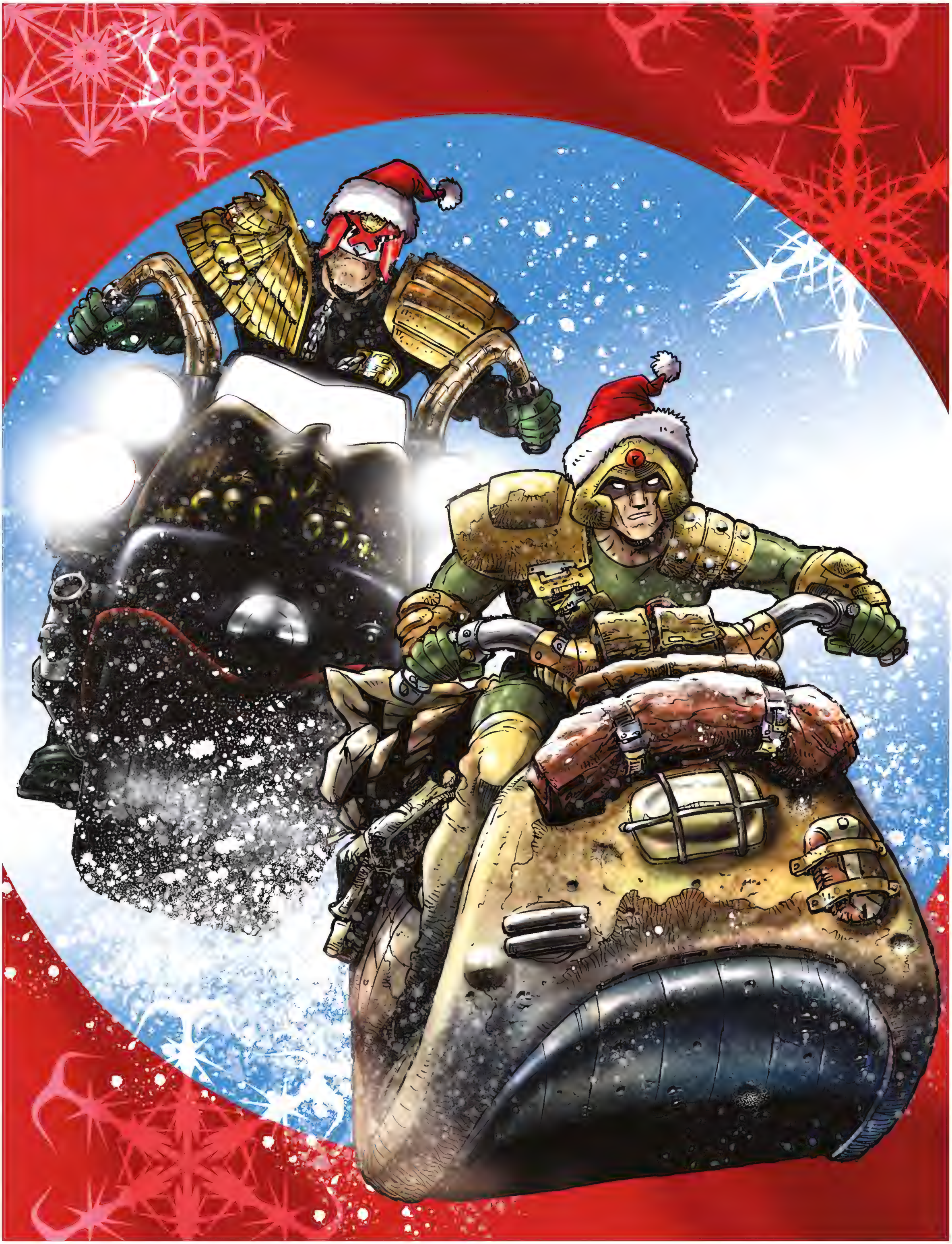

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JUDGE DREDD
A PENITENT MAN

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When former Judge Kyle Asher returns from the Titan penal colony after serving twenty years, he can only secure work as a third-class sludge technician, but he is determined to prove that he can still serve the city he swore an oath to protect in some way. However, Dredd questions whether there is such a thing as a penitent man in a place like Mega-City One, and is determined to keep an eye on Asher, and be ready to arrest him for even the slightest infraction. But when the SJS also take an interest in the former lawman and attempt to run him out of town, Dredd wants to know why they would take such extreme action, and finds himself defending a creep he has otherwise written off...

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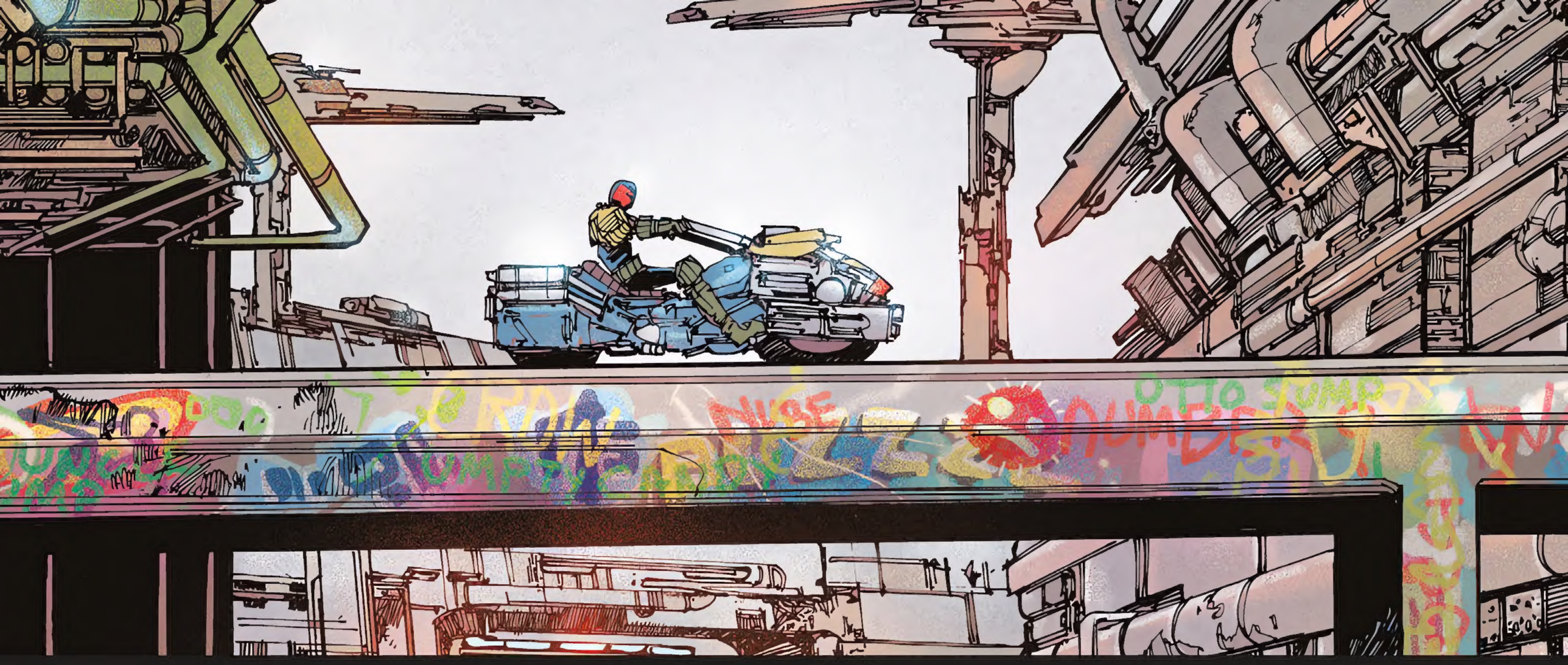

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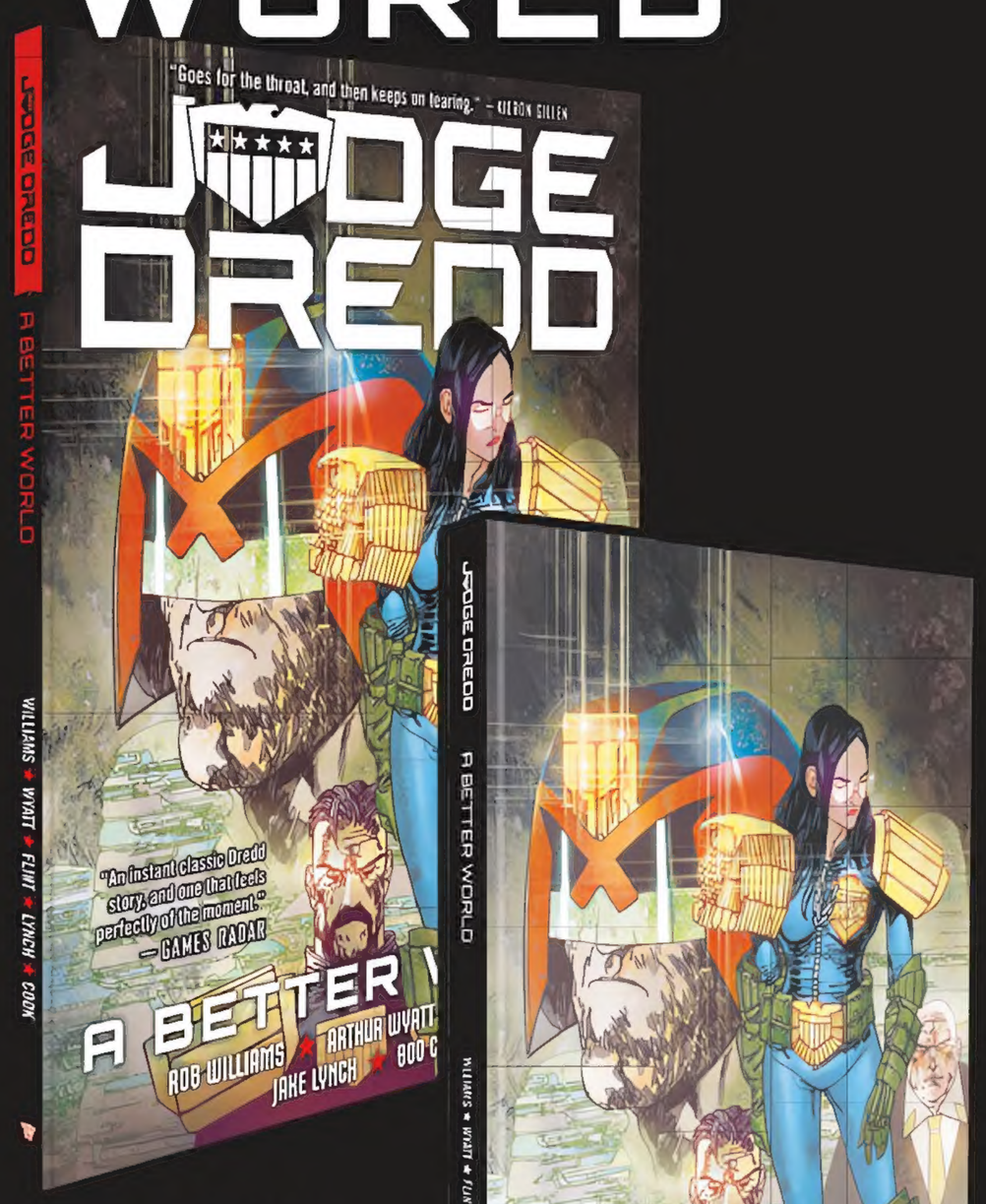

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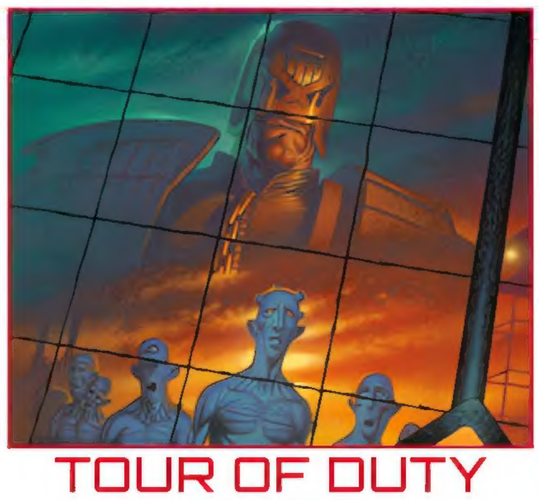

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